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THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY 1, 1855.

ART. I.—*Ethnological Researches, based upon the Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures and Crania of Races, and upon their Natural, Geographical, Philosophical, and Biblical History.* Illustrated by selections from the "inedited Papers of SAMUEL GEORGE MORETON, M.D., &c.; and by additional Contributions from Prof. L. AGASSIZ, LL.D., W. USHER, M.D., and Prof. H. S. PATTERSON, M.D. By J. C. NORT, M.D., and GEORGE R. GLIDDON, &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1854.

THE history of philosophy as opposed to revelation, within the last hundred years, discloses many singular, and not a few both painful and humiliating facts. Among these stands prominently forward, the unfairness with which the sacred historian Moses has been treated. Some professed philosophers have ignored him altogether, as if his writings had no claim to high antiquity; others have affected to depreciate all his statements on account of the marvels which are connected with them; and not a few have written him down as an impostor, and described his testimony as worthy of no credit. This policy has been carried to such an extent, that upon all questions relating to the earliest history of nations, any testimony, however vague, handed down by what is called classic authority, though often imperfect, questionable, and even fabulous, has been preferred by certain classes of writers to the Mosaic record. His statements have been disregarded and disbelieved simply because they were his, and yet, we are bold to say, that, upon a fair interpretation of his writings, they have never yet been invalidated in a solitary fact, though they have been frequently confirmed by collateral testimonies, in

many unexpected and improbable cases. At the present time, the most remarkable verifications of particular statements are taking place, in which Moses had long been openly charged with mistakes. Supposing deference be refused to his authority as an *inspired* historian, we may at least ask, why is not that same credit conceded to him as to other authorities, and his writings judged of by the same literary canons as the Greek and Latin historians? We challenge for him a higher character for accuracy, simplicity, love of truth, and completeness of information, than can be claimed for any other writer of ancient history.

To restrict our attention at present to the Egyptian history, which is the most exciting subject of the age to the scientific and learned world, we beg to say that it is now past dispute, that the Bible, in all its statements and allusions to this interesting topic, has been proved more accurate and trustworthy than any other authority extant. The two great Greek historians who have touched upon Egyptian history, are proved by the Egyptologists themselves to be to a great extent unreliable, and in many instances to have been the dupes of error and of fable. Even Manetho, a native of the country, has so mingled the false with the true, that an Edipus would in vain strive, with the aid of all the monuments, to solve the riddle of his Egyptian history. But when we speak of Manetho's history of Egypt, it should be borne in mind that no such history is extant. We have only reports of what it was at second or third hand, and what we possess bears scarcely the same relation to his original work, as the quotations to be found in the early fathers from the sacred writers bear to the Old and New Testaments. In fact, if we had no Bible, a more complete and accurate collection of its contents could be made out from those fathers, than the professed reporters of Manetho have supplied of the contents of his work. The different versions of it are full of confusion and contradiction. A collation of these shows, for instance, variations in the number of kings from 300 to 500; and the period of years embraced by it fluctuates between 3555 and 5049. The statements also of Eusebius, Syncellus, Africanus, Josephus, Diodorus, Herodotus, are all involved in inextricable confusion. They are shown by the modern discoveries to be all, more or less, at war with the monuments, inscriptions, and hieroglyphics. All the learned study which has been applied to them by the most eminent sages of Europe, has failed to produce an accredited list of monarchs, or of dynasties. All the ancient authorities, with the exception of Moses, are impeached and convicted too, by the monuments, of inaccuracy, or of absolute fable; while hitherto, those monuments, temples, pyramids, palaces, obelisks, and zodiacs, have contributed the most satisfactory confirmation of the biblical record, in every

statement it makes respecting Egypt, and have refused to furnish any impeachment of the sacred writer's trust-worthiness. Yet *this* is the book that is neglected and depreciated, while the others are appealed to by scientific sceptics as preferable authorities. Thus the author of a modern *History of the Hebrew Monarchy* rashly affirms, that 'wine was not produced in Egypt.' Yet the monuments prove that the vine was cultivated, and wine manufactured in Egypt from the earliest times, in harmony with the statements of the Bible. We might multiply instances of the like rashness and unfairness in the treatment of Moses by writers of this class, who never hesitate to contradict him, and all the sacred writers, on obscure points, when they think they are themselves secure against counter-evidence.

But we must pass on to notice another discreditable fact in the history of sceptical philosophizings. We refer to the eagerness which the enemies of revelation have shown to pounce upon the first appearance of a difficulty, or shadow of a difficulty, that any new discovery in science or art, history or archæology could be supposed to suggest against the accuracy of the Bible. No sooner have they seized upon their god-send, than it is announced with showman-like trumpeting, and held forth to the wonderment of inquisitive doubters, and to the dismay of the despised believers; as if it were a real gratification to themselves, and a blessing to the world, to raise up any cloud of dust or artificial smoke that would but serve to obscure the only moral luminary this dark world enjoys. It is little to the credit of the disbelievers, as men of philosophic calmness and fairness, who claim to be influenced by the most ardent love of truth, and to disdain all distrust of its immutability and perpetuity, thus to snatch at trifling difficulties, and try dishonestly to swell them into positive contradictions or fatal objections, and represent them as unanswerable arguments against the truth of divine revelation; whereas similar obscurities or difficulties in any other author, instead of shaking their faith in his truthfulness, would soon be made to harmonize with his other statements, or be set down to our ignorance of some circumstance which, if known, would make all plain and clear. In the case of the Bible, it is constantly found that these difficulties which every now and then turn up, as science keeps delving back into the obscurity of past ages, prove, when thoroughly sifted, to be positive corroborations of its statements, and frequently disclose a complication of proof—a lock-and-key sort of fitting, which yields the most convincing kind of confirmation. But the authors who blazon the difficulty are still read and believed long after the difficulty has been thoroughly solved, though the objectors tacitly let it pass without frankly confessing their haste,

or begging pardon of the authority which they had rashly impeached. Instead of this, they eagerly betake themselves to the next crude difficulty that occurs to supply them with a new objection, which in its turn speedily shares the fate of the former. Disarmed of one weapon after another, they are always on the look out for some fresh means of carrying on the old warfare. There is doubtless a real pleasure in making a veritable discovery, especially so when it is likely to prove serviceable either to the physical or moral interests of mankind; but what pleasure, honourable to human nature, any man can find in fabricating objections to the Bible, no one has ever shown, or ever can show. What then can be said for those sceptical writers of our own day, or of former times, who chuckle over the destruction of other men's hopes and joys, without regard to truth and fairness, from the mere love of mischief, or that malignity of disposition which one would reluctantly impute to any man. Such writers might know, and ought to know, that innumerable attempts to sap the evidence of revelation made by their predecessors, have only served to establish its credit; and that after the accumulated objections of all past ages, no negative has yet been proved, or can at the present moment be sustained, against the authority of revealed religion—that nothing can even be alleged against it surpassing the value of difficulties—and that, however these may be multiplied age after age, they constitute no valid objection against truth once established by positive evidence, though they may, and often do furnish, tests for confirming it which had never before been discovered. The constant defeat of objectors, and solution of their supposed difficulties, through the whole period to which we have alluded, supplies to that portion of the cultivators of science who, in the present day, are prone to favour scepticism, some salutary lessons which they would do well to heed, and which we shall take the liberty of submitting to their attention.

There is perhaps no topic connected with the authority of the Bible, which has supplied more vaunted and formidable difficulties than what has been denominated biblical chronology; and yet it would seem that this very subject furnishes, at the present moment, indications to the friends of revelation that their cause will ultimately free itself from all serious objections, and read another edifying lesson to its opponents. The impeachment of the Mosaic record, as to the matter of eras and dates, was not attempted, by the unbelievers of the first ages. It belongs to comparatively modern times, and presumes upon the absence of documents and witnesses, the truthfulness of ancient historians, modern ignorance of antiquity, the assumption that some recent

guesses of scientific men are established truths, and the natural prejudice of the human heart even against Divine dogmatics.

This may be illustrated by a review of the course which learned sceptics have for many years been pursuing. The establishment of the British power in the East Indies opened the temples, and displayed the antiquities of that new and extraordinary country to the inquisitive philosophers of Europe; and shortly after, the most confident announcements were made, through a thousand channels, that the Indian oracles would confound the Biblical—that Hindooism would prove itself older than the Mosaic creation—add thousands of years to our accredited chronology—prove the Old Testament a fable—and eclipse the boasted light of revelation by the effulgence and magnificence of that first and purest of religions which the unread shasters were supposed to teach. But time, that proves all things, verified none of these boastful predictions of the sceptical philosophers. The fond hopes of infidelity, like the blossoms of a frosty spring, went up as dust, and were scattered like the leaves of the ancient sibyl. Long and toilsome were the journeys of the inquisitive philosophers—assiduous and persevering, their acquisition of the Oriental languages—laborious their examinations of shrines and temples above ground and under ground—diligent and scrutinizing their questioning of Brahmins in every part of India—universal their reading of histories, shasters, and inscriptions—but mortifying indeed the silence of all authorities as to a higher antiquity than the Bible revealed, and beggarly the account they rendered to the world, when they returned to Europe with the tale that India contained nothing hostile to Moses, but rather seemed, by its traditions and its monuments, to lend an unconscious testimony to the truth of his records. One consolation, however, remained to keep up the spirits of the doubters, and inspire visions of brighter success.

China was known to have been a civilized country hundreds of years, perhaps thousands, before the Christian era. It might be confidently expected to supply the desiderated confutation of Moses. Its mandarins and priests were thought to possess very ancient histories, and very hoary monuments. It was well known that they talked of *thirty thousand* years quite familiarly, or even of *three hundred thousand*; and, as soon as the learned should become thoroughly acquainted with their language, be able to read their classical and historical works, and penetrate their country, to examine their temples and monuments, there was every reason to expect the disclosure of facts which would overthrow Moses and the Bible. Time again rolled on; the language of the Chinese was thoroughly mastered by European

scholars; all their literature sifted, their temples examined, their poetry and traditions collected; but, alas! with as little success as in the case of India; for the most competent judges pronounced China equally barren of hostile evidence against the Bible. Its chronology could not be established even so far back as the deluge, and all the rest was acknowledged by themselves to be mere poetic fable. There were even found among them, in the very heart of the empire, Jews who possessed fragments of the Pentateuch, revered their great lawgiver, worshipped the Jehovah of the Bible, and traced back their colonization to about the era of their dispersion by the Romans. So Moses still kept the field with growing credit and unshaken authority; for all the researches into the history of ancient nations, made even by the sceptics themselves, marvellously corroborated the inspired record. Thus the trumpet of scepticism was again silenced, and obliged to be hung up in the gloomy hall of 'Doubting Castle.'

After a few years, however, it is put in requisition again. The French *savans* made startling discoveries of ruins long buried under the surface of the earth—ancient cities start up from their tombs in grim and gigantic magnificence. Here is a fresh hope of veritable materials for establishing a protracted chronology. Assyria and Babylon were known to have been very ancient and mighty empires. The Bible itself had given fragments of their history. But the Nineveh of Jonah had been discarded as a fable; for the geographers had never found its site, and the great fathers of history, as they are called, only knew it by tradition, and only guessed at its locality. Some infidel writers had indeed denied its existence, and treated Jonah and his marvellous mission to Nineveh as a pretty theological myth, written for the edification of Jewish youth. A resurrection, however, of the magnificent palaces and immense city of Nineveh is effected; its monuments, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, sculptures, and registers of various kinds are exposed to the light of day. But not a syllable can be extracted from the ruins of either Nineveh or Babylon to shame Moses, perplex Christendom, and refute the Bible—not a single stone has yet been made to cry out of the wall against the suspected prophet—nor a date deciphered to disturb the received chronology; but, on the contrary, names are read, and facts portrayed, that harmonize in the most unexpected manner with the Bible; and many of its historical sculptures furnish pictorial illustrations of events and scenes recorded in the sacred books.* Again the cause of scepticism gains

* Thus the allusion (Dan. vii. 4) to a 'Lion with eagle's wings,' and many unintelligible references in the Bible to arts, customs, and various branches of trade, manufacture, and commerce, &c., have received ample illustration from the discoveries.

nothing from the researches on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris but disappointment and chagrin.

Yet there remained another field, rich in promises, and fruitful of hopes. The sages rush eagerly to their last resource. If that should fail, the cause of scepticism would be indeed hopeless. Desperate efforts must be made to extract a register from the Egyptian monuments to shame the Jewish historian. The illegible inscriptions of that country had for ages been known and eyed with a longing curiosity. Their era, however, could only be guessed at, though their hoary antiquity made the speculators all but certain that they antedated Noah by thousands of years. Unfortunately, however, no proofs were produced. The knowledge of the hieroglyphics had long been lost to the world. Even Greece itself had never possessed it, and had been indebted to hearsay and report for all it had ever known of Egypt's ancient history. The confidence of the sceptical philosophers long fed upon the hope that the palaces, tombs, and pyramids would one day disclose the secret which should settle the Bible controversy. At length came the first gleam of light after this night of ages. Slowly did it arise, dubious of its own advance, and uncertain whether it were not a dream; but at last it is announced that some portions at least of the hieroglyphics have been read. Genius has obtained a clue to guide it through this Egyptian labyrinth. One corner of the mystic veil has been raised by a skilful hand, and now we are promised the desiderated and irrefragable demonstration of a chronology that shall supersede Moses. If all former expectations had been disappointed, yet here the friends of infidelity promise themselves a splendid triumph. Their periodicals anticipate the victory, and prepare their ovation. Poor Moses is already consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets. Egypt, the mother of civilization, the earliest seat of empire, the teacher of the arts and sciences even to Greece, will antedate the deluge and the creation; and give us the names of kings who reigned there thousands of years before the Adam of the Bible was created.

These anticipations had been greatly favoured by guesses which the learned had made at the dates supposed to be indicated by the Zodiacs. The calculations, however, though they promised a vast antiquity which was to outstrip the petty chronology of the Bible by tens of thousands of years, could not be satisfactorily

of the ancients. Antiquities of a similar description, indeed, had long been open to the study of travellers at Persepolis and in its neighbourhood, if our sceptics had been disposed to make an honest use of them; but, that refutation may be complete, the disinterred city has made its appearance.—See Banoni's *Nineveh and its Palaces*, and Sir R. K. Porter's *Travels*.

established. In fact, it was mere presumption and guess-work. The wish was father to the thought. Yet it had the effect of stimulating the French astronomers to a more thorough and complete examination of these supposed very ancient registers. Dendera, Esneh, and Dayr, have now been thoroughly examined, and their cycles calculated with the utmost mathematical care and precision. The result is instructive and amusing in reference to the presumption of sceptical philosophers.

‘After the most diligent inquiry, it appears that no Zodiac has been discovered in any temple which can be regarded as ancient. As a modern structure, however, may be raised on the foundation of one more old, the architecture and ornaments of the ruined building may be copied in the renovated. From the disposition of its ground plan and the epoch marked in the circular zodiac, the temple of Tentyra appears to have been of this description. But from the determination of this epoch, the Egyptian science or chronology is so far from deriving any proof of a high antiquity, that no earlier date can be assigned to them on the evidence of this monument than the commencement of the twenty-fifth dynasty. By that happy combination of ingenuity and learning which rarely meets in the same person, the date has been ascertained by M. Biot, as well of the zodiac as the temple, from the disposition of the front wall as defining the point of the horizon at which Sirius was observed to arise at the epoch marked on the monument. According to the decision of the able astronomer to whom we are indebted for these interesting facts, the year 700 or 747 B.C. is the earliest date that can be ascribed to the phenomenon of which the monument preserves the epoch. Whatever may be the inference which is deducible from so low a date in favour of the contracted chronology, it serves to prove that the extended can derive no evidence of its antiquity from the Egyptian zodiacs.

‘Nor does the evidence which has been deduced from the pyramids, although the most ancient monuments of the country, appear to be more favourable to its extravagant pretensions.’*

One might have expected that these facts would teach the speculative savans a little more caution and modesty. The success of revelation in all its previous trials upon questions of ancient history, and the utter failure of even the most promising difficulties to ripen into positive objections, ought to have made the sceptics of the present age a little less confident in their assertions, and a little more cautious in their arguments than their predecessors in the same line fifty years ago,—especially seeing that Egypt was to be their forlorn hope. If that failed, not another field of antiquities was likely to be discovered from which any testimony could be gleaned adequate to the necessities of their cause. If the Egyptian monuments endorsed the Bible

* Nolan's *Egyptian Chronology*, p. 337.

history, it was clear the accuracy of Moses could never be shaken from any other quarter; and consequently, his character as the only true and unimpeachable father of ancient history, would be irrevocably established. But instead of these considerations checking the eager spirit of scepticism, and inducing it to make sure its ground, and fortify every position before it proclaimed the victory, a larger measure of arrogance and presumption has been manifested, a louder note of triumph sounded, than on any former occasion. The first conjectures, timidly announced by some of the interpreters, were assumed as matters of established science; revision and confirmation of the first discoveries are deemed superfluous, *ipse dixit*.* Lepsius has read dates that precede the flood by 1000 or 2000 years, and the great question in the Court of Scepticism is assumed to be definitively settled. Men of science, too, whose reputation ought to have made them chary of positive affirmations on so complicated and obscure a

* But Lepsius, it seems, is not to be implicitly trusted by the friends of Divine Revelation. There is a possibility of *cooking* inscriptions to make them serve a favourite theory, and *sarans* are not always faithful and true witnesses. After the following statement, which we extract from Dr. T. Smyth's *Unity of the Human Race*, our readers may think Moses still deserving of more credit than Dr. Lepsius.

'Few of the mummies, says Dr. Pickering, yet discovered, are older than the Greek-Egyptian period, commencing B.C. 650. Even Lepsius himself is charged by a writer in the *Athenæum* with wilful destruction of Egyptian monuments, for the sinister purpose of aiding his chronology. 'Such is the case,' says this writer, 'with the delegate of the King of Prussia, Professor Lepsius of Berlin. Nevertheless, in his late visit to Egypt, he scrupled not to take away from Thebes (I have it on good authority), three boat-loads of plunder of one kind or other, presented, no doubt, to his Prussian majesty, or to the Berlin Museum, as the *spolia opima* of Dr. Lepsius's famous expedition. He left the evidence of his destructiveness on tomb after tomb, which, carefully described by Wilkinson as containing beautiful series of paintings, now present only incomprehensible fragments. I will give only one instance. Belzoni's tomb is the richest of all in art, in illustration of the religion and ceremonies of the Egyptians, as well as of their astronomy, besides having hundreds of square yards of hieroglyphics thickly interspersed with cartouches (or royal names). It is still painted as brilliantly as when the deeply cut letters were first filled with bright colours. From one spot I counted twenty-five white blotches in the limestone, from four to ten inches in diameter, on a wall covered with hieroglyphics quite perfect. There were as many more beyond my light and eye, no doubt. This was the work of Dr. Lepsius. The effect is the same, and the injuries similar to what would be produced by cutting out from the illustrated Froissart of Francis the First, at Paris, all the royal and noble names through twenty pages. But this is not the whole of the case. From the nature of the close-grained limestone, it is evident that not one in three names or words could have been cut off whole; and therefore the evidence obtained would be inferior to a wax or a paper cast, or a careful copy—all easily made. There is no work of art in this case, no value in the work except as evidence; and the characters are as plain as Dr. Lepsius's many titles on his title-pages in Berlin. What, then, could be the motive which inspired this laborious robbery, if it were not to conceal from others what the energy of Belzoni and the money of England had made patent to all the world; and this when discoveries as to the period of Osuasson, or Sethos the First, the father of Rhamses (Sesostris) are most anxiously expected and sought for by those who are interested in Egyptian archaeology—those very persons who buy and appreciate Dr. Lepsius's books?'—P. 362.

subject till their foundation was firm as a rock, have not been backward to lend the sanction of their names to the vauntings of the scoffer and the infidel. The scornful and even the rabid style of some of the scribblers for the atheistical portion of the press has been truly disgusting, and their noisy crowing worthy of the dunghill cause they have laboured to serve. •

Considering the very questionable *data* on which most of the first conclusions relating to the Egyptian chronology were founded, the tone of confidence assumed, even by some of the leading writers, has surprised us. Fanciful conjectures, mere guesses, have, in many instances, been set down as clear deductions of science. The consequence has been, that most contradictory conclusions have been announced by very learned interpreters: and the result is, after a comparison of their different interpretations, that no two of them agree in their readings, dates, eras, or dynasties. No doubt some discoveries have been made, some happy and remarkable coincidences have turned up; but the ablest interpreters as yet, only see men as trees walking; for if such investigators as Lepsius and Bunsen, Hincks and Nolan, Birch and Forster, Osburn and Heath, with numerous others, all disagree, and charge each other with enormous blunders, and if Champollion and Rosellini be suspected, or even convicted, of fundamental errors, what chance can there be of arriving at any conclusion worthy of the proud name of science? To talk of Egyptian chronology as so far scientifically established, as to be entitled to supersede that which has been styled, though unfairly, the Mosaic, is, to say the least of it, presumptuous in the extreme, though worthy of the eager haste with which scepticism always leaps to its conclusions against the Bible. It is just of a piece with the spiritual foppery of Mr. Newman, who has lately recommended the world, not indeed to dress after his costume, but to lay aside its antique notions of Christian worship and Church polity, and array itself in the new attire of his 'Catholic Union,' and, after the fashion of Feuerbach, worship the *Grand-~~être~~*—humanity!

These observations bring us to the volume the title of which stands at the head of this article—a work which is thoroughly worthy of the go-ahead spirit of the country from which it emanates, and which frequently impels its sons into desperate enterprises, both by sword and pen. The settled and resolute determination of its authors to have Moses proved wrong, and the Bible a fabrication, betrays them into the most preposterous assumptions, the most arrogant assertions, the most oracular decisions, the most laughable contradictions, and all touched off with an air of self-confident superiority characteristic of the most

genuine Yankeeism. Points which learned Egyptologists have left questionable, or only suggested as probable conjectures, they construe into authoritative decisions; and propound as laws scientifically established, from which there is to be hereafter no appeal. It is not a little surprising that men pretending to such high attainments in philosophy should be so one-sided in their reasonings—so hasty in their conclusions—so blind to the obvious fact that, if Egypt contradicted Moses, it would be the first time that any ancient nation, whose history had been thoroughly sifted, had done so. In such a case, cautious philosophers would have suspended their conclusions until their data had been universally admitted, and the reading of the hieroglyphics settled by a tolerably general agreement. But instead of this, before the learned world is quite certain whether the hieroglyphics should be read from left to right, or right to left, whether they are words or whether they are pictorial illustrations—while as yet there is no stand-point ascertained for the foundation of any chronology, and no absolute date yet discovered—and while nothing but an approximation to an early date can be asserted—the authors of this work take upon them definitively to proclaim the question of ancient chronology completely, and finally, and scientifically settled against Moses; and, therefore, his narrative being on that single account set down as false, the doctrine of human unity of race falls to the ground; and physiology, escaping from the restraints of authority, as these gentlemen please to represent it, and committing itself to the tutelage of sceptical speculation, may range through as many diversities of men as of dogs, comfort itself that there is no such thing as a common human nature, and that white men, and red men, yellow men, and black men, have no more original relation to each other, than the bears of the pole to the tigers of Africa.

There were other objects, however, in view in the production of this work besides those of science and human history. One of them was, to bolster up *'the peculiar institution of America,'* in its present perils, by demonstrating that the blacks do not belong to the same creation as the whites—that their organization dooms them to slavery, and precludes them from improvement; and the next object was to promote the cause of infidelity, by an onslaught upon Moses and the Bible, from that new mine of objections which they persuaded themselves Egyptology had opened. At any rate, the friends of slavery, who are at heart enemies both to humanity and the Bible, may congratulate themselves on the aid their cause may possibly derive in America from this work. How far those patrons of slavery, who are not also disbelievers of the Bible, may comfort themselves

when they see their cause combined with that of infidelity, it is not for us to divine. A sentence or two from the book will confirm our previous statement of its objects, and illustrate the humanity of scepticism :—

'The illiterate advocates of a pseudo-negro philism, more ruinous to the Africans of the United States than the condition of servitude in which they thrive, multiply, and are happy.'—p. 135.

'Mythology, fable, and Utopian philanthropy, have traced imaginary pictures; but history nowhere shows us a people who, first discovered in a savage state, afterwards invented a civilization, or learned the arts of their discoverers. The monuments of Egypt prove that negro races have not, during 4000 years at least, been able to make one solitary step in negro land from their savage state; the modern experience of the United States and the West Indies confirms the teachings of monuments and of history; and our remarks on *crania*, hereinafter, seem to render fugacious all probability of a brighter future for these organically inferior types, however sad the thought may be.'—p. 95.

The 'thought' some may think more hypocritical than sad; for had not the authors been prejudiced against the blacks, they would not have limited their remark to the fact—that no negro races in their own lands ever made one solitary step out of the savage state into the civilized; but would have said that the case of the blacks was, as to this fact, no exception to all savage races, which they themselves had virtually stated in the beginning of this extract; and consequently, that it no more disproved a brighter future for them than for any other savage nation.*

* The Egyptian monuments exhibit no evidence whatever of the negroes being even then in a savage state. They are shown as captives, it is true, but not in any way degraded. It must not be overlooked, also, that the Ethiopian dynasty of Egypt was as powerful and as remarkable for civilization, and especially for perfection in art, as that of the Pharaohs. The persistence of the negro type is as remarkable as the peculiarities of form and colour are distinct. The strongest argument is in favour of the dependence of these characteristics upon climate with original conformation. But there is no evidence of the negro type being necessarily associated with original savageism; neither is the negro brain now found to be an organization less capable of the mental functions than that of the European. The improving effect of education and habits of civilization upon the organization itself, is a most important element in the question under review. Whenever negroes have been fairly submitted to the influences of cultivated society, they have shown a perfect equality of talent. We have repeatedly heard a negro lady speak French, German, and Italian, perfectly as well as English, and singing in the most accomplished style of the art. Must we remind the depreciators, too, that Alexandre Dumas, the most prolific and powerful novelist of France, is a creole. But to our authors, and to all Americans who with them proclaim the organic brutality of the negroes, the silencing and sealing argument is, that their masters absolutely refuse to let them enjoy any education, and do their utmost, both by legislation and persecution, to prevent the philanthropist from imparting it to them. If they are brutal, why these fears? If no philanthropy could improve them, on account of their inferior organization, then their masters would have nothing to fear from it. But Brother Jonathan knows better than these philosophers, that education would soon transform negroes into free men, and men worthy of freedom too.

'Much as the success of the infant colony at Liberia is to be desired by every true philanthropist, it is with regret, whilst wishing well to the negroes, we cannot divest our minds of melancholy forebodings. Dr. Moreton, quoted in another chapter, has proven that the negro races possess about nine cubic inches less of brain than the Teuton; and unless there were really some facts in history, something beyond bare hypothesis, to teach us how these deficient inches could be artificially added, it would seem that the negroes in Africa must remain substantially in that same benighted state wherein nature has placed them, and in which they have stood, according to the Egyptian monuments, for at least 5000 years.'—p. 169.

And yet, from all the experiments hitherto made upon human *crania*, there does not appear to be any necessary and invariable law of connexion between the bulk of the brain and its mental activity; for it is proved that many highly gifted men have had less brain, both in bulk and weight, than many of their inferiors; and *vice versa*. Nothing, therefore, can be inferred of a decisive nature from this source. Let us pass on to weightier matters:

We invite the attention of our readers now to the great question of the human origin. The present work is doubtless the *chef d'œuvre*, we cannot say of modern science, but of modern infidelity, upon that interesting question. It comes forth from our transatlantic cousins as the joint production of two gentlemen professing to be men of science not unknown to the literary world of the West, aided by the contributions of several others, and containing communications from philosophers of high repute, such as Lepsius, Agassiz, &c. &c., who have all willingly contributed their best efforts to the overthrow of the biblical account of man's origin. Of the zeal and ability of all these parties we shall raise no doubt. Their success, however, is another question, yet *sub judice*. Demurring to the simple statements of the Bible concerning the human origin, they bring together every fact and every fable that can, by any possibility, be made to bear against the sacred authority; while, unhappily for themselves, they take upon their own hands the responsibility of propounding a new scientific theory of human origins, vastly preferable, more convenient and agreeable, at least to their notions, than the antique doctrine of human unity. In this perilous undertaking the learned authors travel far beyond the physiology, ethnology, philology, Egyptology, &c., of their proper subject, and touch not slightly on all questions of biblical criticism, theology, &c. &c., any way related to it, making the whole range of learned scepticism tributary to their assault on the Bible, and pouring out a whole encyclopædia of conjectures and assertions against its statements, that they may clear the ground for their new theory of multiplied creations.

The argument distributes itself (though it is not so distributed by these authors) into—

I. The chronology derived from the monuments as supposed to be hostile to Moses.

II. The physiological diversities deemed incompatible with the unity of human origin.

III. The diversity of language as proving diversity of origin.

IV. The analogy derived from animal races requiring separate origins according to their geographical distributions, applied to mankind.

V. Evidences derived from geology and palæontology, supposed to prove irreconcilable diversity of human races.

These we must briefly notice in the order in which we have placed them. I. Since our authors attach the first importance to their *chronological* argument, alleging that the Egyptian monuments are of higher antiquity *than the Bible*, and doing this in almost every page, possibly with the hope of securing, or at least helping, belief by repetition, we shall dispose of their assertions upon this point first. The whole force of their attack rests upon the authority of Lepsius, and the date he has assumed or suggested for the founding of the Egyptian monarchy. If it can be made out by valid evidence that the Egyptian monarchy was founded before the date of the Mosaic deluge by a thousand years or more, then these authors infer that they have superseded the entire testimony of Moses, both upon this fact and all others. But this cannot be a valid conclusion, since any conflicting authority against Usher's chronology, or any other chronology, is not a conclusion against the authority of Moses, seeing that he lays down no chronology, as such, but simply states the ages of individual men, and the years of their lives in which certain events took place. Computations, therefore, founded by others on his writings may or may not be correct, without implicating his credibility. But at present there is no need to abandon the received chronology of Usher for any that has been established by the monuments. We appeal unto Caesar. Let any man examine what is denominated by these authors the scientific chronology of Egypt, and say, if he can, whether there exists any settled basis for an absolute date of time, or any satisfactory measure of the numerous dynasties. These authors inform us, with ineffable *naïveté* and assurance, that—

'The specious systems of Archbishop Usher on the Hebrew text, and of Dr. Hales on the Septuagint, being entirely broken down, we turn, unshackled by prejudice, to the monumental records of Egypt as our best guides. Even these soon lose themselves, not in the primitive state of man,' (how they could

lose themselves in that state if they had recorded it, these philosophers would be perplexed to say), 'but in his middle or perhaps 'modern age;' (as to how near that 'middle or modern age' might have been to the primitive state of man, or how far off, neither the monuments nor our authors can impart any information, consequently, their terms 'middle or perhaps modern age,' are mere fudge); 'for the Egyptian empire first presents itself to 'view about 4000 years B.C., as that of a mighty nation in full 'tide of civilization, and surrounded by other realms and races 'already emerging from the barbarous stage.'—p. 59.

How the authors acquired this latter piece of scientific information they have not condescended to inform the world, either here or in any other page of their book. With us it passes as a pure assumption; for, when Egypt was founded, we believe there is evidence to show, that neither it nor any other nation was emerging from a barbarous stage. We construe the high civilization of Egypt, and of other nations at that early period, as a satisfactory confirmation of the biblical statement—that the earliest nations, or all mankind, at their origin, were not barbarous but civilized; and moreover, we beg to quote the authority of philosophers Gliddon and Nott to prove it; for if all nations had at first existed in an equally low state of barbarism, we require to know by what process of self-development they could ever have emerged from their barbarism: since our authors say—that 'history nowhere shows us a people, who first discovered in the savage state, afterwards invented a civilization.*—p. 95.

But scepticism is as rash in its assertions as it is sophistical in its arguments. Egypt and all other nations are first of all

* Another philosopher of the same school, though not so well informed in Egyptian history as our philosophers Gliddon and Nott, says,—'In the origin of things, man, formed equally naked both as to body and mind, found himself thrown by chance upon a land confused and savage. An orphan, deserted by the unknown power that had produced him, he saw no supernatural beings at hand to advertise him of wants that he owed merely to his senses, and inform him of duties springing solely from those wants. (Query,—How did philosopher Volney come to the knowledge of this? Who dare vouch for its truth? If our philosophers here be correct, man must have remained a savage to this day.—See above.) Like other animals, without experience of the past, without knowledge of the future, he wandered in forests, guided and governed purely by the affections of his nature. By the pain of hunger he was directed to seek food, and he provided for his subsistence; by the inclemencies of the weather, the desire was excited of covering his body, and he made himself clothing, &c. Thus the impressions he received from external objects, awakening his faculties, developed by degrees his understanding, and began to instruct his profound ignorance; his wants called forth his industry; dangers formed his mind to courage; he learned to distinguish useful from pernicious plants, to resist the elements, to seize upon his prey, to defend his life; and his misery was alleviated.

'Thus self-love, aversion to pain, and desire of happiness, were the simple and powerful motives which drew man from the savage and barbarous state in which

represented as emerging from barbarism, and inventing a civilization for themselves; while in a few pages after, when the exigency of argument requires the contrary statement, it is affirmed with equal confidence, that history supplies no instance of the fact which had before been assumed and confidently recorded. If all were originally barbarous, whence came any civilization at all? Philosophy is silent.

But before we proceed further, we shall present a few extracts from different parts of the work, illustrative of their general mode of treating the question of chronology.

‘But the monuments of Egypt remove every shadow of doubt, by establishing that not merely races, but nations existed prior to either of those imaginary dates’ (alluding to Usher’s *Chronology of the Hebrew*, and that of the *Septuagint*, by Dr. Hales).

‘If therefore the teachings of science be true, there must have been many centres of creation, even for Caucasian races, instead of one centre for all the types of humanity.’—p. 89.

‘According to Lepsius, the twelfth dynasty closed about the year 2124 B.C. If we add to this the summation for the eight kings, given in the Turin papyrus, of 213 years, 1 month, and 15 days, this dynasty commenced 2337 years B.C., which is only some eleven years after Usher’s date for the deluge, when most good Christians imagine that but eight adults—four men and four women—with a few children were in existence. The monuments of this dynasty afford abundant evidence not only of the existence of Egypt’s Caucasian races, but of Asiatic nations, as well as of negroes and other African groups, at the said diluvian era.’—p. 172.

‘If then, as before asserted, two races of men existed simultaneously during the fourth dynasty in sufficient numbers to be at war with each other, their prototypes must have lived before the foundation of the empire, or far earlier than 4000 years B.C. If two types of mankind were coetaneous, it follows that all other Asiatic and African races

Nature had placed him; and now that his life is sown with enjoyment, that he can every day count upon some pleasure, he may applaud himself, and say—‘It is I who have produced the blessings that encompass me; I am the fabricator of my own felicity—a secure habitation, commodious raiment, an abundance of wholesome provision in rich variety, smiling valleys, fertile hills, populous empires—these are the work of my hands; but for me the earth, given up to disorder, would have been nothing more than a poisonous swamp, a savage forest, and a hideous desert! True, mortal Creator! I pay thee homage! (as Feuerbach and Newman do now). Thou hast measured the extent of the heavens, and counted the stars; thou hast drawn the lightning from the clouds, conquered the fury of the sea and the tempest, and subjected all the elements to thy will! But oh! how many errors are mixed with these sublime energies!’—Volney’s *Ruins of Empires*, chap. vi. Now it is very certain that if Gliddon and Nott are correct, Volney knew nothing about the matter, and this statement is all delusion; or if Volney is right, Gliddon and Nott are quite mistaken. The truth, we fancy, will be found in the sequel to be just this—that, in pretending to a knowledge superior to the Bible, they have all demonstrated their own ignorance and presumption. But we must refer the reader to what is yet to follow upon the question of numerous creations.

found in the subsequent twelfth dynasty, must have been also in existence contemporaneously with those of the fourth, as well as with all the aboriginal races of America, Europe, Oceanica, Mongolia,—in short, with every species of mankind throughout the entire globe.'—p. 179.

Just by way of a pause, and to afford the reader a little amusement, we beg to direct his attention to the logic of this remarkable passage, to which many similar specimens might be added from this volume. Because two races or nations are proved to have been numerous enough to enter into deadly conflict, therefore, it is inferred, their prototypes *must* have existed before the foundation of the empire, or far earlier than 4000 years B.C. But if, as these gentlemen teach throughout their volume, mankind were created in complete nations, and as the above passage states, all mankind throughout the entire globe contemporaneously, and everybody knows that men have always had a strange propensity to fighting, we cannot understand why they might not have gone to war the very first day of their creation; or if they were created children, then as soon as they had developed the pugnacious propensity, or at any rate, before their prototypes had passed off the field. Certainly mankind were just as likely to fight within the first year of their existence as centuries after, and more likely still, if they were all at first in a barbarous and savage state. Neither can we see any foundation whatever for the conclusion, that because two nations fought together, therefore all the races all over the globe must have been in existence at the same early date as the fighters. If there have been so many different creations of men, why must they all have taken place at one and the same time? The conclusion lies beyond the premises. Our authors may call this science, but we can assure them it will not pass as logic in Old England.

At page 209 we are again treated to a bit of sceptical philosophy:—'When we remember how in *Hebrew personifications*, Mizraim was the grandson of Noah, and how Lepsius traces the Egyptian empire back nearly 4000 years B.C., a claim of such antiquity for the Berbers is certainly a high one (prior to the historic or monumental era), although, according to our belief not extravagant; for we regard the Berbers as a primitive type, and therefore as old as any men of our geological period.'

The *Hebrew personifications* among which it pleases these authors to place Mizraim is another fiction which they call philosophy, but of which they have given, and can give, no proof whatever.

Again, our authors vauntingly say, 'When we cast a retrospect through the long and distant vista of years which leads to the

‘unknown epoch of man’s creation, in quest of a point of departure where we can obtain the first historical glimpse of a human being on our globe, the archaeologist is compelled to turn to the monuments of the Nile. The records of India cannot any longer be traced to the time of Moses—Hebrew chronicles beyond Abraham present no stand-point on which we can rely; whilst their highest pretension to antiquity falls short by 2000 years of the foundation of the Egyptian empire. The Chinese, according to their own historians, do not carry their true historic period beyond 2637 B.C. Nineveh and Babylon, monumentally speaking, are still more modern; but Egypt’s proud pyramids, if we are to believe the Champollion school, elevate us at least 1000 years above every other nationality. And what is more remarkable, when Egypt first presents itself to our view, she stands forth not in childhood, but with the maturity of manhood’s age, arrayed in the time-worn habiliments of civilization.’—p. 211.

To analyze this passage thoroughly would require more space than we intend to devote to it; but two or three points we cannot pass over. The first is, the random style in which these gentlemen write concerning thousands of years:—thus we are told in one part that ‘Egypt’s proud pyramids elevate us 1000 years above every other nationality;’ while in a previous part of the extract we were told that they exceed the Hebrew chronicles by 2000 years: and yet it was conceded that neither India, China, Nineveh, nor Babylon, could trace their history so far back as the Hebrews. Then further, it is assumed that Egypt’s first appearance is ‘in the maturity of manhood’s age, wearing the *time-worn* habiliments of civilization;’ yet that any time was required for the making of these habiliments is a mere fiction, and, as was shown in a previous page by these philosophers themselves, an utter impossibility, if the Egyptians, like all other nations, had once been in a savage state.

In the full confidence that Egyptology has put them in possession of the world’s true chronology, they announce oracularly the following momentous judgment:—

‘For the sake of perspicuity, and to convey to the reader some idea of the chronological order of linguistic developments in Egypt, it may be well to mention, that the name Coptic (*i.e.* Christian Jacobite) represents the vernacular Egyptian from the seventh century after Christ back to about the Christian era; that *Demotic* or *Enchorial* refers to the colloquial idiom thence used backward to the seventh century before Christ; that *Hieratic* or *Sacerdotal* means only the cursive character in which the *lingua sancta* of the old hieroglyphics was written, in every age back to at least the sixth dynasty, 2800 B.C.;

and finally, that the 'hieroglyphics,' sacred sculptured characters, represent that antique tongue which was the speech of Egypt, when long prior to the pyramids of the fourth dynasty, (*i. e.* centuries anterior to 3500 B. C.), phonetic hieroglyphs succeeded an earlier *picture-writing*. With the reservation, that where our Anglo-Saxon tongue counts centuries, the language of Egypt reckons up its thousands of years, if we were to call the English of Thackeray, Bulwer, and Irving, 'Coptic',—that of the forty-seven translators of King James' version of the Bible, 'Demotic'—that of Chaucer, 'Hieratic'—and that of the old Doomsday Book, 'Hieroglyphic,' we should perceive in modern English some of the linguistic gradations, and some of the phases in the writings of Egypt during 4000 monumental years, down to the introduction of Christianity into the valley of the Nile. Consequently all philologists, who, when comparing Coptic with Atalantic Berber dialects, imagined they were dealing with ancient Egyptian lexicography, have committed, *ipso facto*, a wondrous anachronism; and science must set their futile labours respectfully aside.—Latham inclusive.' (*included?*)—p. 230.

Compare with the above the following passage from another statement only four pages further on:—

'Philological science generally admits that the roots of the modern Coptic language are in the main (alien engraftments deducted) the same as those of the *lingua sancta*, or old Egyptian tongue, spoken by the priesthood and educated classes, from Roman times, through all the dynasties, back to the earliest Pharaohs, when the latter was the colloquial idiom of every native. As a medium of oral communication the Coptic language ceased to be used in the 12th century, &c. The *ἱερά διάλεκτος*, *sacerdotal dialect*, or antique language, affords one of the strongest evidences of the high antiquity of the early population of Egypt, and also of their Nilotic or aboriginal emanation.'—p. 234.

'Coptic was the speech of Egypt for at least 5000 years, and still leaves its traces in the languages around.'—p. 281.

To omit at present all reference to chronology, it will suffice to observe, that the contemptuous sneer at the 'wondrous anachronism' of Latham and all the other philologists who supposed that in treating of Coptic they were dealing with ancient Egyptian lexicography, was wholly misplaced; and that they were quite right in doing so; since the authors themselves affirm that Coptic was the speech of Egypt for at least 5000 years, and was substantially the same as the *lingua sancta*,—thus virtually censuring what they had before denied, and nullifying their own censures on the futile labours of Latham and others, which their science was destined respectfully to set aside. Numerous indeed are the contradictory statements to be found in this volume, and many the theories of these authors, which science and logic will certainly set aside, though perhaps not very respectfully. We

shall trouble our readers with only one more specimen of the confident style in which they deliver themselves on the vexed question of Egyptian chronology:—

‘To the extreme climatic dryness of Egypt are we mainly indebted for the preservation of her monumental history. While the remains of Greece, Rome, and other nations, none of them 8000 years old, crumble at first touch, Egypt’s granitic obelisks, at the end of 4000 years, have not yet lost their polish; and had all the monuments of that country been spared by barbarian hands, we should not now, after 58 centuries, have to accuse *Time* as the cause of disputations over the history of the old empire.—That Menes of This was the first mortal king of Egypt, is one of the points in which classical authorities, Herodotus, Manetho, Eratosthenes, and Diodorus agree with the genealogical lists upon tablets and papyri; and we must regard him as the historical founder of an empire which, for untold ages previously, had been approaching its consolidation. His reign is placed by Lepsius at 3893 B.C.; and although criticism grants that this date may be a few centuries below or above the true era, yet there is so much irrefragable evidence of the long duration of the empire, prior to the fixed epoch of the twelfth dynasty, 2300 B.C., that any error, if there be such, in his chronological computations, cannot be very great, while almost immaterial to our present purpose.’—p. 236.

This is very much like a dogmatic determination of a fixed and settled chronology. Our authors frequently boast of it as scientific, while they themselves admit that they cannot tell, and that their oracle Lepsius has not told, within a few centuries, whether it is too much or too little. But this clearly shows, that the whole space back from 2300 B.C., be it longer or shorter, a single century or fifteen centuries, cannot as yet be determined by the monuments. We beg, moreover, to point the attention of our readers to an admission previously made. Anxious to enlist the authority of Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, in favour of their prolonged chronology, they introduce a few words from a private letter of his, in which he says, ‘Although I can see what is not the fact in chronology, I have not come to the conclusion of what is the truth.’ To this they add, ‘Such is precisely our own condition of mind.’ Let this be compared with the decisive terms in which they say above, that Lepsius has fixed the reign of Menes at 3893 B.C., within a few centuries above or below; so that whatever error there may be in that date, it cannot be very great, and is almost immaterial. To us it sounds very much like a contradiction, to tell us, with Mr. Birch, that no conclusion as to what is true in chronology is arrived at, but only what is not true, and then to affirm that a chronology is established at least 1500 years further back than the received, allowing

for some immaterial errors;—which they do in the following words:—‘Nevertheless in Egyptian chronology we follow the system of Lepsius by assuming the age of Menes at B.C. 3893.’—p. 60.

But our positive philosophers, in thus assuming that Lepsius has found a date for the Egyptian empire so many centuries anterior to the date of the Flood, and in constructing all their arguments upon this foundation, it is perfectly clear that they have chosen a quicksand; for, in the first place, even Lepsius’s own friend and fellow-countryman, Bunsen, disagrees with his chronology, and sets up another of his own. A single case will sufficiently illustrate the utter uncertainty that yet attends these merely conjectural chronologies. These learned authorities have gone very fully into the question of the length of time the Israelites sojourned in Egypt; and, for the ascertainment of that period, they have enjoyed quite as many documents as for any other. Yet, according to one, that sojourn lasted 1440 years; while with equal confidence the other fixes it at 90, and allows for the whole period, from Abraham’s visit to the Exodus, only 180 years, with liberty to dissentients to stretch it to 215 at its utmost. Now, what must the uninitiated think of those rules and canons of interpretation, by which two of the most renowned Egyptologists have run into the desperate collision which shows, in one single historical period, a variation of more than 1200 years. How can the world believe that any adequate basis is yet laid for a new chronology; or that the term science is not altogether abused, when it is applied to such vague conjectures? How can any dates be considered fixed, when it is acknowledged that reigns of monarchs, or even whole dynasties, are proved to be contemporary, when they are known through nearly the whole series to overlap each other at their commencements and terminations, or both; and no means are found of determining to what extent those overlappings run? When it is proved that those monuments themselves have been tampered with—that what was built by one sovereign for himself was appropriated by his successor—that inscriptions had been chiselled out, and others chiselled in, or plastered over, and inscribed afresh—that, in innumerable ways, means have been employed to deceive succeeding generations—and that London’s proud pillar is not the only one that

‘Like a tall bully lifts its head, and lies.’

What, then, becomes of that scientific chronology before which Usher’s and Hales’s are said, in this volume, to be utterly broken down? That this representation which we have given of the present state of the new chronology is sustained by the decisions

of some of the best qualified judges and calmest inquirers, we shall show by referring to several authorities. Mr. Forster, giving the history of his researches, says—

‘I had now ascertained, at least to my own conviction, that with respect to the nature of the enchorial characters of the Rosetta stone, Young and Champollion were alike in error; and that Akerblad alone was right. For that eminent Swede lived maintaining, and died affirming, that the enchorial characters of Egypt were purely alphabetical.’—p. 6.

‘The final experimental result was as unexpected by myself, as it was fatal to the hieroglyphic theories of Champollion and Dr. Young. For, instead of the figures of men, monsters, and animals standing as letters of a phonetic or pictorial alphabet, I found that they were merely what they appeared to be, *pictorial representations*; and that they bore no other relation to the alphabetic characters by which they were accompanied than the device bears to the legend of a medal or coin. In other words, the far-famed hieroglyphic monuments of Egypt, so mysterious in the eyes of the Greeks and Romans, as well as in our own, appeared to be nothing more than the most ancient form of our own modern *Illustrated News*. If exceptions occur, and they do occur, to this humiliating description, they appear, so far at least as can now be known, to be such only as occur equally in modern usage. If, for example, figures appear not infrequently unaccompanied by written characters, it is because those figures tell their story with a plainness which no written characters (to the ancient Egyptians themselves, at least) could make more plain.’

‘It was not, I will fairly own, without a long struggle against my own preconceptions, which had paid ready tribute to the brilliant ingenuity of Champollion, and willing homage to the perceptive genius of Young, that I found myself compelled, by force of experimental evidences, neither to be resisted nor evaded, to come to this conclusion.’—FORSTER’S *Monuments of Egypt*, p. 18-16.

To this difference of judgment (and as such only we cite it) we add the following passage from Mr. Nolan:—

‘It may be concluded that no reliance can be placed on the isolated date of any monument, as affording a test of the length of a reign, where we are unable to determine the precise year from which it is computed. As it is frequently reckoned from the time of a prince’s elevation to a government, or his admission to a partnership in the throne, it must be necessarily antedated to the time of his accession. The length of his reign, in the exclusive sense of the term, must be consequently protracted; and, unfortunately, in such a sense alone, it is of any consideration to the chronologist, in disposing the dates and reigns of a monarchical succession. Those essayists, consequently, who proceed on the false assumption that every monumental date is computed from the precise year of a monarch’s accession, could have scarcely hit upon a specific better qualified to throw the entire system of the chronology they would reform into disorder and confusion.

... Nor is this consequence the only evil to be apprehended from the administration of the remedy, applied by such practitioners. From the gross superstition of which the Egyptians, above all the nations of antiquity, were the dupes, they were led to confound the commonest distinctions, not merely overlooking the difference of sex, but disregarding the distinctions of personal identity; being taught to believe that one monarch might have two persons, or two monarchs be the same person. In the practical application of a principle, so revolting to common sense, the chronology has been inextricably involved; some of the most remarkable kings being so hopelessly confounded, as to baffle every effort of modern ingenuity to distinguish the one from the other.'—NOLAN'S *Egyptian Chronology*, p. 315-16.

Mr. Kenrick, whose able work on *Egypt under the Pharaohs* was reviewed by us in February, 1851, referring to the reported statements of Manetho, says—

'It is impossible to found a chronology on such a basis.' And in assuming the year 3892 B.C. as the probable commencement of the reign of Menes, observes, 'There is nothing incredible in such an antiquity of the Egyptian monarchy, but from what has been already said, and from what will appear in our further investigations, it cannot be regarded as historically proved.

'But we may very reasonably doubt whether the means existed in Manetho's time to fix the date of the reign of Menes, or carry the chronology over the troubled period of the Hyksos: and, when we compare him with the monuments, although there is sufficient accordance to vindicate his integrity, there is also sufficient discrepancy to prevent implicit reliance, in the absence of monuments. Had the series of monuments, indeed, inscribed with the names of the kings and years of their reigns, been ever so complete, it could not alone have furnished a chronology; because the Egyptians do not appear at any time to have reckoned in their public monuments by an era, like that of the Olympiads, but only to have dated events, as we date acts of parliament, by years of the king's reign.'

We think we have now sufficiently shown that no basis for a chronology has yet been laid—no date clearly carried up higher than the Deluge—no ground shown for abandoning our faith—and no room whatever for the loud and triumphant vauntings of Messrs. Nott and Gliddon. If anything may be said to be 'utterly broken down,' it is the assertion made by themselves, and repeated *ad nauseum*, that science has established an epoch 1000 or 2000 years anterior to the Noachic Deluge. The fact that the Bible itself does not propound a regular system of chronology, was not written for the purpose of conveying the knowledge of scientific facts, or of complete history, but only of such providential dispensations as were interesting to all nations; connecting the genealogy of the Hebrews, the conservators of

divine revelation, with Shem, Noah, Seth, and Adam, and thereby providing the evidence of the Messiah's descent from and connexion with the first man—ought to have prevented philosophers from insulting the Christian public, by charging upon the Bible errors which, if proved, implicate not the Bible, but the commentators; but which are yet far indeed from being scientifically proved against the old chronologists.

Let it be remembered further, that, before these authors wrote, the Bible had been proved more thoroughly and minutely correct upon all questions of Egyptian history than either Herodotus, Diodorus, Manetho, Sanchoniatho, Syncellus, Africanus, or any other author, although Egypt is only incidentally noticed in connexion with its leading subject. The presumption, therefore, of its accuracy upon other points, ought to have secured for it, if not preference, at least equality of confidence with the rest. We are, moreover, warranted in affirming that every recent announcement made by the learned investigators who are at present at work, is bringing to light fresh confirmation of biblical statements, new verifications of its historical fragments, and more remarkable synchronisms with all its dates. These facts at least ought to have protected it from the rude assaults of men pretending to science and philosophy.

II. Quitting chronology, we pass on to observe, that a second ground of argument taken by these authors, is, the physiological diversity discoverable among the different tribes of humanity: and which they pronounce irreconcilable with the doctrine of human unity. The sixth chapter of the work, introducing the chief argument, opens thus:—

‘Our preceding chapters have established that the so-called *Caucasian* types may be traced upwards from the present day, in an infinite variety of primitive forms, through every historical record, and yet further back through the petroglyphs of Egypt (where we lose them in the mediæval darkness of the earliest recorded people some 3500 years B.C.), not as a few stray individuals, but as populous nations, possessing distinct physical features and separate national characteristics.

‘In our general remarks on species we have shown that no classification of races yet put forth has any foundation in nature; and that, after several thousands of years of migrations of races and comminglings of types, all attempts at following them up to their original birth-places must, from the absence of all historic annals of these primordial times, and in the present state of knowledge, be utterly hopeless.’—
p. 160.

The great argument pleaded so vauntingly against Prichard and all his defenders, is the permanence of varieties; or the newly disco-

vered fact which the monuments are said to prove—that types of men continue permanent, and that this proves diversity of origin. But it does not disprove the possibility of different types arising in the first instances from the three originals—Shem, Ham, and Japheth; nor does it acknowledge that variations of the most remarkable kind have arisen and remained when nations have been commingled; nor does it profess to say how far every new type requires a new creation. Certain it is, that new types are formed still by the commingling of other types. So much so that these authors themselves state, there is most probably not a single pure type to be found on the face of the earth. How then can any argument be founded upon extinct types? They seem not to be conscious that, after all their alleged varieties discernible so far back, it is more reasonable and more philosophical to believe in the primitive origination of all varieties from a very few, and their propagation too by natural laws, than to believe in so many distinct acts of creation; since we witness the one, and have no witness of the other. It is more rational to believe that all the diversities have arisen out of the few original ones after the Flood, aided as they may have been by providential interference to a limited extent, than it is to believe that there have been an infinite number of creations; and that every diversity now seen must be ascribed to a *miracle*, which is the doctrine laid down by these physiologists.

Beyond what we have now stated, we find nothing requiring notice in this portion of their work; and as the most eminent naturalists, with a few exceptions, have agreed that there is no serious obstacle to the belief that all existing varieties may have descended from Noah's family, we are saved the necessity of entering further into this branch of their argument.

The authors have exhibited in their pages a vast variety of human forms gathered from various ancient monuments, with the view of illustrating their doctrine of original varieties. Prichard's work had previously exhibited still greater varieties, and from a greater number of human tribes; and, taken altogether, a much more comprehensive view of the physiological branch of the controversy. The variety of forms, taken from the monuments, supplies, in our opinion, nothing but a collection of faces and skulls that might be matched at the present day among living men and women of Europe; or even of the British isles. The only real difficulty that presents itself in this portion of the subject, is the early origination of the negro race, for which a single judicial visitation by divine providence upon the Hamitic branch of the Noachian family would sufficiently account; and which such wholesale advocates of miracles as Messrs. Gliddon

and Nott, have no reason, and can have no right, to refuse to the biblicist. With gentlemen who assert that they have ascertained a dozen or more different creations already, the infusion of a black pigment into the skin of one race, or even of a single man,* ought surely to be esteemed not at all incredible, and ought to form no real difficulty in admitting human unity, when everything else, physical, mental, and moral, can be harmonized with it. But, as we shall have more to say upon our authors' belief in miracles, we pass on to notice the third source of argument in this volume against unity of race.

III. Here the authors deal with the *alleged diversity of languages which prevails in the world*. We have given a specimen in a previous page in relation to the Coptic, of the superficial, dogmatical, and hasty manner in which they have censured Mr. Latham, and other eminent philologists; but it is very evident that they are wholly incompetent to pronounce a judgment upon this branch of the subject. Indeed they enter into it very slightly, and have nothing to offer beyond what has been considered already by the able judges who have pronounced all known languages traceable to a common fountain. The entire tendency of modern philology is to simplify and not to multiply languages. Traces of the primitive language are daily becoming clearer.

IV. We therefore quit this topic for their fourth source of evidence—*analogy with the animal races in different geographical climates requiring, as is assumed, different creations*. Two or three passages from the paper by Professor Agassiz, which is inserted in the volume, will give our readers sufficient insight into the nature of this argument. He says—

‘There is one feature in the physical history of mankind which has been entirely neglected by those who have studied this subject, viz., the natural relations between the different types of man and the animals and plants inhabiting the same regions.

‘This coincidence between the circumscription of the races of man, and the natural limits of the different zoological provinces characterized by peculiar distinct species of animals, is one of the most important and unexpected features in the natural history of mankind, which the study of the geographical distribution of all the organized beings now existing upon earth has disclosed to us. It is a fact which cannot fail to throw light at some future time upon the very origin of the differences existing among men, since it shows that man's physical

* There are white people of the black races—witness the Tuaregs. Mr. Gliddon testifies that he met on board ship with a family of at least fifty adults and minors, under the control of a patriarchal grand or great grandfather; that while the grandfather and some of the sons were of the purest white complexion, their various children presented every hue, from the highest Caucasian to a Guinea negro.

nature is modified by the same laws as that of animals, and that any general results obtained from the animal kingdom regarding the organic differences of its various types, must also apply to man.'—p. 58—75.

In reply to this reasoning, we beg to say that 'if hypotheses and deductions drawn from analogies among the lower animals, should be refuted by well-ascertained facts, then every argument heretofore adduced in support of various origins' for human families 'must be abandoned.' Now the well-ascertained facts in this case are, that the human animal everywhere is so constituted that he can accommodate himself to all climates, and, after a generation or two, flourish equally well in all regions; and that by his mental and physical qualities he is so much better fitted to inhabit all countries than most of the animals, as to be exempted altogether from the alleged analogy. The argument reduces itself to this form:—if all the existing races of men are found capable of flourishing after a short time equally well in all climates, while the animal races transported from their homes die out, the necessity for different creations could not have existed, as in the alleged case of the animals; and the analogy, therefore, falls to the ground, or, in the words of our authors, 'the hypotheses and deductions drawn from analogies among the lower animals are refuted by well-ascertained facts.' Were the reasoning of Agassiz and our authors sound, the different races of men must, according to the alleged law of their nature, absolutely become extinct when removed to climates for which they had not been originally created; but this is not the fact—they soon flourish.

V. We advance now to the fifth and last source of argument adduced by these authors to prove diversity of human origin, viz., facts supplied by *geology* and *palæontology*.

Under this head we find a large collection of cases of human fossils made by a believer in the indefinite chronology. Fifty thousand years, at the lowest computation, will satisfy this learned antiquarian, who, singularly enough, bears the name of the great Hebrew chronologist, and, as if in mockery of his archiepiscopal namesake, actually states that he is not quite sure whether 135,000 years may not be the age of some of the human fossils found in the peninsula of Florida. A large proportion, however, of the materials contained in this eleventh chapter are wholly irrelevant to the question in hand. It seems to have been overlooked that proofs of an earlier date of the creation of man than that usually termed the Mosaic supply no proof against unity of origin, and for divers creations; for though man may have been created earlier than chronologists have supposed, it does

not thence follow that more than one human pair were created. The thing to be shown was incompatibility of human types with a single origin or creation, not greater antiquity for mankind.

Now supposing all the cases collected by Dr. Usher veritable in all their particulars, they rather go to prove the identity of the human race even in its fossilized specimens, which, as far as they are collected, seem to harmonize equally well both with the historical and the existing races of men.

As to the transcendent antiquity of the most remarkable of these fossils, it may be observed that, after being thoroughly examined and sifted by the first geologists of Europe, they have been repudiated, as conveying no evidence of belonging to an earlier era than the Mosaic.

It may possibly be true that human fossil remains have been dug up in places where they were not to be expected—where they could not have been buried by man, and must have lain for very long periods, perhaps for some thousands of years; but to infer from such dubious premises that they must have belonged to an earlier creation than the Adamic, is to leap rashly at large conclusions. Causes now in operation are capable of producing or of having produced, within the admitted chronology, all the cases hitherto discovered; for in what unexpected positions may earthquakes have placed human remains through 5000 or 6000 years? The historic period records numerous absorptions of populous cities and hundreds of villages at a time. There is scarce a year passes that does not witness in some part of the globe such catastrophes. There is no region exempt from them, and some vast districts are familiar with them. From the gradual cooling of the earth's surface, and lowering of its internal heat, it is probable that these tremendous cataclysms were more frequent in former ages than in later ones; hence to what depths the remains of man and his works, scattered as they have been over the whole surface of the globe, may have sunk—under what strata they may have fallen—and into what strange localities they may have been moved by such convulsions, no imagination can devise, and no philosophy explain. But there are causes adequate to account for most, or, perhaps, all that has appeared strange in the alleged circumstances of the reported fossils. Our learned authors, however, have totally overlooked the operation of these causes, and have regarded only the fossil and its strange position; forgetting that when it has pleased the Almighty to entomb his creatures *en masse*, he has done it in his own peculiar way, by placing them in the depths of the abyss, and piling mountains upon their bones. The rocky seal is at least the symbol of his omnipotence and the signet of his hand.

It ought also to be observed that the country richest in these strange exhibitions of human remains, is precisely the region most distinguished by the frequent recurrence and tremendous extent of its earthquakes. Our knowledge of what has been going on through the operation of natural causes, both upon and under the surface of the earth, within the acknowledged period, will account for the circumstances of the reported fossils. We are far, however, from admitting that all the cases recited in this volume, eagerly collected as they have been with the view of serving a particular theory, none of them critically examined by impartial judges, and often reported at third or fourth hand, are to be accepted as trustworthy. Concerning such curiosities a little colouring or trivial misrepresentation may cause a great mistake, and create all that difficulty of explanation which demands the longer era.

But we pass from these trivialities to matters of higher speculation. Our authors, torch in hand, advance upon the frontiers of infinite ages, and loudly proclaim the discoveries which they have made in the hitherto impenetrable mysteries of CREATION.

Paulo majora canamus—and we must of course, however timidly, attend their adventurous steps.

Upon the subject of a solitary creation, they are not merely sceptical, but confident that it is all a fable. The evidence of it with them is worthless. Yet, without the shadow of evidence, or pretence of reasoning, they believe in scores of others. The Adamic creation, as recorded by Moses, is treated as a myth; and all the names he registers are theorised into poetic personifications, because his creation involves *miracle*; and yet these consistent philosophers do not hesitate to treat their readers to numerous creations, involving miracles as great and astounding as any recorded by Moses! The only difference between them being, that he assigns an adequate cause for his miracles, and they assign none. He claims to speak with authority—the authority of revelation: while they despise all such authority. ‘Creative laws,’ they say, ‘work by myriads of ages.’ What that means, or whether it means anything, we shall see in the sequel.

Professor Agassiz is quoted with great confidence to prove, that ‘we know now at least about a dozen (creations), and there are ample indications that the inhabitants of our globe have been successively changed at more epochs than are yet fully ascertained.’—p. 72. At p. 276 we read as follows:—‘We have shown that the major divisions of the earth, or its different zoological provinces, were populated by groups of races, bearing to each other certain family resemblances; notwithstanding that in reality

these races originated in nations, and not in a single pair; thus forming proximate, but not identical, species.'

'If, then, the teachings of science be true, there must have been many centres of creation, even for Caucasian races; instead of one centre for *all* the types of humanity.'—p. 89.

'It may be proper to state, in conclusion, that the subject shall be treated purely as one of science, and that our colleague and ourself will follow facts wherever they may lead, without regard to imaginary consequences.'—p. 60.

'The broad banner of science is herein nailed to the mast.' Bravo! gentlemen. Now for the revelations which your science is to impart of new and numerous creations of human races! We are rejoiced to find you coming forth so decisively upon the subject both of creation and miracle, as in the following extract:—

'Reader! Let us imagine ourselves standing upon the highest peak in Abyssinia, and that our vision could extend over the whole continent, embracing south, east, north, and west; what *tableaux-vivants* would be presented to the eye, no less than to the mind! To the south of the Sahara we should descry at least fifty millions of Nigricians, steeped in irredeemable ignorance and savagism, inhabiting the very countries where history first finds them—vast territorial expanses which the nations of the north in ancient times had no means of visiting or colonizing. Do we not behold on every side human characteristics so completely segregated from ours that they can be explained in no other way than by supposing a direct act of creation? Upon the moral and intellectual traits of such abject types, no impression has been made within 5000 years; none can be made (so far as science knows) until their organization becomes changed by—the silliest of desperate suppositions—'a miracle.' Turn we now towards the north—'

Not yet, if you please, till we have had a little discussion with you respecting your *acts of creation*, the limits of your scientific knowledge, and those 'silliest of desperate suppositions—miracles.' Although you have not explained in any part of your volume what you mean by a 'distinct act of creation,' yet, according to all received definitions of that word, and according to your own uses of it, it is so inseparable from the idea of a miracle, that, seeing the one term is the object of your scorn, and the other of your favour, we greatly wonder you have not attempted to lay down the important distinction between two words so nearly identical. But what is every act of CREATION less than a MIRACLE? since it evidently is the production of something or some being without a natural cause, or independently of any visible cause, or any previously existing law? For if such laws are presupposed, then there is no direct act of creation; and if there is a direct act

of creation, it must be absolutely independent of known laws and causes; as, for instance, the example of the negro races is brought forward to prove that, according to the laws of human generation known to science, these races never could have proceeded from any other race, and that, therefore, a distinct act of creation, or, as we affirm, a miracle, is demanded for their existence. Very well; be it so. Only observe that to say that their existence proves a direct act of creation, is to say that the exercise of the creative power of God producing a result in their case which none of the existing laws of nature could have produced, is just to say that new facts and new laws of nature are super-added to the former ones, which, were it alleged by the believers in the Bible to account for any of its marvels, would be pronounced the 'silliest of desperate suppositions.' Yet what more does the most credulous believer of inspiration and disciple of Moses require, to account for all the miracles contained in the pages of revelation, than you demand to account for the origin of the negroes, and all the other independent types of mankind? Nay, we are now in a position to show that scientific scepticism is, within its own province, incomparably more credulous than the most absolute biblicist; for where the latter is content with supposing a single miracle, and that justified by a moral cause, and interfering only with the colour of the skin, science would demand a miracle for every diversity of type, and it cannot tell how many these may be, but affirms them by hundreds or thousands, and even speaks of *infinite* variety among human species, each demanding a distinct act of creation, equally miraculous and equally independent of all previous acts of the Almighty Being, and of all existing laws of nature.

But we can imagine our authors somewhat startled at being proved believers in miracles; and we have been not a little solicitous to guess how they will endeavour to escape from their own dilemma. They will no doubt attempt to deny that every distinct act of creation is a miracle; and they would probably refer to an expression before quoted about '*creative laws working by myriads of aggs*,' and allege that all the creations they have patronized have taken place by the operation of those very *creative laws*. But in the first place, what is a creative law? Who has ever discovered one? Who has ever caught one at work, and witnessed its productions? According to our conceptions, creative laws cannot mean the same as laws of nature, for laws of nature are only applicable to beings and objects first of all existing; and the law that regulates them after they originate cannot be the law that created them. It is only the law that governs them after they are created. Laws of nature presuppose

nature, beings, and objects; but science never yet has drawn from what are called laws of nature any atom of information respecting the creation of the first object or being in each species. To talk of *creative laws* is, therefore, not only unscientific and unphilosophical, but unmeaning. There is no idea in the human mind that can give meaning to the words; seeing no man possesses the least knowledge of any law that has power to create. Moreover, as we have above hinted, the conception of laws of nature has no existence prior to the objects of nature. You must first suppose objects and beings created, their organization produced and set a-going by some unknown power, before you can acquire by observation what philosophy calls laws of nature, and which apply exclusively to the continued action or propagation of the existences to which they apply, and from which they are derived, but the origin or creation of which they leave in impenetrable mystery. No law produces the object to which it relates. Science is, therefore, challenged to produce an instance of what it has fallaciously denominated a 'creative law.' It is a vain pretence of transcendent knowledge; for your modern philosopher has a most intense horror of ignorance and passion for omniscience. His creed is to know everything, and above all, to appear able to explain everything. If you press him too closely, he points to 'Nature,' and shields himself behind that most convenient but delusive fiction; or he fences you with a '*vis vitalis*,' a '*vis formativa*,' a '*vis medicatrix*,' or 'a law of chances,' or 'a creative law.' He will guide you obligingly up the mountain *Cosmos*, admire and point out to you the beauties of all around, the increase of wonders as you ascend, the connexion of one grand zone of organization with another gradually developing itself as you advance; but as you near the summit, like a lazy guide, he gets fatigued. You urge him to press onwards and explain all, as he promised, and to ascend through the now thickening clouds; but, no—he assures you there is nothing to discern beyond where he stands. He has been quite to the top, and found it all matter—matter—and so on interminably, in the same beautiful and varied forms; but his pretextuous look only calls up the deep reflection of Hamlet—'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

But since we have supposed our philosophers denying that their creations necessarily involve miracles, and taking shelter under their doctrine of *creative laws*, we may next suppose them as holding very decisive, if not very clear, opinions, perhaps differing from our own, respecting the nature of a miracle. From the tenor of their writings it may be concluded, however, that they would not hesitate to affiliate that definition of 'the silliest

of all desperate suppositions given by Mr. Hume, that it is a thing 'contrary to universal experience.' To oblige them we omit the latter part—'and not proveable by any amount of testimony'—because their science avers that more than a dozen distinct acts of creation have already been proved. But to apply Mr. Hume's definition of a miracle to a distinct act of creation, we beg to ask—whether every such act does not come within the limit of his definition—'contrary to universal experience.' Certainly, no human being ever had any experience of his own creation, or of any other man's. That which is contrary to all past and all present experience—that which no man ever witnessed—which not even Moses or Adam professes to have *witnessed*—and that which it is impossible, from the nature of the act, should have been witnessed by the subject of that act, must clearly come within the terms of Mr. Hume's definition of a miracle. How, then, can these gentlemen believe in distinct acts of creation which no known laws account for, which are exceptions to the universal laws of human propagation, which no witnesses attest, which are contrary to all experience, which science has not ascertained, and which reason, therefore, pronounces to be miraculous? 'Distinct acts of creation' may be easily alleged to account for diversities in human species, and to maintain a favourite theory, as well as to explode Moses and the Bible; but it should at the same time have occurred to these gentlemen that every creation is a miracle, whether it be of an atom or of a world—of a single pair, or of a thousand nations; and that the more numerous your creations, the more numerous the miracles you attribute to the creative will and power. By multiplying the acts of creation you do but incumber your philosophy with those 'silliest of desperate suppositions, miracles;' and how it will ever be able to hobble on under such a burden of *miracles*, we cannot pretend to divine, but advise you to consider in time lest it fall to pieces in your hands. For ourselves, we are so sparing and tender of miracles, that we prefer to believe in the one miraculous creation of the Mosaic record—sustained, as it appears to us to be, by the evidence of a divine revelation—to the thousand and one of these anthropologists, which are sustained neither by science, testimony, nor revelation. As Messrs. Gliddon and Nott, however, assert them, should they ever be able to establish them—yes, any one of them—on as good ground as that which sustains the Mosaic narrative, we will credit it, and place it on the same level; but till then we must beg to limit our belief to a single act of creation, at least as to mankind.

It does not, however, appear to us, that these authors have formed any very distinct conception of what is involved in an act

of creation, for if they had, they would surely have been less free in assigning it as necessary to account for human varieties. As a play off against the doctrine of unity of race, it was the best resource which offered itself to the opposite creed; because, if each race must have an independent origin, then no other known word could so well express the commencement of a new race as the word *creation*, which, of course, the writers adopted because they professed to be believers in an All-wise, Almighty, and Benevolent Creator; and, therefore, to His separate acts of creation they attribute those diversities among human races, which their philosophy fails to account for on the basis of a single act of creation. But what relief their sense of difficulty experiences by multiplying the acts of creation to meet such an exigency, it would be hard to say; for it is not more reasonable, (nay, not so reasonable) to say that laws created thousands of races, and these at once all over the globe, than to say that the Almighty created a single pair, and that they have multiplied and diversified, under His superintendence and primary laws, into all the varieties which are now witnessed.

Philosophy, properly speaking, does not presume to say how the first man and woman came into existence, nor ought it to pretend to know; since *that fact lies beyond the boundary of human knowledge*. Science there cannot be, till there is an intelligent being to acquire it; but till man himself exist, of course he cannot speculate upon his own existence, its cause, its laws, or anything else. Man must, therefore, be the *postulate* to all reasoning; but what was the cause of his own existence can never be known to him unless that cause reveals itself to him. But revelation is a thing which our philosophers ignore; and, therefore, they ignore the cause of the human creation, be it of one or of many. Clearly, if they will not admit revelation to tell them who or what created the first man or woman, or all the various species of men and women, for which they contend, they must inevitably remain in ignorance; for there was, by hypothesis, no witness. The fact could not be learned by consciousness,—could not be acquired inductively,—could not be reasoned upon by science;—and, therefore, must either never be known at all, or be communicated by a revelation from the Creating Power. Messrs. Gliddon and Nott, with Agassiz to support them, may run back their creations as far into the darkness of ages as they please, and propound their 'creative laws' of white, black, brown, and yellow, and aver that the laws of nature render these types permanent, and forbid the amalgamation of races; but all this literally explains nothing concerning man's origin, or its cause, and does but multiply around them those unwelcome things,

miracles, which they denounce as the 'silliest of desperate suppositions.'

There is another point involved in the theory of these Polygenesians which they seem never to have pondered. Did they ever imagine that their creative laws must have chosen between the alternatives of producing human beings in a state of manly and womanly maturity on the first day of their existence, with all the capability and knowledge required for sustenance and self-preservation;—which would be equally miraculous with the creation of Adam and Eve recorded in the Bible, multiplied by the number of individuals in all the nations so produced;—or on the other side of the alternative, the said creative laws must have turned out their products in the infantile state without parents to nurse them, or knowledge and experience to succour themselves. In one or other of these states all the numerous types of mankind were doubtless created. But both cases are equally contrary to existing laws. If you say, they sprang forth mature at once, obedient to the said creative laws, then since there are no such laws in operation now, and none ever reported by science, you introduce and multiply miracles, though the silliest of suppositions; nay, as you affirm, no longer suppositions, but according to your philosophy and the rapid progress of modern science, ascertained truths and admitted doctrines, though contrary to all the known laws of nature. But is not this just aping Moses, and multiplying the miracles of his narrative? How are such miracles to be avoided? Perhaps you think to do so by resorting to the opposite supposition, and saying that the first human types were not created perfect men and women, but infants or children. Then they must have had miraculous endowments, physical and mental, to have enabled them to survive the first day of their existence. Pitiable, helpless orphans indeed,—cast upon this desert world like so many young Romuluses and Remuses, and left to the tender mercies of as many amiable she-wolves; but then again the difficulty starts up of those *silly suppositions* which our philosophers have so consistently abjured.

Perhaps they never put on their spectacles to look to the bottom of that enthymemic gulf concealed in their '*creative laws working by myriads of ages*.' Evidently they never asked themselves the question,—'If we scout revelation, and *pooh, pooh* the Creation narrated by Moses, shall we not be fairly challenged to offer a more credible account of those creations which we assert; or if we say that miracles are not to be believed, how can we prevent people laughing in our faces, when we tell them that there have been innumerable acts of creation, and that every one of those human beings then created was as mature the first moment

of their creation as all their descendants have been at twenty or thirty years of age; and further, that all this took place according to *laws which science has ascertained*!!! Happy had it been for themselves and for many of their readers had they thus looked around them before they resorted to that silliest of desperate suppositions, involved in each of their distinct acts of creation.

But let us pursue the application of their theory a little further in the history of the newly created races. Let us suppose them setting to work, in the consciousness of their new born power and soon felt wants, to provide for their hunger. We suppose there was no *manna* sent down from heaven for them; but there must have been some provision made, or some means afforded, by the use of which they must have been sustained. The earth could not have been absolutely barren; the new comers could not have tilled it; and yet, unless some power had, by acts of creation, provided for their numerous and urgent wants, it is very clear they could not long have survived. Here again we cannot get on without miracle to create supplies. Suppose the first man ready to go to work to satisfy his wants; he cannot sow until he has found seed or reaped it; he could not then wait for sowing or reaping; yet he cannot reap now until he has first sown. The *laws of nature* teach him first to sow and then reap; but at his creation he must have reaped without sowing, and a merciful providence must by miracle, in the first instance, have caused the earth to bring forth of itself for the service of man, foreseeing that he was about to be created. By miracle the wants of the first pair must have been provided for; but as soon as the productions came from the creating hand, laws of nature began to regulate their propagation; but not till then. All before was creation and miracle. Our authors cannot advance a step without them.

We have now done with the main topics of this ponderous work. There are many minor matters upon which we might have commented, and should have done so had our space allowed. There is one person, however, whose reputation as a writer upon the great subject of this volume, and as a Christian man, now removed from the conflicts of earth, we feel it both a duty and a privilege to vindicate from undeserved calumny. And in doing so, we call the attention of our readers to another specimen of that unfairness of sceptical writers to which we alluded in the commencement of this article.

Dr. James Cowles Prichard, for the last half century, has been the grand orthodox authority with the advocates of a common origin for the races of men. His ponderous work on the *Physical History of Mankind* is one of the noblest works of learning and labour to be found

in any language. It has been the never-exhausted reservoir of knowledge from which most subsequent writers on ethnology have drawn; but, nevertheless, as Mr. Burke has sagely remarked, Prichard has been 'the victim of a false theory.' He commenced, when adolescent, by writing a graduating thesis at Edinburgh, in support of the *Unity of Races*, and the remainder of his long life was devoted to the maintenance of this first impression. We behold him, year after year, like a bound giant struggling with increasing strength against the cords which cramp him; and we are involuntarily looking with anxiety to see him burst them asunder. But how few possess the moral power to break through a deep-rooted prejudice.

Prichard published no less than three editions of his *Physical History of Mankind*, &c. To one, however, who like ourselves has followed him line by line throughout his whole literary life, the constant changes of his opinions, his special pleading, and his cool suppression of adverse facts, leave little confidence in his judgment or his cause. He set out in youth, by distorting history and science to suit the theological notions of the day; and in his mature age, concludes the final chapter of his last volume by abandoning the authenticity of the Pentateuch, which for forty years had been the stumbling-block of his life.

Dr. Prichard's defence of the Book of Genesis in the Appendix to the fifth volume of his *Researches*, is certainly a very extraordinary performance. He denies its genealogies, denies its chronology, denies all its historical and scientific details; denies that it was written by Moses; admits that nobody knows who wrote it; and yet withal actually endeavours to show that the sacred and canonical authority of the Book of Genesis is not injured.

We confess that we cannot understand why one half of the historical portion of a book should be condemned as false, and the other received as true, when both stand upon equal authority; nor do we think that his dissection of other parts of the Old Testament leaves them in much better condition as regards the account of human origins.

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Alas for his fame, Dr. Prichard continued to change his costume with the fashion; and some truths of the universe, most essential to man, have thereby been kept in darkness, that is, out of the popular sight, by erroneous interpretation of God's works.

But, in his last edition, Prichard evidently perceived in the distance a glimmering of light dawning from the time-worn monuments of 'Old Egypt,' destined eventually to dispel the obfuscations with which he had enshrouded the history of man, and to destroy that darling unitary fabric in which all his energies had been expended. Had he lived but two years longer until the mighty discoveries of Lepsius were unfolded to the world, he would have realized that the honourable occupation of his long life had been only to accumulate facts which, properly interpreted, shatter everything he built upon them.

'In the preface to vol. iii. he says:—

'If it should be found that within the period of time to which historical testimony extends, the distinguishing characters of human races have been constant and undeviating, it would become a matter of great difficulty to reconcile this conclusion (i. e., the unity of all mankind) with the inferences already obtained from other considerations.'

'In other words, if hypotheses and deductions, drawn from analogies among the lower animals, should be refuted by well ascertained facts, demonstrative of the absolute independence of the primitive types of mankind of all existing moral and physical causes during several thousand years, Prichard himself concedes, that every argument heretofore adduced in support of a common origin for human families must be abandoned.'—p. 54-56.

The whole of this is gross misrepresentation. Prichard concedes no such thing as is here affirmed. He does not say that, if the characters of human races should be found constant and undeviating, the unity of mankind must be abandoned. His words are, 'It would become a matter of great difficulty to reconcile this conclusion with the inferences already obtained from other considerations.' The words inserted in the quotation from Prichard within a parenthesis, as if they were his, are not his, but a gloss by Messrs. Nott and Gliddon, totally perverting the sense of the passage; for Prichard meant by the words 'this conclusion,' not the unity of all mankind, but the supposition previously stated of the 'undeviating characters of the human races.'

But this is not the greatest delinquency of the preceding extract. The statement that Prichard denies the genealogies, the chronology, the historical and scientific details, the Mosaic authorship of the Book of Genesis; that he admits that nobody knows who did write it; and that he condemns one half of it as false, and receives the other as true; are not simply misrepresentations, but direct and glaring falsifications.

He shows at some length that it was not the object of the author of that book to compose an ordinary historical narrative; that he does not profess to give complete genealogies; that he attempts to give no system of chronology, and pretends to no scientific details; that the principal object seems to be, not to preserve the thread of history so much as to record the principal dispensations of Providence to the human family in general. Everything that happens is brought to pass immediately by the fiat of the Almighty Dispenser of rewards and punishments. After admitting that the history is intentionally not constructed on a chronological principle, or in a way that furnishes data for a

correct estimate of the lapse of time; and further, that the first portion of Genesis consists of several distinct and separate documents, which have been compiled, or rather copied continuously and without alteration, and set down, with their original titles even prefixed to each; he proceeds in Section VI. to answer objections, and observes:—

‘Before I proceed further in this inquiry, I must point out what appears to be the bearing of my last observations on the canonical authority of the early portion of Genesis. It will appear to those who have not considered the subject, that the sacred authority of this portion of the Pentateuch is materially involved in the inquiry, whether it consists in a series of documents preserved indeed from a period of remote antiquity, but originally composed by persons whose names are unknown; or written, as is generally supposed, by Moses himself solely from the dictates of Revelation, and without any aids from historical documents. I shall endeavour to show that the sacred and canonical authority of the Book of Genesis is not injured by the adoption of the former of these suppositions.’

So far, therefore, from denying its genealogies, denying its chronology, denying its historical and scientific details, he maintains that the inspired authority of the Book is not invalidated on the supposition that its genealogies are incomplete, that it has no chronology, that it pretends to no scientific details, and that it incorporates separate documents, which may possibly not have been written by Moses, but which he makes his, and seals their accuracy, by adopting them into his own Book as veritable records of past time. But to say, as these authors do, that he has condemned one half of the historical portions of the Book as false, is just a specimen of the effrontery and unfairness which infidel writers are accustomed to manifest in their treatment of Christian authors. They have made no attempt to show the incompatibility between the belief of the inspired authority of the Book of Genesis as a record of God’s providential dealings with the human race, and the belief that it is not to be criticised as a work pretending to give scientific details and a system of chronology. It is only by forcing these assumed pretensions on the sacred writer, which he never makes, that all these impeachments of his inspiration through the medium of the genealogies, chronology, astronomy, &c., are attempted to be maintained. That Dr. Prichard ‘nervously shifted his scientific and theological grounds from year to year, and changed his costume with the fashion,’ is a charge wholly unfounded; for he set out with the belief of the authenticity of Holy Scripture, and after his protracted investigations and careful examination of the combined questions of human unity and Mosaic inspiration, leaves the following testimony in the

last edition of his work, which these authors themselves style 'one of the noblest monuments of learning and labour to be found in any language; the never-exhausted reservoir of knowledge from which most subsequent writers on ethnology have drawn.'

'The early portion of the Book of Genesis, however some passages may differ from others, considered with reference to style and composition of sentences, and the different kinds of figures and representations used in the several parts respectively, forms, nevertheless, an integral and inseparable part of the whole Bible, which without it would be imperfect and defective. The history of the creation of the world, or the Heptahemeron, in the first chapter, is closely connected with the Decalogue and the Sabbath Institution, and was probably set forth at the same time: the history of the paradisaical state and the fall of man, containing what has been termed the *πρωτευαγγελιον*, or the commencement of prophecies relating to the Messiah; the history of the universal deluge, and the renovation of the human race, are essential parts of the Old Testament; and their high antiquity and intimate relation to the rest of the biblical history is supported by innumerable references in the Psalms and other later books. And the subsequent portion of Genesis contains, as it has been observed by Jahn, a statement of the prophecies and promises of which the completion and ratification is to be found in the other Mosaic books, and forms the subject of them, and partly in later Scriptures. We might hence conclude that the ante-Abrahamic, as well as the later portion of Genesis, is an inseparable portion of the sacred canon.'—Prichard's *Researches*, vol. v., p. 564. Third edition.

At page 561 we are treated to a dainty dish of Biblical criticisms, served up with the genuine Teutonic sauce of vague speculation, rash conclusion, and sceptical dogmatism. Certain critics of Germany have for some time past questioned the Mosaic authorship of at least some parts of the Book of Genesis, because they have observed that the names *Elohim* and *Jehovah* are not used indifferently, but one in the first chapter, and the other in the second; and conclude, therefore, that this indicates a different hand in the different portions where this use is observed. The facts not being denied, our authors have concluded that the inferences are in consequence also admitted; but so far from this being the case, other German critics, not inferior in Hebrew lore to the sceptics, have shown that, instead of these observed peculiarities being any proof of various authorship, they supply a more satisfactory proof of the *one hand* that penned the whole, since it can be shown that he purposely and of system employs the word *Elohim* when expressing simply the relation of God to the creation, and the word *Jehovah* when he speaks of the same

Being in relation to his people, his word of Revelation, and his covenant with man in his fallen state.

Before Messrs. Gliddon and Nott had piled up their crude and baseless assertions on the criticisms of Ewald, De Wette, and Cahen, they ought at least to have inquired whether any equally learned Hebraist had replied to their speculations; and they would then have found that Germany had supplied a satisfactory answer to these rash and uncandid criticisms; and that Hengstenberg had proved, that the systematic use of the terms in question, not only in Genesis, but throughout the whole Pentateuch, demonstrated that unity of authorship which the sceptical critics had supposed it to invalidate.

About 160 pages of this volume are devoted to a critical examination of the tenth chapter of Genesis. Names are there made poetical, mythological, or are turned into personifications, or admitted to be real names, just as caprice may dictate, or convenience require. * It is assertion and assumption throughout, for which there is not the slightest authority but the *ipse dixit* of the authors. The summing up is one of the rarest pieces of self-contradiction, impertinent trifling with truth, and illogical reasoning, that can be found, even within this volume, abounding as it does in such qualities.

‘We have shown that every name (but Nimrod’s, which is mythological) in the tenth chapter of Genesis, excepting those of Noah and Shem, Ham and Japheth, is a personification of *countries, nations, tribes, or cities*; that there is not a single *man* among the seventy-nine cognomina hitherto examined.’ (N.B. The number seventy-nine is obtained by adding the eight cities* founded by Nimrod to the seventy-one names above enumerated.) ‘That in some instances the name of an ante-historical founder of a nation has been perpetuated by the nation itself, no one denies; classical history teems with such.’ (Then why not the tenth of Genesis?) ‘In most cases, however, the nation or tribe invented a founder, to whom they gave the name of the country they happened to occupy; nor does archaeology concede to the Hebrews any exemption from this universal law, merely for the sake of conformity to time-honoured caprice.

‘But if seventy-eight of the seventy-nine names in the tenth of Genesis are those of *countries, nations, tribes, or cities*, that is not the case with four others, catalogued as the parental Noah and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth.’

Our authors talk above of a *universal law*, whereas they admit that there exists no such law, as to the attaching of names to nations—sometimes from their founders, and sometimes from the invention of such names by the nations. Both facts are ascertainable from history, and classic history is said ‘to teem with

instances of founders giving names to nations.' Yet, to shake the testimony of Moses, a *universal law* is alleged against him, when all classical history teems with instances in his favour. But to complete the whole of their absurd comments upon these names, they add—'Our observations on these names limit themselves to guessing, as nearly as we can, what *may* have been meant by the writer of the tenth of Genesis.'—p. 549.

Indeed it is *guess-work* from beginning to end; and yet upon this guessing they ask their readers to abandon a writer who has never yet been proved guilty of *guessing* even at the names of the founders of nations, but whose veracity is past denial, upon Messrs. Nott and Gliddon's admission, in some of the most important of these names, while others he does not give as names of persons at all, but of cities. He distinguishes persons from cities; but our authors wish to make it appear that all the seventy-eight are names of countries or cities. Such false reasoning and unfounded assertion, and even silly trifling, deserve the severest reprehension of criticism.

At page 594, our authors make themselves merry at the expense of Job and our vernacular translators (whom they take upon them often to cashier), upon the expression, 'Oh that mine adversary had written a book.' Upon which their comment is—

'If this text be 'divinely inspired' in King James's version, then the Lord have mercy upon his creature *archæology*! Because were these words authentic, logic could prove—

'1. That at least 2500 years ago, polemical works in the form of 'books' were not unknown even in Arabia.

'2. That knowing, as he must necessarily have done, the power which a reviewer has over an author, he longed, with vindictive refinement, as the most terrible retribution to be inflicted upon an adversary, that this particular enemy should actually write a book, in order that Job might review him, probably, as Horace Smith conjectured, in the *Jerusalem Quarterly*.'

Upon which very sage strictures upon Job and the translators, we shall simply quote a few lines illustrative of the palpable contradictions of these authors. At page 642, we read—

'It would require an especial treatise to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the copiousness of ancient Egyptian documents, written on the papyrus paper, existing and deciphered. At the present day there are some of the IVth (B.C. 3400) and succeeding dynasties down to the XIIth (B.C. 2200) in legible preservation. Independently of the thousands of copies of the *Book of the Dead*, there are poems, account-books, contracts, decrees, chronological lists, histories, romances, scientific essays; in short, it is really more difficult now to define what there is not, than to catalogue the enormous collections

of papyri (some written ages before Moses's birth) existing in European cabinets.'

Then why not Job's adversary write a book?

Upon Job xix. 23, 'Oh that my words were printed in a book,' they think it worth while to quibble upon the word *printed* instead of *inscribed*, which our translators adopted without the authority of the original, but which possibly they thought better conveyed the idea of *publication* to an English reader than the literal, *inscribed in a register* which these Hebraists propose, while they depreciate and ridicule the ability of King James's translators. But we maintain that *inscribing in a register* would be less expressive of Job's meaning than printing in a book, because the one is to be laid up in private, and the other to be published. Though there might be an anachronism, there was no misrepresentation of Job's meaning; and it is not quite certain that such a thing as block-printing might not have been known in Egypt, at that time; and if so, why not to Job? Even in Arabia he might have heard of it, and wished his words literally *printed* in a book. But these are some of the little artifices employed to bring the Bible, its writers and translators, into contempt.

We have now done with this pretentious volume and its oracular authors. They have boasted much, but effected little. They have soared high, very high indeed, but, like the blind leading the blind, they have both fallen into the ditch. They have raised their weapon against the cause of God and man; but their presumptuous arm has fallen withered at their side, and their blade lies shivered at their feet. We fear that they have been too long familiarized to the plausible sophistries of infidelity, and are become too callous against serious appeal and reproof—too much of his mind who has said in the face of Christendom 'he would rather be damned with his philosophy than give in to the scheme of the Bible'—too hackneyed, therefore, in the service of impiety, to afford the least hope of any 'compunctious visitings;' otherwise we might expect to hear of recantations and apologies for those offences against God and man, against truth and reason, aye, and against science and logic too, of which they have been guilty before high heaven and outraged humanity. But if no such retribution of conscience should take place within them, and no such emancipation of their reason from its present thralldom to prejudice and error await them in this world, they will yet be held amenable, not indeed to us or to mankind, but to the Divine Author of that Book which they have laboured so earnestly to blaspheme and destroy. Another scrutiny, both of themselves and of their volume,

of a very different and far more searching kind than we have been able to give to it, looms in the future; when He who knows the heart of man will pronounce upon their *motives* as well as upon their deeds. Truth will then be vindicated, and a righteous judgment pronounced. Yet even now the ridiculous position in which they have placed themselves before the world, by their absurd speculations, their arrogant assumptions, and their self-contradictions, can hardly fail to excite the pity of our readers. It has been a real pain to us to have to expose their sophistries and perversions of truth, and to hold them up to the scorn of the public; but we shudder to think of that tremendous day which will reveal all, and set all in order before them; and the only harm we wish them is that, by the timely recantation of their injustice and untruth, they may find mercy of their offended Lord and Judge in that day (for they profess to believe in God, and in his final judgment of man).

We cannot, however, be insensible to the possibility that young thinkers, one-sided speculators, and other novices in this sort of controversy, may be seduced into rash conclusions, into an abyss of error and unbelief, or even of immorality, by the pretensions to high science with which this volume abounds; and for the sake of such, we feel it a duty to add a word of caution, lest they should be led astray by this lying oracle; for we can assure them, that if they will question it fearlessly and closely, they will find no spirit of divination or of vision in it. Falseness and error pervade nearly all its utterances upon the subject of the Bible and religion; and though it pretends to have eyes behind and before, and to penetrate the abysses of the past and reveal the mysteries of the future, yet it is blind as a bat, and grovelling as a mole. It uses great swelling words of vanity, and affects to sit upon the summit of Olympus, and to wield the bolts of Jupiter against all that oppose its dictates; but it is a mere pitchy cloud risen from the Erebus of Infidelity, and presuming to conceal the orb of day, or blot it for ever from the sight of mortals; but the dark vapour is uncharged with a single bolt of true thunder, and is destined, like all others from the same source, to pass away and leave the Divine Luminary still riding triumphantly in his glory, and shining all the brighter for the temporary obscuration.

If this article should fall into the hands of any who have read the volume, and been startled by its arrogant pretensions, imposing variety of contents, and pompous vauntings, we trust that the strictures we have passed upon it will convince them, that it has literally effected nothing, either in the cause of human history, or against the cause of God and truth; but that it is a mere phan-

tasmagoria of science falsely so-called—a *telum imbelli sine ictu*. We entertain no fears for the cause of Divine revelation from anything that can be effected by universal science, or from legitimate and all-sided speculation; but we do fear for the young and the inexperienced when they fall into the hands of such unscrupulous and self-confident boasters, whose sophistries require both patience and time to unravel. We earnestly invite such inquirers to search all these boasted discoveries through and through; but at the same time we warn them, that nothing but a thorough loyalty to God and conscience, with a truth-loving as well as truth-seeking spirit, will preserve them from those entanglements of error and sophistry which are profusely spread for the unwary in the present day, and which have drawn so many into the cloud-land of infidel spiritualism, or the bog-land of universal scepticism.

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- ART. II.—(1.) *The Sons of the Sires: a History of the Rise, Progress, and Destiny of 'The American Party,' and its probable Influence on the next Presidential Election; to which is added, a Review of the Letter of the Hon. Henry A. Wise against the Know-nothings.* By an American. Philadelphia. 1855.
- (2.) *The Position of Christianity in the United States, in its Relations with our Political Institutions, and specially with Reference to Religious Instruction in the Public Schools.* By STEPHEN COLWELL. Philadelphia. 1854.
- (3.) *Trübner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature.* London. 1855.
- (4.) *Les Nations Catholiques et les Nations Protestantes.* ('Catholic Nations and Protestant Nations compared in the threefold relation of general Well-being, Intelligence, and Morality.') By NAPOLEON ROUSSEL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Nutt. 1854.
- (5.) *Die Propaganda, ihre Provinzen und ihr Recht.* ('The Propaganda, its Provinces and its Rights, set forth by DR. OTTO MEYER.') 2 vols. 8vo. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Nutt. 1852-3.
- (6.) *Études Philosophiques sur le Christianisme.* ('Philosophical Studies on Christianity.') By AUGUSTE NICOLAS. A New Edition. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1852. London: Nutt.

FOR something near half-a-century we have watched the working of the institutions of the United States with close attention and very deep interest. Inheriting a cordial hatred of the despotism of the Old World; and hailing with joy the birth of civil and religious liberty in the New World, we inherited also, and have

ever fondly cherished the hope that the Union would solve the more difficult problems of civil polity, and teach the nations how to combine the security of a strong and effective government with the advantages of personal independence and social freedom. For many years the hope grew alike in solidity and in brightness; but latterly, we regret to add, it has become somewhat dim. The retention of slavery by the founders of the North American Republic was not only a gross inconsistency, but a serious—may it not prove a fatal—mistake. The best friends of the States long lived in hope that the mistake would be speedily corrected, and meanwhile lent no unwilling ear to the plea, that the Union in its aggregate capacity was not committed to the wrong. But all such pleas are now swept away. The Fugitive Slave-Law implicates the Union in the crimes of man-stealing and man-selling; and the whole tendency of practical opinion and actual legislation has now for a long time been such as to encourage and extend slavery, no less than to rivet the chains of the slave. The Republic, therefore, has deliberately undertaken the most solemn of all tasks, a task which we regard as impossible as well as solemn—it has undertaken to assert by deed, and by deed to prove, that Christianity and slavery are compatible. Believing the two incompatible and irreconcilable,—believing that as the one advances the other must recede,—believing that the hostility between the two is deadly, and that if the Christianity of the States does not slay slavery, slavery will slay its Christianity,—we feel the deepest concern at the progress of this monster evil. It is not merely that we believe Divine Providence to be against a people who hold their fellow-men in bondage, but because, as implicated in this adverseness, slavery, we hold, blunts men's conscience, lowers their character, makes them mercenary, and precludes from their hearts the power and predominance of spiritual realities. And this painful conviction we are compelled to hold at the very time we gladly admit that in the Churches of America there are some great, and many good, men, both lay and clerical. But their excellence we ascribe to the overruling power of the Gospel, and feel no doubt that it acts powerfully on many in spite of the counteracting influence of the great national sin. And well does it become these true and faithful disciples to consider whether an obligation is not laid on them to take in hand the delicate and difficult, yet most necessary and imperative, cause of the three millions of their coloured brethren held in bondage, if only because, as their chains will have to be broken, it is desirable the change should be wrought out under the high controlling influence of Christian principle and Christian love. Meanwhile we would entreat them to ask themselves, whether

much of the too prevalent laxity of morals, the corruption of public men, the depravity of large masses of the city populations,—the venality, the lust of money, the oppressiveness of opinion in private life, and the looseness of principle in public life, of which they so justly complain, may not be ascribed to the demoralizing influence of slavery on all classes of society? Certainly, whencesoever they proceed, these moral evils, the existence of which is too palpable to be denied, are in themselves sufficient to excite the inquiry:—What is the nature of the career on which the Union has entered?—whither does it tend?—in what will it terminate? Is the end to be, as was hoped, the social regeneration of the world? or an alternation of anarchy and despotism? a repetition, on a republican basis, of the evils and the wrongs endured and perpetrated under crowned and sceptred misrule in the eastern hemisphere? The great want of the United States, as it seems to us, is an active, practical, and rigorous sense of justice. But what wonder that there should be this want, when the crying injustice of slavery is shared by all ranks? And what can the issue be but the ordinary recompence of unrighteousness, evil being added as a punishment for evil, and the heart hardened till ruin come? These forebodings find support in acts, more or less national, of recent occurrence. We have not forgotten the aggressive war against the southern continent of America. We have not forgotten the armed assistance lent to the rebellion in Canada. The words of the iniquitous declaration made respecting Cuba by the American representatives at Ostend are still ringing in our ears. And now comes the news of the disgraceful attack made by the pro-slavery party in Missouri on the electoral rights of Kansas. A filibustering spirit is abroad in the land. Who shall rebuke the sin? Is republicanism to become chargeable with reckless plundering?

Christian men now come forward, and ask the attention of their fellow-citizens and the world at large to evils for which they desire a remedy, and to which reference has been made. We rejoice at the fact. We are glad to see the Church stirring itself for great moral and social purposes. We are the more glad in having reason to believe that among those purposes there are views and aims that are adverse to slavery. We could have preferred an express avowal of those views and aims, but we are too thankful for their existence to be either critical or exacting. It is something to have one bright spot in a dark hemisphere. If slavery is put away, it must, we know, be by the power of the Christian Church, its earliest effectual assailant. That slavery will be put away in all lands we know; because we know that He who only can make men free will reign in all lands. There-

fore we wait as those who look for the dawn, 'in sure and certain hope,' if in some, perhaps blameworthy, impatience also; and the most cheering token we have of a long time seen, is given by the new party, who are adverse to the increase of the pro-slavery power, because the growth of that power would be adverse to their own designs and objects. What are those objects? And what is this new party?

The party bears the eccentric name of 'The Know-nothings.' The designation may have reference to the studied secrecy with which the organization has been formed and nurtured into strength. The secrecy is justified on the allegation of necessity, since so exclusive are the old political parties, and so oppressive is opinion in the United States, that, except under the cover of secrecy, the party could not have come into existence. Another denomination is 'The American Party,' so called because one of its watchwords is 'America for the Americans.' Thus, the author of the volume intitled *The Sons of the Sires*, tells his readers that he 'holds it as the dictate of philosophy and sound statesmanship that the sons of the soil should rule the soil.' (Preface, p. 5.) As the rise of the party was secret, so its growth has been rapid, and its present power is very considerable. The writer to whose work reference has just been made, pours forth an immense quantity of froth on these points, which however cannot conceal the importance of the movement, though it may make its judicious friends grieve. The evils in view of which the party has been originated are: 1. Laxity of morals in public men; 2. Excessive immigration; and 3. The intrusion by such immigration of elements both alien and adverse to the constitution and welfare of the United States.

In proceeding to handle the subject, we shall give attention, first, to the allegations or grievances; secondly, to the justice of the demand for relief and redress; and thirdly, to the legitimacy of the proposed means. Our chief authorities are enumerated at the head of this essay. Of special value in the matter is a manifesto recently adopted by the council of the party in the State of New York as an authentic statement of their principles and aims.

In regard then to our first point, namely, the actual condition of the old political organizations, this manifesto declares—

'Party action has in some degree lost all dignity above that of a mere struggle for the power of dispensing patronage, and has done what it could to inculcate in the mind of the people an opinion that government is but a complicated system of rewards for office-seekers, in whom the faculty for faithful service is the last and the least of the qualifications they are expected to present.'

One effect of these party contests is the exhaustion of the two combatants; and that exhaustion gives encouragement to the aspirations of 'the Know-nothings.' Such is the statement made in the following passage:

* 'Look at the two great parties. The Whigs were sorely defeated in the last Presidential election, and have not since been able to effect a thorough organization of their scattered forces. The Democrats suffered even a worse defeat in the late state elections. Though they enjoyed the advantage of that vast influence which office-holders always bring into the field, yet with all this, coupled with most extraordinary efforts, they suffered a complete route. The old Democratic State of Pennsylvania polled 30,000 majority for the American candidate. In Baltimore, Md., the stronghold of foreigners, and with the official influence of the party, they were defeated by an overwhelming majority. In Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, and other States, like defeats were experienced.

'But the relations of the parties have now been reversed, and in the next great conflict it will be comparatively easy for the new party to elect all their men. The Democratic party has greatly diminished even since the last election. Many have forsaken its standard and have come over to the side of victory. Others are becoming convinced of the justice of the cause, and the importance of the principles advocated on the American side of the house. If at first they hesitated about uniting with the new party, it was because they wanted time to examine its principles and scrutinize the merits of its creed. But now that they have had time for calm reflection, they realize the importance of the movement, and while large numbers may never be initiated into the mysteries of the fraternity, they may still feel it their duty to support those candidates pledged to carry out the principles of the new order.'—*Sons of the Sires*, pp. 163, 164.

More impressive, because more calm, and as being both, more painful is the testimony of a writer who has 'written on the whole matter in a Christian temper and with marked ability.

'If we look into the party movements of the day, we encounter a scene of matchless wrangling, contention, and low intrigue, the object of which is mainly, to get possession of the offices of the country and the salaries. There is scarcely an imaginable meanness to which party men do not descend—we may as well say there is scarcely a degree of moral degradation to which they do not descend—in pursuit of office. The manly independence which teaches men to seek a livelihood in some honest calling, is undermined, and large numbers of our people are trained to act as if no mode of living were so desirable as to be a feeder at the public crib, and nothing more praiseworthy than to be a constant beggar at the door of public patronage. The sentence which binds all men 'to eat their bread in the sweat of their

brows,' is commuted for them, into eating their bread by the sale of their honour, their honesty, or their independence. They abandon everything honest in life to pursue everything that is loathsome in party. How far Christian hands are soiled in such pursuits, let every one answer for himself. But it may be aptly inquired, could the machinery of party have fallen into such a shape, and could political degradation have descended so low, had the vigilance of the Christian citizens been in any degree proportioned to the interests involved?

'If we look to the public elections of the country, shall we find in them, and in the events and processes connected with them, any marks of Christian influence or intervention? Our elections are, in too many instances, but the concentrated dregs of partisan intrigue and beggarly office-seeking. We know nothing more shameful; nothing more dangerous to our institutions, than the culpable neglect of duty on the part of good men, and the unrestrained sway of bad men, in the matter of our public elections. If Christian men have any share in this prostitution of public interests and private honesty, our elections reflect disgrace not only upon the country, but upon Christianity.'—*Position of Christianity*, pp. 72, 73.

If we may credit the manifesto, an unbridled partisanship and a boundless self-seeking have even given artificial and unjust encouragement to immigration and immigrants.

'The consequence has been the growing influence of the yearly addition of half a million of emigrants, admitted with great facility and by frauds, to a participation in American citizenship into a vast and commanding power. It furnishes what may, without much exaggeration of phrase, be called the distinct estate in our Republic. Its ever-swelling tide is visible in every community. It is banded into combinations more or less apart from our long-known and familiar masses of native citizens, by ties of foreign kindred, by unforgotten and ever-cherished nationalities, and by sympathies alien to the spirit which alone sustains our peculiar, temperate, and complicated system of freedom. Worse than this, it has caught the notice and stimulated the craft of selfish political aspirants and demagogues, who have too easily found it a pliant resource for party use, and who have cajoled, flattered, and seduced it into the ranks of partisan strife, and thus imparted to it a consequence and influence most powerful to aid a perverse ambition, but utterly powerless to accomplish any honest end for which the highest prerogatives of citizenship were originally designed.

'Following in the train of this policy, we have seen Congress deliberately clothe the alien of the territories with the right of suffrage there, with certain anticipations that this example will be followed when the territories shall pass into the higher condition of states. In the same spirit of fatal flattery of the emigrant, Congress has proclaimed the public lands to be the heritage of the foreigner of whatever clime, and has provoked the appetite for emigration to fresh endeavours, by the lure of bribes of that magnificent domain which it has

refused to bestow upon the native population of the states for purposes of education and public improvement. This is the chosen policy of our Government at a time when nearly half a million of persons in each year are pouring the flood of ignorance, vice, and crime, and, in its best ingredients, of distinct and ungenial nationalities, into the heart of our country.

The statement here made that immigration proceeds at the rate of half a million yearly, though somewhat loose, is substantially correct. At first the immigration was small and slow; of late it has been large and rapid, as appears from these statistics:—

From 1790 to 1810	20 years	120,000 souls.
„ 1810 „ 1820	10 „	114,000 „
„ 1820 „ 1830	10 „	103,979 „
„ 1830 „ 1840	10 „	762,369 „
„ 1840 „ 1850	10 „	1,521,850 „
Total in 60 years		2,722,198
From June 1, 1850, to Dec. 31, 1851		558,000
In the year 1852		375,000
„ 1853		368,000
„ 1854 about		500,000
Aggregate in four years and a half		1,801,000

Our authority adds—

‘There is no reason for believing that the vast immigration for this year will diminish; in fact, there is no limit to its rate of progress but the means of conveyance. Now, then, we have upon this basis an aggregate for the six years and a-half intervening between this period and 1860 of 3,250,000, making for the current ten years the astounding aggregate of 5,051,000.’—*The Sons of the Sires*, pp. 189-191.

The assumption in this passage that the immigration will continue at what it was in 1854, if it does not become larger, is, we hold, unwarranted. The peculiar stimulus of Ireland will fail. The United States is parting with its attractiveness. Other fields for colonization are opening before the unsettled masses of our European population.

We may here remark, that we can by no means allow that the immigrant element in the United States has been an unmixed evil. Among those millions a large number were persons of character, skill, and industry, possessing not only a real Christianity, but all the qualities which make good citizens and excellent

men, by no means unworthy to be successors to the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, who are still, and ever will, remain the pride and the strength of the Union. Of this number a smaller class carried with them not only a high moral culture, but the most advanced learning, or the best mechanical ability, of this our older civilization. And if the bulk were hand-labourers and artisans, did they not contribute an element indispensable in any well-founded commonwealth? The native inhabitants of the States may be thankful if the rough work of society has been done for them by foreigners. The permission, not to say encouragement, of the immigration, however, is a sufficient proof that its utility was felt and generally acknowledged. The Union would not have opened its doors, nor have kept its doors open so long, had it not been fully convinced that advantage hence accrued. And now, if evils present themselves as arising from the immigration, abate those evils, but do not disown the good, nor forget that in this world evil is the price at which good has to be purchased; and let the good be set in an even balance over against the evil, that the preponderating result may fairly be ascertained, ere you proceed to agitate or to legislate in the matter. Specially ought you to take care, lest 'while you gather up the tares you root up also the wheat with them.' All Germans are not intidels. Romanism has had its Fénelon. Ireland, once the native soil of learning, is still prolific in heroes. A man is not a fool nor a rogue because he is a foreigner. Every foreigner has somewhere a home; and if he has sundered the strong ties which bind a man to his household gods, he probably shows thereby a strength of character, a consciousness of power; and an aspiration after higher good, which are among the best materials for making good citizens. In agreement with the tenour of these observations is the ensuing passage, extracted from an able article on our subject, recently published in *The South Carolinian* :—

Has any mind shed greater lustre on illustrious Athens than Aristotle? Aristotle was a foreigner, and came to Attica when seventeen years old. Has there been any Spaniard more Spanish than Columbus? Columbus was a Genoese. Has there been a Frenchman more French than Napoleon, and Cuvier, and Constant? Napoleon was an Italian; Cuvier, by birth and education, a German; Constant, a Swiss. Who carried the Netherlands through the direst war of independence on record, and who founded the great republic of the Netherlands? William of Orange, a German. Has England ever had a more English king than William the Third, the Netherlander? Has Germany ever had a more German leader than Eugene of Savoy? Who was Catherine of Russia, that made her the great power? She was a German.

woman. Has Oxford ever had a greater professor than Erasmus, of Rotterdam? The very country in which the Know-nothing now reviles 'the foreign' was discovered by Cabot, a Genoese, in the service of England.

'The proto-martyr of the Revolution was Montgomery, an Irishman; so was Barry, called the father of the American Navy; and Paul Jones, the bold and early captain, was a Scot. De Kalb, La Fayette, Hamilton, Gallatin, no Americans? Mark the list of signers, and see how many were 'foreigners.' The hue and cry against 'foreigners' belongs to Pagan antiquity, when one word served for foreigner and enemy; but not to Christianity, one of whose earliest writers gloriously said, *Nostra civitas totus mundus!* The very word Christianity rebukes Know-nothingism. The term Free Trade has a far wider meaning than a merely economical one. It applies to all merit, truth, intellect. Let every one stand and fall by his own individuality, and take the best of everything where you find it best. So did your forefathers; so your Gospel demands it. When Sir Harry Saville founded, in 1619, his Savillian Professorship at Oxford, he prescribed that the best man that could be gotten, no matter whence, should always be taken; so that he was a man of 'good fame, and honest repute, *ex quacunque natione orbis Christianæ, et cujuscunque ordinis sive professionis.*' And this ought to be the rule in all spheres, but most especially so in our own land.'

We have felt it our duty to offer these cautions, the rather because we have with pain observed a disposition in some quarters not only to exaggerate the evils resulting from the immigration, but also to cry and hoot down the immigrants *as* immigrants. Not in an impatient and intolerant spirit is this serious issue to be brought to a satisfactory settlement. The new party may succeed in acquiring the power to treat every incomer as an Ishmaelite; but by the use of that power they will neither honour the Gospel nor benefit the Union. The immigration is too strong to be crushed, even if it were right to contemplate such an iniquity; and be assured that only by justice can you effectually redress injustice. The immigrants, though formerly foreigners, are now your fellow-citizens and neighbours; they dwell by your side, they put their hands to the same ballot-box with yourselves; if they differ from you in accent, in accent do you differ from them; if they are new-comers, they are therein only what you or your fathers were a few score years ago; and if you, the sons of immigrants, have to deal with natives of other lands, the sons of those natives born on your own soil will rise to debate the issue with you ere it will be brought to a final settlement. Take care you harm not yourselves in trying to inflict harm on others; and hardly can you deal severely with these immigrants without doing serious damage to your common

country. Take care lest, while you aim to retain or to recover your supremacy, you destroy and tear in pieces the country you would rule. Already has your common country in its bowels only too many elements of discord. The South frowns sternly on the North, and the North knits its brows against the South; your Eastern and your Western territories recognise a diversity, if not a collision of interests. Your country is too long and too wide to be easily kept under the same form of government; if your parties are weak because they are corrupt,—because they are corrupt they are dangerous; take care how you introduce or give vent to a new explosive mixture; to add to combustibles is not the way to extinguish a conflagration; and remember that the Roman Commonwealth was torn to pieces by the dying convulsions of political factions. We give these cautions not to detract from your grievances, but to invoke a spirit of wise forbearance and considerate moderation, the necessity of which is only too much proved by the intolerant insolence of such words as these:—

‘Another consideration which will commend itself to true patriots is, that the election of President on the issue now made, would administer a gentle, but greatly-deserved rebuke to meddling foreigners. They have carried themselves altogether too loftily, and have essayed to discourse of American habits and institutions in a manner totally unbecoming in men who profess warm attachment to our form of government. Having scarcely touched upon American soil, they set themselves up for our teachers, and freely discuss all questions pertaining to the social state, while they understand them as little as would an imported Hottentot. It is positively insufferable to witness such arrogance and presumption. They have abused American generosity, and repaid their hospitality by gross insults or by officious meddlings in our elections. Having always been the victims of oppression, they understand not the just limits of liberty, and run to that other extreme, where they want nothing but the power to become the worst of oppressors. When we recount the officious interference of foreigners in our political affairs—their bearing at the polls, their dictation, their threats if their demands are not complied with by our rulers, we are really amazed at the measure of forbearance exercised towards them. It is high time to intimate to them, in a manner not to be misapprehended, that we will not bare our backs to the lash of a Bishop, or tamely cringe to his bullying and blustering subjects. Let this be done in an honourable way. Let Americans give a united expression of their united sentiments, and elect a man for the occupancy of the chair of State unpledged to bishops and archbishops, and untrammelled by foreign influence. Let his election be decisive and triumphant, that every State of this Union may recur to it with feelings of pride, and that its influence may be appreciated by

those who have raised this issue between us.'—*Sons of the Sires*, pp. 173, 174.

If the spirit here manifested gets predominant in the approaching conflict, all hope of a just and satisfactory, perhaps of a peaceable settlement, may be considered at an end. The writer, whose whole volume is very much in this 'Hercle's vein,' seems to fancy that men, in setting their foot on the Western Continent, unman themselves. Does this superfine lover of liberty fancy that immigrants, as such, lose the right of speech? May they, too, not have their wrongs? And would they not be contemptible if, believing they have wrongs, they did not seek redress? And is it for those to denounce officious meddlings in elections who, finding the elections as they are turning against their ascendancy, establish an organization for the avowed purpose of neutralizing, if not abolishing the electoral power of a very large portion of their fellow-citizens. But they are '*our* elections,' and not *theirs* too? If they vote by law, they vote by right; and without a legal claim they cannot vote at all. '*Our* elections.' How long yours? Disappointment, if not disaster, will come, unless a true Christian wisdom and a wise constitutional spirit intervene and take the lead.

We tacitly admit in these words that the complainants have a right to claim redress. The actual immigration is attended with evil. It contains ingredients of a formidable nature. Jesuitism, infidelity, indifferentism, pauperism and vice, form no small part of the whole. Of these evil spirits the first is the worst, because it is the mother of the rest.

Maryland afforded to Catholicism its earliest home. Having been given by Charles I. to Lord Baltimore, it served as an asylum to many Romanists. As early as the year 1632, a Jesuit mission was planted there, which, notwithstanding many hindrances, struck its roots into the soil, and grew with some vigour. The Catholic Church, however, made little progress in North America until the successful vindication of national independence led to the formation of the Union, and the Union proclaimed religion as well as civil liberty. A Catholic immigration forthwith commenced. An ex-Jesuit, John Carroll, succeeded in founding (Nov. 6, 1789) the first bishopric, that of Baltimore, at the head of which he himself was placed. The whole Catholicism of the United States remained for several years under this mother-church, which, as being a missionary bishopric, was subject to the College of the Propaganda in Rome. Thus, Jesuit in its origin, its allegiance, and its administration, the Bishopric of Baltimore strained its energies in the employment of secret as well as open means for the encouragement and extension of

Catholicism. It deserves special attention, that the type of Catholicism which rooted itself in the United States was of the most virulent kind, being Jesuit and ultramontane from its origin. In less, however, than twenty years, a very large increase of Catholics necessitated new ecclesiastical arrangements. Pope Pius VII., in a Brief issued in 1808, exultingly pointed out the necessity of new bishoprics; and consequently, at the suggestion of the Propaganda, divided the bishopric of Baltimore into four dioceses, namely, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstow, which were placed under the care of Baltimore, created an archbishopric. The four bishoprics have since increased ninefold. Exact and recent information on these points is not easily obtained. The Census of 1850 is singularly defective in the department of religious statistics. By comparing various reliable Catholic and Protestant authorities* together, we have obtained the information here supplied. In 1853, the following was the force of the Romanist army in the United States:

Dioceses	36
Churches	1545
Stations	627
Officiating clergy	1338
Non-officiating clergy	157
Institutions	33
Students, &c.	513
Souls	2,096,300

The rapidity of the increase may be learnt from the fact, that in 1843 the number of bishoprics was sixteen and the number of souls 1,300,000. In ten years the souls had increased by 700,000, and the dioceses by twenty. The disproportion between these two increments points to the intense efforts made by the ecclesiastical power for its own augmentation. The increase of 700,000 in ten years suffices to show the force of the stream of immigration. If, as we have seen stated, the annual rate of increase in the population is three per cent. per annum, then an equal percentage must be set down as the result of the extraordinary impulse of that stream. The Catholic population is very unequally distributed. According to a table given in the Census Report for 1850, we find more than one-third of the churches in the three States of New York (174 churches), Ohio (130 churches), Pennsylvania (139 churches)—in all 443 out of a total of 1118.

* *Henrion, Histoire des Missions.* Tom. ii. p. 653, seq. Paris. 1346, 1847. *The Church Review*, Number for April, 1853. *The Christian Examiner* of March, 1855. Article, 'Facts from the last Census.' The statistics issued by the Propaganda. *Notizia Statistica delle Missioni Cattoliche in Tutta il Mondo.* Roma. 1843.

These facts also indicate that immigration is the chief cause of Romanist increase. The same conclusion is justified by the ensuing. In 1843, in a population of 17,062,566, there were 1,300,000 Catholics; but in 1853, in a population of about twenty millions, there were above two millions of Catholics. In other words, in 1843 the Catholics were to the whole population as one in seventeen; in 1853 as one in ten. The proportion which immigration as a cause of increase bears to birth, may be inferred from the large number of Catholics in bishoprics most open to strangers, and from the large number of foreigners in some of the chief cities. In the year 1843, the Catholics in the bishopric of Baltimore bore to the whole population the proportion of one in six, in that of Saint Louis one in seven, and in that of New Orleans one in two. Still more striking are these figures:—

Cities.	Natives.	Foreigners.
Baltimore	130,491	35,492
Boston	88,948	46,677
Charlestown	17,809	4,653
Chicago	13,693	15,682
Cincinnati	60,558	54,541
New Orleans	50,470	48,601
New York... ..	277,752	235,733

Thus it appears that while in Baltimore every tenth person is a foreigner, in Boston you find a foreigner in every third man you meet; and while in Cincinnati, New Orleans, and New York, you are as likely to cast your eye on strange as on native features, in Chicago the probability is turned in favour of strangers.

The character of the immigrant population is a matter of the most serious moment. On this point, unhappily, the evidence is only too full. We on this side of the Atlantic, we in these British Isles, know well how much refuse we have sent to be deposited on the seaboard of America. And other elements reduced almost to inanition, and degraded as well as reduced, have of their own accord passed from these lands to those. Of both kinds how large a proportion bore the Catholic name, and owed to papal and Jesuit influence the chief part of their demoralization. It is therefore only in the natural course of things that we hear American authorities bitterly complaining of the state and prospects of the population in their large cities. We cite the following, taken, with a few words omitted, from an authority* independent of, and anterior to, the 'Know-nothing' movement, which we adduce the rather because it bears decided

* *The Church Review*. Article, 'Religion for the Republic.' April, 1853.

and very painful testimony to the prevalent and virulent operation of another social evil in the heart of American society—namely, infidelity, a low, gross, sensual infidelity, the spawn of revolution and Jesuitism.

‘We have lately made personal inquiries as to the social condition of some of our chief cities, with the advantage of making them on the spot. We have visited Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; and, to our surprise, we find but one verdict concerning the social aspect of these five great centres, from competent witnesses, deeply interested in their respective cities. Even the hyperboreal Washington confesses the presence of new elements in its rigid and frigid structure; all three mountains are nearly covered by the influence of a foreign tide, and its model proprietors are beginning to be washed away. As for New York—

An upstart multitude, and sudden gains,
Oh, Florence, have in thee engendered
Pride and excess.

What Dante says of the Tuscan city is, in a tenfold degree, true of our great commercial metropolis—heart, soul, and centre as it is of the life and enterprise of the Republic. Its growth outstrips all calculation, its luxury is not less reduplicative; and its corruption is unspeakable. Even its courts of justice furnish evidence of infection which may well make a patriot tremble for the security and sanctity of law. If half which the newspapers say of its policy be true, the civic government of that metropolis is already a disgrace to civilization. The supremacy of its ‘*Empire Club*’ at the ballot-box is confessed in our highest federal election. On the spot, you are informed that the mob has elected itself to the magistracy of the city, and that, consequently, the watchmen are themselves the thieves. As the result, you are cautioned against going through the streets at a late hour, and assurances are coolly proffered, that you will find a revolver a highly convenient commodity for the pocket.* Not to dwell on other nauseous details, which are familiar to all readers of the newspapers, and touching lightly upon the negro and fire riots of Philadelphia, we are sorry to learn that the beautiful city of Baltimore finds its proverbial wealth and refinement suddenly surrounded by a ruffianism more brutal and aggressive than has been heretofore imagined a possibility in America. During the past six months, outrages have been committed in its streets with a frequency and an impunity which is appalling; and it is believed that here, as in New York, the police is so far in the power of the rabble, as to be rather a laughing-stock, than a terror, to evil-doers.

* From a Report made to the Legislature by the ‘*New York Prison Association*,’ it appears that criminality is making gigantic strides in that city. The arrests for offences of all descriptions were, last year, 52,710 against 39,786 in the previous year. The arrests for intoxication and misdemeanours arising from intemperance were, in 1864, 38,550, against 29,495, in 1853.

‘ And it would be a consolation, if we could believe that where such evils exist, the deterioration were confined to the lowest classes alone; but we fear, that in New York, at least, much of what calls itself society is contaminated with imported habits of the most disorganizing character. Its old-fashioned, substantial citizens confess themselves amazed at the suddenness with which the last vestige of its primitive Knickerbocker simplicity has given place to the worst manners of European capitals; that is to say, to a vulgar imitation of their elegancies, and a very successful copy of their vices. We need not particularize. French habits are becoming as popular as French novels. Sensualism without sentiment, and sin at second-hand, are absorbing the floods of new wealth which empty themselves into its market daily; while the extremes of the population find themselves already so widely separated, in everything except moral degeneracy, that any one who thinks must anticipate a collision between them, and that at no very remote period. The elements of feud become every day more combustible, between the lawless poor and the arrogant rich; that is to say, between the class who feel themselves aggrieved by the aristocracy of every man who wears a clean shirt, and the class to whom a clean shirt is the least unexceptionable of their claims to be treated as the aristocracy. Now property ceases to be property as soon as it can no longer be protected; and the question whether there is any property in New York must soon be settled. In a word, the mob must reign or the mob must be put down, so that while as friends of order we hope to see law maintained, we tremble lest a one-man power, and an armed police, should be found absolutely necessary to maintain law in the metropolis. Alas! it is in our great cities, choked with immigration, and full of the most explosive material, that our grand experiment of self-government is likely to feel the first strain, and possibly, to receive the first fatal shock. When fire-arms were lately used with deadly effect at the opera-house riot in the streets of New York, the whole republic received a too little heeded warning of possibilities, which it makes our blood curdle to imagine. May the good Lord graciously avert them!

‘ Meantime, what is going on at Washington? In one respect, that ‘city of magnificent distances and splendid misery’ is the very best place for a seat of government that could be; in another, it is the very worst. Its distances are indeed more palpable than its magnificence, and its misery than its splendour; but it has, as yet, no mob; and to this fact, undoubtedly, we have owed, in a large degree, the security of our legislation during times of extreme party violence. Had Congress been as accessible as Tammany Hall to a Cromwellizing Empire Club, both houses would have been forced to adjourn to the streets on more than one occasion.

‘ A short walk in Pennsylvania Avenue, lately, presented us the revolting spectacle of several members of Congress who were evidently the worse for their dinners; and at an early hour in the morning we chanced to encounter several others who seemed to have spent the

night in a debauch. Two of them were faces which we had seen on the Avenue three years ago; and we are sorry to affirm that, in the meantime, they had become sensualized and degraded to an almost indescribable degree. These are our Solons! No wonder that such men have been publicly accused, in their own halls, of habitually trafficking in their power, to carry or reject a bill, according as their votes are paid for. Will all the physical development of our country compensate for such moral pestilence at its heart?

‘It is of a secondary consequence that the government itself is becoming an unmanageable machine. It has killed off two valuable Presidents and scores of great men, such as they were, within a few years. Every four years makes a clean sweep of all places, and comparative experience must give way to ignorance that is absolute. The House of Representatives is an overgrown and disorderly, not to say a disorganizing, assembly, while even the Senate has sunk to the popular sort of body for which the framers of the Constitution designed the Lower House. Many of the old rules made for other times, and other men, are found inapplicable, and worse than useless at present. Yet reform is apparently as impracticable as the forcing of a river back to its source. As the consequence, truly valuable men are found more and more reluctant to devote themselves to political life, and the intellectual, as well as the moral grade, of our statesmen, is settling lower and lower. Pausing upon the steps of the Capitol, and looking over its beautiful slope towards the bright Potomac, our heart sunk within us as we breathed a fervent prayer that those uncouth and straggling elements of a great city might not prove, after all, too striking an emblem of the nation. Alas! can it be that a vast idea unrealized is to be the only progeny of the patriotism of our fathers; the only fruit of a political sagacity, which was just less than consummate, because to foresee such a future, as is already present, was impossible to any wisdom less than divine!

‘Barbarism, then, is the danger to which all our dangers tend; not the barbarism indeed of Goths and Huns, but the barbarism of St. Simon and Robespierre, and of a dissolution of all bonds, social and religious: the worst sort of barbarism, because with the hand of a Vandal it has the head and heart of a devil; because its works are the works of the savage and the brute, while its thoughts and its words are often those of intellect as keen as Lucifer’s.’

While such is the lamentable condition of public morality, and so great in consequence the peril of the Republic, the wildest theories of our continental communism and pantheism are fermenting in the body politic, and ever and anon gain utterance and strive for ascendancy. These extravagancies and negations look of course with adverse eyes on the settled institutions of the Union. Its democracy is by no means democratic enough, and its Christianity is simply a noxious superstition. Both therefore must be revolutionized. Such are the aspirations of ‘The Ger-

man Social Democratic Association.' We enumerate the chief objects of this organization:—

1. Universal suffrage.
2. The election of all officers by the people.
3. The abolition of the Presidency.
4. The abolition of Senates, so that the legislatures shall consist of only one branch.
5. The right of the people to recall their representatives at pleasure.
6. The right of the people to change the Constitution when they like.
7. All law-suits to be conducted without expense.
8. Abolition of all neutrality.
9. Intervention in favour of every people struggling for liberty.
10. A more perfect development of the principle of personal freedom and liberty of conscience.
- Consequently,
11. The abolition of laws for the observance of the Sabbath.
12. The abolition of prayers in Congress.
13. The abolition of land monopoly.
14. An *ad valorem* taxation of property.
15. Amelioration of the condition of the working-class, viz., by lessening the time of work to eight hours for grown persons, and to five hours for children; by granting a preference to mechanics before all other creditors, and by establishing an asylum for superannuated mechanics without means, at the public expense.
16. Taking possession of the railroads by the State.
17. Abolition of the Christian system of punishment and introduction of the human amelioration system.

Now, without being understood to pronounce an opinion on each proposal, we have no hesitation in declaring these objects, in their general substance, revolutionary and anti-christian, if not anarchical and atheistic. As such they have our hearty condemnation. But for the very reasons that we condemn them, we hold they would be condemned by reasonable men in general. Certainly, on this side 'the great waters' no one would think of organizing a great political party or any party at all to withstand and nullify fancies, theories, and falsities of the kind. Nor can we conceal from ourselves that there is in this 'Know-nothing' movement a somewhat morbid sensibility in regard to monstrosities of opinion, and a too great proneness to material means of cure. If bad reasoning assume the right of good, expose the hollowness; if folly show its head, point the eye of the world to its cap and bells; if wild speculations ask to become laws, bid them become laws when they can, and pass on to do your ordinary day's work in God's vineyard, trusting in Providence and common sense.

Yet are we willing to admit that what may be borne with, or even disregarded in one state of the body, may in another demand the remedial hand, or even the scalpel, of the physician. Let then the claims of the 'German Democratic Association' be accounted among those signs of the times which betoken social

disease, and require effectual remedies. In truth, there is something that we ourselves dislike more than theories or electoral corruptions. The birthplace of new forms of social life is in the seclusions and secret places of society. If it is in our homes that our characters are formed, in our homes also are our social institutions originated. Give me the home and the school, and I willingly leave you the pulpit and the ballot-box. No one knows the full import of these words better than the conductors of the Propaganda. Here is the underlying thought of Jesuitism. The Society of Jesus was founded to get possession of the world by getting possession of the nursery, the school, the college. Loyola well knew that if he held the key of our domestic chapels, he had so many sure and easy ways of access to the great cathedral of society. Hence he bade his order get education into their hands. This is what they are now attempting to do in the United States. The operation is all the more effectual, because it is secret. The operation is at work through all the invisible pores of the social frame throughout the world. Everywhere is Catholicism, in its worst character of Jesuitism, straining all its power to obtain the empire which, with a fatalist kind of confidence, it sees prepared to its hands. The year 1848, which saw so many thrones fall, and so many castles in the air rise, witnessed the revival of Jesuitism in a form of unprecedented arrogance and unparalleled resolution. The Transatlantic Republics especially attracted its eyes and stimulated its desires. If only it could make itself master of the United States, it would not merely repair the breach made by Luther in the walls of Zion, but add a new glory, together with a new world, to the papal tiara. For a result so brilliant, a result big with literally immeasurable issues, no effort was undue, and no effort was spared. Alas! the evil powers of the world are often more effective, because more determined, than the good. Jesuitism, with all the force and all the wiles of Satan, insinuated itself afresh into the social frame of the Union (as poison trickles and percolates into and through a perishing man's veins), and is now quietly, but too effectually, working its deadly work in the vital parts. The virus indeed has been unconsciously borne in the diseased immigrant body. Huge numbers of the immigrants which went from the papistical lands, instead of having their feet directed southward and westward to virgin soils and unformed homes, where, under new conditions, they might have worked out a new destiny, were detained, or allowed to remain, in the great cities of the eastern shores, where they were wanted for menial employments, and where they were taken into the sanctuary of home. Being for the most part incapable of anything

but bodily labour, they became nursery-maids, kitchen-maids, and waiting-men. Doubtless ingress into homes were thus given them in total blindness of the nature of the act. Englishmen, as well as Americans, have yet to learn what they do when they take a servant into their houses. It is, however, a simple fact, a fact almost as obvious as it is simple, that your new servant is a new element in the life of your home. If that element is good, so much good is added to the life of your house; if that servant is bad, so much bad is added to the life of your house. What, then, if all your servants are bad? what if they all lie, cheat, pilfer? what if their morals are, at the best, low, and their religion is superstitious? what if they are mean-spirited and priest-ridden? what if their religion compels them to disclose the doings of your home, and to execute in your home the behests of the priest? and what if, by a secret but secure net-work of authority, that influence which is thus exerted in your house, is exerted in every house in the country, the whole being laid open to a sacerdotal cabal, the whole being controlled by one hand quietly and secretly worked in the House of the Propaganda, in the city of Rome? We undertake to say, that if the General of the Jesuits wished to know what a certain tradesman in New York had on a particular day for dinner, he would gain the knowledge as soon as time and space allowed. What, then, can he not ascertain? and what can he not effect? He can ascertain whatever he pleases, he can effect whatever he may judge expedient. And much he is effecting, even without being aware thereof. The Catholic immigrants in England have greatly lowered the character of the native hand-labourers. In such large towns as Liverpool and Manchester, they have given birth to a social abortion of very frightful parts. The same deterioration has been inflicted on American cities. The blackest cloud that ever hung over New York is its Irish and Catholic population. In other cities of the Republic the evil may be less marked, but it is not less real. Filth as well as falsehood seems to go wherever Pat and Bridgy make their way. Romanism, as a religion of forms, is preventive or destructive of the great realities of character. In consequence, domestic servants reared under its influence are destitute of most of the housewifery qualities which distinguish Protestant homes. Instead of being neat in person, they are slatternly; instead of being orderly and systematic, they are careless, improvident, and confused. Bad in temper, they are worse in principle; and, provided they now and then attend mass and receive absolution, account it a small matter to break all the commands in the decalogue. Some of these faults and vices are so well known to English housekeepers,

that an Irish accent is enough to prevent an engagement in a family: but, in the large cities of the United States, they are all found in full development. The family circle there undergoes in consequence painful vitiation. If the kitchen is dirty, the parlour can hardly be clean, and immorality is sure to extend from the kitchen to the nursery, and from the nursery to all parts of the house.

More formal is the attack made on the recognised principles and established institutions of the Union by means of the press.* Literature is a great power. If Romanism and infidelity can imbue the literature of America with their pestiferous ideas, they may anticipate a sure and speedy victory. To obtain this result no effort is spared. The newspaper is especially employed for the purpose. The efficiency of this agent may be estimated, when it is known that of daily, weekly, and other general newspapers, no fewer than 426,409,978 copies are printed annually. Of these 33,645,485 are avowedly religious. But if here the opportunity for harm is great, great also is the opportunity for good. And in this conflict the powers of evil are without their best ally—secrecy. The eye of day and an open field are all that truth requires. In an equal encounter the Gospel fears no foes.

A much more serious danger is that which arises in the efforts of popery and infidelity to make themselves masters of the public schools. The public-school system of the Union is its glory. Designed to make the blessings of education universal, it has in practical operation united efficiency with toleration in a degree literally unprecedented. But the founders and supporters of these schools intended them to communicate a religious training. In employing the term religious, we do not mean dogmatical or denominational; but that system of moral and spiritual influence which emanates from the sacred Scripture. The Bible, therefore, is the basis of the common-school education of the States. On this point we put together statements made by Mr. Colwell:—

‘Our American system requires the contents of the Bible to be taught in the public schools, for the reason that Christianity is an element of our political system, and the Bible is the source of Christianity. The Christianity which is acknowledged by the United States, as a nation, is that of the Old and New Testament—the Bible. All denominations of Protestants receive this Bible as the rule of their faith; they do not coincide in all points in its interpretation, but, by a generous concession among themselves, and by a generous offer to all who desire to live among them, they agree to establish a religious toleration so liberal and so ample that men of every faith, and even no faith, may live under it unmolested. The Bible is not a sectarian book in the eyes of Protestants; it is not sectarian in the estimation of that

Christianity which is an element of our natural, and social, and legal systems. There must be a knowledge of the contents of the Bible which is not sectarian. Such is plainly the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case on Girard's will. Justice Story, admitting that sectarian religious instruction cannot be given in Girard's College, proceeds thus: 'Why may not the Bible, and especially the New Testament, without note or comment, be read and taught as a divine revelation in the College—its general precepts expounded, its evidences explained, and its glorious principles of morality explained? What is there to prevent a work not sectarian upon the general evidences of Christianity, from being read and taught in the college by its lay teachers?' — *The Position of Christianity*, pp. 105-109.

But the reality and even the possibility of a divine revelation is denied by many immigrant citizens of America. Denying that 'general Christianity' which lies at the foundation of the North American Republic, they wish to extirpate its great source and main support, the Bible, from the public schools. And what is the plea they put forth for this end?—Toleration,—the rights of conscience! We deny a God, and consequently belief in God must not be inculcated in the public schools. Observe that the plea is not put forth in connexion with a system now about to be for the first time instituted, but in connexion with a system already in operation, a system deliberately established, a system regarded as of vital importance, and a system believed to produce most admirable effects not merely in favour of Christianity, but of a wider toleration than any other state ever enjoyed in ancient or modern times. And the plea consequently requires this system to be cut down so as to correspond to the requirements of infidelity. In other words, in order to consult for the conscience of the unbeliever; you must emasculate your educational institutions; those institutions which, not without reason, you hold to be the strength, as they are the foundation, of your social system. This certainly is a bold demand, for it means nothing else than that you should infidelise your public education. And if you yield to the plea of conscience in this requirement, why not yield, should it further demand the direct inculcation of its own withering negations? If the plea of conscience is good for such a banishment of the Bible, it is good for anything. Let it be observed that the demand though negative in form is positive in import. It says, I will not tolerate your religion, but you ought to tolerate my irreligion; and this though your numbers should be as hundreds to one. Doubtless minorities have their rights. Yet common principles of association must there be, otherwise society is impossible.

You cannot teach the young religion, because you have none? Is it a hard thing, then, to say, give place, in this matter of religion, to others with whom it is quite as much an affair of conscience, that religion should be there, as it can be with you, that it should be ignored. Is it too much to expect that you should be prepared, on great social principles, to put up with a small evil for the sake of a greater good? Your case is in nothing worse than the case of every thoughtful Christian, who, paying taxes to the State, often finds that he contributes to objects the character and tendency of which he disapproves. Meanwhile, your personal liberty, your freedom of speech, remain intact, and in the enjoyment of them you have full opportunity to convert your minority into a majority, by persuading your fellow-citizens, if you can, to think as ill of the Bible and Christianity as you think. Such is your case; not, we opine, the hardest in the world. And very different would your position be were those Romanists to succeed in their designs, to whom now, with a suicidal folly, you lend your best co-operation. If, however, the matter in dispute were reduced to its simplest expression, the real question would be, whether it were right, and if right, whether it were possible, to found and build up a system of social government on a practical, if not also a speculative, atheism. This is what you in reality demand, and this is what Christians must not be expected to attempt, until at least their consciences are coerced, and their voices are nullified.

We must, however, take leave to add, that under the plea of conscience there sometimes lurks many a solecism, and that on these solecisms is erected many an unsubstantial claim. Why, what is conscience? Conscience denotes a man's moral sense. My conscience is my sense of right and wrong. Introduce, if you will, the highest of all sanctions, and then say, conscience is my sense of duty as in the sight of God. Well, this is a venerable faculty. We would reverence it ourselves, and we would encourage others to pay it loyal respect. But, when you claim supremacy for *your* conscience, you may be forgetting not only that I too have a conscience, and that the rights of my conscience are as sacred as yours, but also that conscience may be ill-informed, misdirected, perverse. To make the claims of an individual conscience paramount, is simply to deny those claims, since, as they vary in different persons, so does one claim nullify another. But if a man's conscience be simply his sense of duty, then must conscience in every case partake of all the qualities of fallibility, and ought in conscience to abjure every claim to restrain or coerce others. When, then, you plead conscience, you plead only your own moral sentiment,—you plead merely

your own view, your own opinion, your own solemn and deliberate judgment. Consequently you plead nothing more than I plead; we stand on equal terms,—my 'yes' is morally as good as your 'no' your 'no' is morally no better than my 'yes.' It is true, that I may be wrong, and you may be right; but it is equally true, that you may be wrong, and I may be right. Assert your opinion, I will assert mine. Let us also compare the two together in a brotherly temper; probably our conscience, of no avail to gain for either the mastery over the other, may aid to direct the feet of both into the way of truth. Conscience, powerless for dominion, is excellent for counsel. Conscience is as it is used: if used by ambition, it is tyrannous and bloody; if it is used in fraternal equity, it is instructive, strengthening, and tolerant. Conscience, when wise and sound, is the sap of society and the life of Churches; conscience, when selfish, is moral and social disaster. We fully acquiesce in the Archbishop of Dublin's words: 'So long as false conscience, or an erroneous conscience, is to be found, the plea of conscience would (if allowed) tend to the subversion of the whole fabric of society. To refuse or withhold, on religious grounds, anything to which a man had no previously existing right, is not persecution, but merely the exercise of the right of the person withholding to do what he will with his own.' Such is the deliberate judgment of Doctor Whately; and where can a wiser, a firmer, or a more consistent friend of civil and religious liberty be found?

But infidelity, as we have intimated, has in this struggle an ally. The Catholic Church assails the outpost of the American Protestant Church—the school. Intending, to use the language of one of her recent converts,* 'to make the country Catholic,' it begins by attempting to Romanize the public education. 'No Bible, no religion in the schools!' is its war-cry. In the cry of 'No Bible!' Popery is sincere. No Bible, or, if any, as little Bible as possible, is a leading maxim of its policy. What then? Is the Protestant Church to surrender its Bible at demand? As well surrender your purse to the highwayman without an attempt to escape, or a struggle for victory. But the cry against the Bible is accompanied by a cry against religion. Here there is no sincerity, but simply double-dealing. The real effort is in behalf of a religion, and the aim is, to substitute Jesuitism for Protestantism. Here, again, we say, resist,—by all means resist. If Romanism once gets admission to your schools, your religion is at an end; the poison is in the heart, and will soon pervade the system. Surely on such a point a second opinion can hardly exist. The real issue is—Protestantism or Romanism? My

* Brownson, in his *Review*, January, 1853.

religion or yours? If Romanism tolerated other faiths, the issue would be different, and different then might your conduct be. But Romanism is essentially exclusive. We make the statement calmly and deliberately. In justification of the statement, we could, if our space allowed, adduce undeniable evidence. We speak from knowledge,—we speak on the highest Catholic authority, when we say that Romanism is exclusive,—that in its principles Romanism is exclusive,—that in its practice Romanism is exclusive,—and that, exclusive in principle and in practice, Romanism must be, until it has renounced its pretension to infallibility, and to a monopoly of saving grace. To affirm that Romanism is exclusive, is only to say, that it is consistent. Consistent Romanism has ever been, and is now, so far as ever it can be. Being consistent, it must be exclusive, and being exclusive, it is, and must be, persecuting. If it speak of toleration, it is toleration only for itself, and it is toleration with a view to the practice of intolerance. If it demean itself quietly, and with apparent fairness, it is solely from motives of policy; and, should it thereby gain power, it will forthwith raise its head, and heighten its tone; if once in the ascendant, it will assume its native arrogance, and carry its exclusiveness, if possible, to proscription and extermination. It is high time that Protestants in general opened their eyes to the real character and true aims of Rome. Let them be assured that Rome never means anything, but her own exclusive dominion. As with her imperial predecessor, so with herself,—universal empire is the aim, to be realized by fair means where they may avail, if not, to be realized by any means.

The real question is this—Protestantism or Romanism in the United States? And the issue, whichever gain the upper hand, whichever become supreme, will have no little to do in determining the weightiest point ever entrusted to human adjudication—namely, the Protestantism or the Romanism of the civilized world. We implore our fellow-believers on the other side the Atlantic to be firm—to be wholly and utterly unyielding. Great principles are not to be trifled with—great interests are not to be surrendered, at the demand of feasible speculations. We are friends of toleration—of toleration, the widest compatible with toleration; but with a suicidal toleration we can have nothing to do. We are averse to the use of force, yet we lock our door every night, and support a city police; we hate force heartily, but even more heartily do we hate injustice. Therefore, willingly do we pay a more than doubled income-tax in order to withstand and drive back the aggressive power of Russia. On

the same ground we hate intolerance; and consequently, if we tolerate Romanism, we must not be expected to encourage it. Translate Romanism into its proper equivalents; those equivalents are exclusiveness, secrecy, intolerance, the extermination of Protestantism, universal dominion. Can those who in their hearts loathe all machinations that have that tendency do ought to foster them? An intolerant Church cannot be tolerated except within certain limits if toleration itself is not to be surrendered. Experience has shown that to cede the largest liberties there, may be to destroy the most valued liberties elsewhere.

Many American writers, naturally enough, are disposed to view the matter on the narrower grounds of constitutional law. What say the fundamental principles on which are built the States, and the union of the States, touching religion and religious education? Let Mr. Colwell give the answer:—

‘We deny emphatically that instruction in Christianity should be excluded from our public schools. We aver with confidence that there is a peculiar propriety and necessity that the schools of a Christian people should be Christian schools. We have shown by the highest authority that Christianity is an element in the law of the country; that our civilization is Christian civilization; that the morality which is the basis of our legislation and of our whole social system is Christian morality; that the toleration which we have established among ourselves, and extend to all who come among us, is Christian toleration; that the oath or affirmation which is the security for all official faithfulness, from the highest office in the land to the lowest, and the guarantee of truthfulness for all judicial evidence, is an appeal to the Christian’s God; that the days of fasting and prayer, and the days of thanksgiving which are from time to time appointed by our rulers, are acts of national homage to the God of Christians: that the chaplains appointed for our legislative bodies and for the army and navy, and the compulsory attendance of soldiers and sailors upon public worship required by law, are a national acknowledgment of God. With these facts in view, is it not a monstrous act of national impiety to deny all this knowledge to the children in the public schools, and all the reasons for this national homage to Christianity?’

‘There has never been a more suicidal position taken by the most unwise of our politicians or statesmen, or the worst of our internal foes, than this exclusion of Christianity from public education. The worst enemy of humanity could not have devised a doctrine more dangerous to our republican institutions. It is fortunately too absurd, too monstrous, too unthankful, to take deep and lasting root in American soil. On a subject of such moment, frankness is, indeed, a positive Christian duty. It is not of American origin; it is the Papal doctrine of education for the United States, though not the Papal doctrine in Papal countries. Where Papal doctrine is complete of

greatly preponderates, the education of the children is claimed by the Church as her prerogative, and she gives them a training strictly religious, according to the tenets* of the Papal Church.'—pp. 97-8.

The simple truth is, that in the progress of her history the United States has come to a great emergency. Founded by Protestant Christians, on the widest basis compatible with the retention of any religion at all, the Republic worked with ease and efficiency in religious matters until immigration had introduced a very large amount of two heterogeneous elements—infidelity and Jesuitism. With a view to these no provision was made by the great men who laid the foundation-stones of the noble edifice. Now, however, these new materials have to be dealt with. Compared with the first principles of the social state, they are found to be radically different and mortally adverse. They are, besides, powerful and active; not only are they powerful and active, they are also aggressive. Disregarded, therefore, they cannot be. What is to be done in relation to them? Shall the Constitution be modified so as to admit them to a partnership? This is simply impossible, because the old and the new are irreconcilably hostile. You might as consistently admit a burglar into your abode. Resisted they must be. Infidelity must be resisted; Romanism must be resisted. This position in its general character no one could deny. Even infidels and Romanists justify it by the opposition they show to Protestant Christians. The sole remaining question, then, relates to the measures to be taken.

The formation of a great national party, with a view to the attainment of a social and religious object, is a very serious matter. We confess we look on all such movements with fear; we tremble to think of the power these organizations may attain; we tremble more to think of the purposes to which that power may be turned; we would have associations of the kind, if instituted at all, instituted only under the pressure of absolute necessity; and when established in actual operation, they should be narrowly and even jealously watched. But if asked whether, in our opinion, the necessity in the case under consideration has come, we feel obliged to answer in the affirmative. The formation of 'the American party' is justified by the religious and social condition of the Union. Only by some means of the sort can the religion of the land be preserved, and we quite agree with ~~all~~ that has been put forth as to the necessity of religion to a republican, or indeed any desirable form of government. Of course the present possessors of social and religious power in the States cannot be expected to denude themselves of power by an

act of their own free will. Of such treachery towards the great interests involved they are incapable. If assailed, they must resist. Assailed they are, and consequently their only course is resistance. But if they are to resist effectually, they must be organized. Their assailant is organized, their assailant is aggressive; organized and aggressive, therefore, it is their duty to become.

It will be seen that our concurrence goes not beyond resistance. If 'the Know-nothings' intend to curtail the liberties of their fellow-citizens, we should be obliged to withhold our assent. That disapproval would be converted into active opposition did we think they would lay an embargo on immigration. Yet fears of the kind have been called forth by what they write. The motto, 'America for the Americans,' looks as if in future none but natives of the soil were to be allowed access to the ballot-box. Suicidal as well as narrow would such a policy be. Not yet is the Union peopled, not yet are its resources developed, not yet has the great political problem been worked out. Hitherto the States have held a dignified and enviable position, in that they have been the great asylum for the world during a period of political disintegration. In their actual constitution they resemble one of those great cyclical changes which the earth in ancient days underwent, when old forms of organized and unorganized matter were broken up to become deposits and to form layers in a new series of things, under the quickening breath and watchful eye of Providence. Let the adherents to scriptural truth take their place on the side of Providence in the great ordinal change which is proceeding around them. As, if they could, they would not think of arresting the flow of their great rivers, which are, and for thousands of years have been forming deltas at the points of their confluence with the ocean, so let them not unwisely set their hands to stay the wave of immigration which is urged westwardly by a power before whose will their best efforts would prove very puny. The citizenship, indeed, which they have to bestow they are at liberty to bestow on their own terms; yet if they make those terms unduly hard, they will be punished for their illiberality. The safety of their institutions is, we admit, a paramount consideration. But why? Not because they are a human fabric, but because on the American continent they are the stronghold of Christianity. Being Christian, by Christian weapons only can they be defended. No other arms must be used, no other aims can be admitted. Providence is at the present moment obviously mingling races and nations together, with a view to the formation of that grand spiritual unity in which, outward distinctions being lost, a result greatly above them all

will be realized. Take care lest your alleged Christian zeal be found opposed to real Christianity; take care that your place be on the side of right. Could we only be confident that the better mind of the new party would be in the ascendant, we should even hail its formation as an augury for good. While, however, we hint a misgiving, we will avow our hope, the rather because noble words and high promises have been uttered by its expounders and advocates. Take, as an instance, the weighty and deeply interesting utterances in the following extracts:—

‘The refuge we offer to men of all the world from intolerance, oppression, and persecution, for opinion’s sake, is offered under the influences of Christianity and according to its principles. We do not strike the Christian flag when we thus open wide our doors to the world, announcing that here is liberty of worship for all—Christian toleration for all: we rather invite men to come beneath its folds and under its protection. We spread over all that Christian vesture which is without seam or line of division, the broad mantle of Christian charity. We ask only obedience to such laws as are necessary to the preservation of such institutions—institutions which can only subsist and thrive under the Christian flag and on the broad ground of Christian charity.

‘Christianity asks no aid, and will receive none, from the States to enforce its principles or its worship. Its only power is moral, not physical. It seeks to govern men by the intrinsic excellence of its precepts, and by presenting to them the moral and religious claims of the Creator upon all His creatures. It seeks the extension of Christian civilization and the amelioration of human condition, the amendment of legislation and the wholesome reform of our social institutions, for the good of man as well as for the glory of God; but it expects to accomplish this good only by its moral and enlightening influence upon the minds and consciences of Christian men and those who lend themselves to Christian influences.

‘Christianity enjoys advantages here never before accorded to it by accident or by power. It wields no temporal power to make it feared; it wants no aid but that from its own friends. It enjoys for its generous toleration the heartfelt respect of all the intelligent and ardent friends of humanity. It only needs that the faults of its friends should be separated from the purity of its requirements; or that its friends should illustrate the purity of its doctrines by the purity of their lives, to give it a higher moral power and greater influence for good than in any position it has heretofore occupied.

‘The Christians of the United States have received from their fathers the most important trust ever committed to man. The political institutions of this country, springing from Christian liberality, Christian civilization and intelligence, designed solely to promote human well-being, are placed in their hands as implements to be employed for human welfare. They contain powers safe only in the hands of those who are under Christian influences—powers fraught in

their proper or improper exercise, with more of good or evil for the human family, than were ever before entrusted to Christian hands.'—*The Position of Christianity*, pp. 68-9.

'Hereafter the triumphs of Christianity should not be found or looked for in great hierarchies or powerful ecclesiastical establishments, in grand cathedrals, in costly churches, in expensive and splendid rituals, in church blazonry, or even in denominational vastness. Let us rather look for these triumphs, though the lines of differing opinions may never be obliterated, in the united efforts of Christians rising above their differences, and acting upon the common ground of their agreement, for the common good of the whole human family. When Christianity takes this aspect, and begins to work in this channel, the whole world will soon begin to admire; and all men will hasten to worship and adore Him who is the author of such a system. Let us rather, hereafter, look for proofs of this spread of genuine Christianity, not to tall steeples and imposing architectural structures, but to the visible workings of sanctified human affections; which, being won over to Christ, are being exerted in every practical direction, for the earthly and the heavenly interests of all that human family for which Christ suffered. Let us look for it in a system of religious training for the young, the Sunday schools and the public schools, which shall transcend all denominational limits as far as it surpasses all denominational power; let us look to see the visible influences of Christianity in every government, where Christians can exercise a direct or indirect control; let us hope that these influences shall be so visible that they cannot be mistaken in the legislation and in the social institutions of every Christian nation. Let us look to see the amelioration of human condition spreading so extensively with the love and light of the Gospel, that men may feel the warmth of Christian love in their bodies, while its light penetrates their souls. When Christianity has made this progress towards her perfect work, the rich will realize more clearly that they are stewards of Christ; the men of intellectual power and scientific acquisition will realize better that they are responsible for these talents; the masses will be content, under such a system, to eat their bread in the sweat of their brows: the poor will feel assured that they are the chosen objects of Christian care, and the whole community will feel that one of the most pressing duties which rests upon them is to make sure that the labourer is not only hired, but that he receives a full reward of his labour.

'All this, and far more, is within the scope of Christian love, acting under, and within the political institutions of the United States. All this mighty machinery of free government is but a combination of so many implements for the promotion of human welfare, placed under Christian influences, if not actually in Christian hands. The Christian men of this country may recoil and shrink from this responsibility, as unhappily they have been doing; but so long as they occupy their present position, they cannot escape them. It devolves upon them emphatically to maintain and improve our constitutions, our laws, our

social institutions ; to sustain our great principles of Christian toleration and political compromise ; to rectify and perfect our representative system ; to purge and purify our elections, to banish corruption and ignorance from our legislative bodies, and fill them with wiser, honester, and more patriotic men ; to diffuse industry, and secure its reward ; to make Christian provision for the poor ; and, finally, to devise and carry out that constantly-improving system of education by Sunday schools and public schools for the whole mass of our youth, which will fit them for the increasing responsibilities of those who are hereafter to determine the policy, and wield the destinies of our constellation of republics.'—*Position of Christianity*, pp. 133-5.

There is one view of this subject which, though unnoticed in the appeals of 'the Know-nothings,' is too important to be kept back. The population of the United States is at the bottom Anglo-Saxon. The immigrant population is mainly Celtic. The two races have hitherto been hostile the one to the other. The Celtic wave of population, which first came from Asia, across Europe westwardly, until it reached and covered the British Isles, was partly overflowed and partly driven out by the Teutonic wave, which advanced at a later period from the same quarter, and held the same direction. At present the reverse operation is taking place, for the Anglo-Saxon blood having found an asylum on the American continent, is subject to Celtic inoculation, and is threatened with Celtic predominance. Viewed in this light, the immigration has little to recommend it to native Americans. They, as descended from English ancestors, are capable of local government and self-government. They are therefore fit for civil liberty. For the same reason, they hold a religion in which the intellect has an influence no less than the heart. But the Celt is alike superstitious and revolutionary. Little under the sway of reason, his religion is a sentiment or a passion. Mercurial and explosive in his nature, he is incapable equally of self-control and obedience. Yet his are the very qualities which find free scope and boundless impulse in a new country, which, like the States, offers not only open, but wide fields to enterprise, and has not yet had time to acquire the restraining and qualifying influence of ancestral repute, established prescription, and hallowed associations. Celtism in America, therefore, will be doubly Celtic ; while the very causes which conduce to its exaggeration subdue and lessen the best virtues of Saxonism. Not without reason, then, may a Saxon people, sincerely attached to their own institutions, look with alarm on the rapid and sudden development of Celtism. As a tacit protest against the growth of this alien power, the formation of the American party may be hailed by the true friends of rational liberty and steady progress. Nor can

we conceal the feeling that this effort on the part of the Saxon blood is the result of that latent force and secret hostility by which Providence has hitherto for the most part kept races distinct which have been destined to work separate works and act different parts in the grand drama of human existence. At the same time it must be said that the era of sunderance and diversity seems drawing to an end. By the Eastern war the Slavonic race is being to some extent mingled with the races of the West. Even the unity of the Hebrew race, which has withstood the collisions of more than two thousand years, seems to be undergoing at least external decomposition. And the vast missionary operations of our time are bringing into union bloods the most distinct in origin and the most diverse in kind. A new era of human affairs accordingly would seem to be at hand. But the Christian who would wait and watch effectually at this great crisis must be influenced and possessed by the right spirit. What is that spirit? A spirit not of unfounded jealousy nor undue alarm; equally not of laxity of principle and unmanly desertion of the post of duty, but of high integrity, calm self-possession, immovable determination, and generous self-sacrifice, as well as fraternal love and universal good-will.

We have attempted to review this subject in an impartial spirit. The existence of the Know-nothing party denotes great evils and marks a social crisis. Old parties are crumbling to pieces. Being in a state of decomposition, they are powerless in the presence of a menacing adversary, whose meditated blow is no half measure. If that blow is to be warded off, a new party must be formed; the weapon raised must be turned aside. In this fact 'the American party' has a solid ground of justification. But an organization so formidable as it is likely to be, must, if it is to lead to good, have its objects well defined, be controlled in its measures by a large, a liberal, and a wise spirit, not failing to restrict its operations within the narrowest space compatible with self-defence, and the security of the institutions for whose protection it is originated.

But while we are writing, the Know-nothings are acting; what a short time since was a theory has already grown into a social power. The first use intended to be made of this power is to determine the election of the next President. On the 4th of March, 1857, at the Capitol of Washington, Know-nothingism will assert its claim to the chair of state. It seems confident of success. On the whole, we rejoice in the fact; we will cherish hope that the great social and religious interests which are at stake will be sustained and served by a fairness, a seriousness, and a decision that shall be felt to be the only proper appliances in such a cause.

- ART. III.—(1.) *The Life of Thomas Young, M.D., F.R.S., &c.*, and One of the Eight Foreign Associates of the National Institute of France. By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Ely, &c. London: John Murray. 1855.
- (2.) *Miscellaneous Works of the late Thomas Young, M.D. F.R.S., &c.* Vols. I. and II., including his 'Scientific Memoirs,' &c. Edited by GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., &c.; and Vol. III.

We shall not, perhaps, greatly impugn the general knowledge of some of our readers if we suppose them to inquire,—Pray, who was Doctor Thomas Young? We wish they could glance at the portrait which greets us on opening the Dean of Ely's Memoir. Flattered, as it doubtless is,—for the original painting came from the courtly brush of Lawrence,—it exhibits a fine, open, smiling countenance, where power and sweetness, intelligence and amiability, appear to be blended in such beautiful proportions, that those who look will assuredly feel inclined to love, and those who know nothing of the individual will be glad to learn something of his achievements. Then, if they could turn from this frontispiece to what we may call his monumental tail-piece in Westminster Abbey, they would learn, that though he died at the age of fifty-six, he was a man 'alike eminent in almost every department of human learning . . . who bringing an equal mastery to the most abstruse investigations of letters and of science, first established the undulatory theory of light, and first penetrated the obscurity which had veiled for ages the hieroglyphics of Egypt.'

This is splendid praise; but though sepulchral tablets are privileged to lie, and though most of them abuse that prerogative extravagantly, we cannot charge the marble with deliberate falsehood in the case of Thomas Young: A little qualification may be required, but not much. Arago has stated, that his works resemble the Transactions of a number of separate Academies, rather than the productions of a single mind. Humboldt observes, that there is scarcely a branch of human intelligence which he did not cultivate with success, and that in every direction his track was marked by discoveries. How, then, does it happen that so little should be known respecting a *savant* who had Burke for his patron and admirer, Porson and Burney for his correspondents about Greek, Arago and Fresnel for his expositors in optical science, and Champollion for his rival in hieroglyphical lore?

Certain good reasons may be readily assigned. In the first place, Young's intellect was pitched upon a lofty and elaborate key. It materially delighted in what was scholarly and abstruse. The very amusements of his leisure might have passed for the toils of other men's lives. Most of the studies in which he distinguished himself lay remote from the beaten track of inquiry, and, comparatively speaking, but few had the disposition to follow him up along the difficult paths which led to the arcana of optics, or across the vague and shifting sands of Egyptian research. A single glance at the contents of one of the volumes of his *Miscellaneous Works* will be enough to scare some of the most courteous readers; and it is not impossible that others may feel disposed to sympathize with the criminal who was sentenced to read Guicciardini's *History*, but chose to go to the galleys rather than take out his punishment in literary labour. In volume two, for instance, we have 'Computations on the Effect of Terrestrial Refraction;' a memoir on the 'Actual Condition of the Atmosphere;' an 'Investigation of the Properties of the Geodetic Curve;' a 'Theory of Tides;' papers on the 'Structure of Bridges;' on the 'Equilibrium and Strength of Elastic Substances;' on 'Covered Ways;' on the 'Application of the Doctrine of Chances;' with many others of the like appalling complexion. Indeed, Young's mind was of so erudite a tendency, that when a vat bursts in a brewery, he honours the catastrophe by making it the text of a profound mathematical discourse on the 'Pressure sustained by the Fixed Supports of Flexible Substances.'

In the next place, it must be admitted that he was not always a perspicuous or attractive writer. His language, though correct, was sometimes far from comprehensible. His reasonings were often elliptical and abrupt. He presumed too much upon the knowledge of those around him, and as an inevitable consequence, was considered obscure. Hence it happens too frequently in the case of Young's compositions, as his biographer remarks in regard to a particular memoir, that though often 'referred to, they are rarely read.' On one occasion, having prepared a Report, at the request of the Lords of the Admiralty, respecting Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Seppings's proposed improvements in ship-building, by the introduction of diagonal beams, their Lordships appear to have been quite overpowered by his erudition; for he received an intimation, that though his paper was 'much esteemed by them, it was too learned.' A tutor, who was acquainted with him whilst at Cambridge, observes, that he was worse calculated than any man he ever knew for the communication of knowledge; for, on asking him to answer an objection

to Huyghens's theory of light, which he was then adopting, he attempted to explain himself in vain.

A third reason may be alleged. Young was a physician. He was well aware of the prejudice which presumes a man to be unfit for professional duties if any portion of his attention is given to learned or scientific pursuits. Whatever value there may be in this opinion, it is not a little surprising that the public should frequently permit an individual to expend the same amount of time in frivolous, or even disorderly, employments, and yet honour him with their smiles and patronage. Young might, perhaps, have addicted himself ardently to dining and dancing; he might have become a first-rate shot, or kept a first-rate stud; he might have taken to gaming, or declared himself a man of honour, and fought duels occasionally; but it is possible he might still have retained the confidence of gouty gentlemen or hypochondriacal ladies, who would have dismissed him in horror had they known he was dabbling in the black art of writing Greek, or devoting his leisure to the construction of a new theory of light. To this prejudice, however, he sacrificed no inconsiderable portion of his fame. A man 'eminent in almost every department of human learning,' was content to hide a great portion of his light under a mere medical bushel. He had, if we may so speak, to make his discoveries on the sly. He generally travelled *incognito* when he ventured upon an excursion in the domain of science. His productions were mostly anonymous. In the various journals and Transactions to which he communicated, he endeavoured to elude curiosity by assuming certain inexpressive letters of the alphabet, and changing them, as an absconding culprit changes his garb, to escape detection. Even his conjectural translation of the Rosetta inscription, to secure the honour of which most men would have paid a large sum, was offered to the world without the mention of his name. It was not, indeed, until he reached his jubilee year, and had left himself but a few more summers to enjoy, that he threw off his mask completely, and ventured to peril his status as a physician for the sake of his character as a philosopher. No one who had seen Young skulking about in the fields of knowledge, and running to cover like a frightened hare if a footstep approached, but must have regretted the scruples which induced a man who seemed to comprise several academies in his own person, to dally with science as if it were sin, and to distrust the exercise of talents meant for mankind, whenever they overstepped the narrow limits of his medical walk.

It is interesting also to notice, that even after his death, the

same adverse fortune appears to have prevented the due celebration of his memory. He has had to tarry long for Dean Peacock. If it were the practice for illustrious ghosts to wander to and fro on the banks of the Styx till proper biographical rites were performed, as it was the fashion for Pagan manes, till their obsequies were completed, the shade of poor Young must have paced the banks of the hateful stream for many a weary month. It is more than twenty years ago since Dr. Peacock undertook to prepare a memoir; but collegiate duties at one time, and ill health at another, combined to frustrate this laudable resolve. The scheme was abandoned, doubtless to the great chagrin of the eminent ghost. About four years since, however, it was determined to publish his miscellaneous works, with explanatory notes, and illustrations from his correspondence; but here, again, it seemed as if misfortune had marked Young's memory for its own. A fire sprang out in the warehouse where the first impression was lodged, and the greatest portion was reduced to ashes. The original idea was subsequently revived. The Dean of Ely happily consented to write the memoir; and, spite of all difficulties, that task has been as happily performed. Aided by Mr. Leitch in the hieroglyphical department, and availing himself of numerous letters from Arago, Fresnel, Humboldt, and other distinguished men, besides a series of confidential communications from Dr. Young to Mr. Hudson Gurney, he has been enabled to produce as compact, and yet comprehensive, a life as could have been desired. Without infusing any colouring into his work, or cultivating anything like popularity of style, he has given it an elegant and academic air, which is by no means unsuited to the character of the individual whom it is designed to commemorate. The troubled spirit of Thomas Young need traverse the banks of the gloomy Styx no more. In Dr. Peacock he has found an accomplished biographer; one fully fitted by his eminent attainments to grapple with the subjects which such a task involves, and not less fitted his judicious appreciation of the illustrious deceased to assert those rights of conquest and of discovery which have been so severely canvassed and so often denied.

It must be confessed that there is little to interest in Young's history, if dashing incidents are expected, or curious traits of character are demanded. He had no grotesque virtues to puzzle the thoughtful, no flagrant infirmities to gratify the malicious. His course was not decorated with any picturesque misfortunes, nor was his journey through the world signalized by any of those roadside calamities, romantic encounters with adversity, which convert existence into a running fight, and render it so charming

to readers, but so painful to the performers. Upon the whole, his path was tolerably easy and propitious; and though it exhibits none of the outward attractiveness which belongs to the career of hapless genius or of imposing rascality, yet there lies a deep interest in his life for all who love to watch the progress of mental development or to bend over the cradle of great discoveries.

He was born June 13th, 1773. His parents, who resided at Milverton, in Somersetshire, belonged to the Society of Friends, and trained their ten children in its tenets, doubtless hoping that they would continue steadfast in the faith of George Fox to the end of their days. Thomas, the eldest of the flock, exhibited no decided symptoms of apostasy until he went to study medicine at Edinburgh; but there, as we shall afterwards notice, he deserted the paternal community, and eventually strolled into some other compartment of the Church Universal. Quakerism, however, had left some of its healthiest impressions on his mind; and to its early influences might perhaps be ascribed much of the simplicity and manliness of character he afterwards exhibited. It fostered the conscientiousness which led him, on one occasion, to decline a larger salary than he thought he deserved, and it stimulated the energy which enabled him to master some of the most varied kinds of knowledge and to decipher monuments that baffled all the *savants* in Christendom.

From the first dawn of intelligence the love of learning appears to have characterized the boy. At two years of age he tells us he could read with considerable fluency. Before he was four he had travelled through the Bible twice. At six he had committed the whole of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* to memory, not, be it remarked, by way of taskwork, for there are parents and preceptors who contrive to disgust their young charges with the gems of literature by administering them in a punitive form, and compelling boys to learn an ode of Gray or an essay of Pope as they would set a rogue to pick oakum or practise at the treadmill. If there be any particular merit in this early effort of memory, it is perhaps worthy of notice that his grandfather refers to a still more juvenile period, for, in a quarto edition of that pensive poem still in existence, the good old gentleman lovingly chronicles the fact that, with the exception of a word or two, the contents were repeated to him by Thomas, 'before the age of five!'

The boy's schooling was somewhat desultory. But he went to work with an energy of character and an originality of insight which, in a measure, rendered him independent of his preceptors. Thus, whilst his master was professing to conduct him through

Walkinghame's *Arithmetic* at the usual routine pace, the pupil bolted ahead of the pedagogue and reached the last rules—that goal so grateful to schoolboys—long before the other imagined that half the journey was accomplished. In addition to the prescriptive Latin and Greek, he soon acquired some French and Italian, studied Hebrew with diligence, read through a Persian grammar, became 'enamoured of Oriental literature,' and pored with rapture over the Lord's Prayer in upwards of a hundred languages which was lent him by a philological friend. On one occasion, having amassed a little fortune of fifteen shillings, he expended five shillings in the purchase of a Hebrew Bible, and the remainder upon Greek and Latin works. He wrote letters to a schoolfellow and kept a journal in the latter tongue. He practised Greek composition assiduously. He made extensive commentaries upon favourite authors. In a copy-book still preserved, extracts from the Bible in not less than thirteen languages are transcribed. But the most striking proof of his proficiency appears in the fact that he was appointed classical tutor of a youth of fourteen—Hudson Gurney, the grandson of Mr. David Barclay, of Youngsbury—when he himself was little more than fourteen.

Prematurely advanced as he was in the department of philology, he had not neglected the sciences from which some of his finest laurels were to be won. In his childhood, at the house of a neighbour, he met with a huge dictionary of arts and science, which glittered like a Golconda of learning in the eyes of the inquisitive boy. Later on his zeal was whetted by contact with a philosophical usher who constructed telescopes and electrical machines; and by intercourse with a meteorological saddler who kept watch over the weather, and published a journal of the results in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1784. One study led to another, and the youth might be seen at one moment attempting to fashion a microscope, at another experimenting upon some chemical point; now measuring the heights in the neighbourhood by means of a borrowed quadrant, and then turning all manner of ingenious figures at his lathe; this day immersing himself deeply in the mysteries of fluxions, and the next wandering through the country, botanizing in the hedges, and gathering materials to form a collection of floral mummies.

His studies, it will be seen, were sufficiently discursive; but by making it a rule to push every subject to some conclusion he contrived to give a finish to his knowledge which was still more astonishing than the vastness of its extent. Unlike Johnson, who, it is well known, hated to read a book through, Young toiled at an author until he had seen the last of him; and when

the work was closed, you might be sure that so far as he was concerned little was left but the simple mind. It was his practice also to write an account of the productions he read, accompanied in many cases by copious extracts—two bulky MS. volumes, entitled *Studia Quotidiana*, remaining to attest the carefulness of his labours between the years 1789 and 1794. And when it is considered that he possessed a memory of singular tenacity, it will not be surprising that one gifted with such indomitable industry should become a prodigy in letters long before he became a man in legal years.

Occupied in these studies and with the duties of his tutorship at Youngsbury, he spent the interval between 1787 and 1792. The first incident which seems to have brought him into notice was a translation, or rather a paraphrase, in Greek, of Wolsey's Farewell to Cromwell, from the text of Shakespeare. Young possessed remarkable mechanical dexterity in the use of his quill. He wrote 'copper-plate' Greek; and if he had lived at Athens in ancient days he might have earned a handsome livelihood by teaching its cographers the art of pen (or rather style-) manship, provided he had exhibited specimens of writing, showing how in the course of six lessons Lysander had advanced to a state of wonderful perfection; and how in less than that number Menippus had risen far above his primitive pothooks. A copy of this exercise, engrossed on vellum, was forwarded to his uncle, Dr. Brocklesby, a London physician, who loved good dinners and kept good company, but who is still more favourably known from his offering Johnson an annuity to carry him to a warmer climate when his health was impaired, and from his giving Edmund Burke a legacy of 1000*l.* in his lifetime instead of leaving the statesman to wait till the testator's decease. Brocklesby showed the performance to Burke. Burke was delighted, and exhibited it in turn to divers men of his acquaintance who were prodigiously deep in the Middle Voice. He took a 'great fancy' to the young Hellenist, promised his 'best advice,' and recommended that Thomas should be reared in such a way as to 'emulate a Bacon or a Newton in the maturity and fulness of time,' for adds Dr. Brocklesby, 'he thinks it worth while for a comprehensive mind to be disregarding of any pecuniary emoluments of a profession, if you can but be satisfied with a small competence, and feel your mind prone to and satisfied with enlarged and useful speculations.' Happy perhaps would it have been for the world if Young could have acted wholly upon this advice, and happier still if individuals qualified to make Bacons and Newtons could, when caught—for the difficulty lies in unearthing them, otherwise Carlyle's 'royal souls' and other people's 'coming men'

would doubtless have been installed in "authority long ago—be lodged in a sort of modern Prytanæum, and maintained at the national expense.

This Greek achievement led to Young's introduction, whilst visiting London, to Porson, Dr. Charles Burney, Sir George Baker, and other lovers of that magnificent language. At the same time he formed the acquaintance of Reynolds, Windham, Dr. Vincent, and many other eminent individuals. But it was plain that Greek verses would not purchase roast beef. It became necessary to select some profession, and Young fixed upon physic. In taking this step, he was probably determined by the wishes of his uncle, whose liberality he enjoyed, and whose intimacy with so many distinguished persons might prove of considerable service to a *débütant* practitioner. Accordingly, in 1792, he commenced his medical studies in the metropolis with all the ardour of a man who bore down upon a subject as an old knight would charge a band of foemen worthy of his steel. He did not, however, renounce his philosophical pursuits, but at the early age of twenty, produced a scientific essay, which was deemed so meritorious, that it was read before the Royal Society, and inserted, with due honours, in their Transactions for 1793.

It was upon a question of vision. The eye can adapt itself within certain limits to distant as well as to proximate objects. Looking at a remote star it assumes a state which must be altered when its attention is brought back to the lamp-post against which you have struck. By what process is this change effected? People cannot draw out their eyes from their orbits, and pack them up again, as in a perspective glass, if a focal alteration is required. Young's curiosity was attracted, as Dr. Pemberton's had been before him, by the fibres of the crystalline lens. No sufficient use having been assigned them in the visual economy, it was thought that, by treating them as muscles, they might be entrusted with the important duty of flattening the lens at one time, or convexing it at another, so as to vary the focus of the rays, and thus enable the owner of the organ to deal distinctly with objects whether vicinal or remote. This explanation appeared very plausible. The memoir excited attention, and in consequence Young was elected a Fellow of the Society in the following year. Subsequent researches on the part of Home and Ramsden unsettled the conclusions he had deduced, and the author, for a while, at least, recanted his opinions, though he afterwards resumed them in full force. Such fluctuations of sentiment need occasion no surprise, when it is considered that at least some half-dozen theories have been proposed, and that

to the present hour the precise nature of this delicate process has not been satisfactorily ascertained.

Out of the essay a smart little *fracas* arose. Scarcely had it appeared, when the celebrated John Hunter came forward to claim the hypothesis as his own. Those fibres in a measure belonged to him. It was he who had first detected their muscular character. Young had, therefore, been poaching in his preserves. With a view of establishing his rights of discovery, he sought permission of the President of the Royal Society to make the crystalline lens the subject of the Croonian lecture for the following year; but before the time arrived, poor Hunter's own eye had ceased to play, and his heart had failed him in the excitement of a dispute far less philosophical than the one to which we now advert. Unfortunately it was insinuated that Young had been made acquainted with the opinion of the great anatomist some two years previously, at a dinner-party given by Sir J. Reynolds, and was now palming it off as his own. This was an imputation he could not passively endure. He wrote to each of the guests on that occasion, begging them to say whether the question had ever been discussed. None of them could recollect. Not even *Jemmy Boswell*, who was one of the party, and whose fame as a social reporter—one who picked up the very crumbs of conversation—could recall the crystalline lens. Still more to the purpose, Sir Charles Blagden, who was stated to have been the channel through which Hunter's views were conveyed, and who was supposed to have originated the rumour to Young's discredit, could not be certain that he had ever made the presumed communication at all. This, of course, settled the question at once. Trivial as the circumstances may appear, they cost the essayist considerable anxiety, and might, but for his resolute defence, have blotted his escutcheon at the very commencement of his scientific career. His extreme youth probably invited a severe scrutiny of his pretensions; and it was all-important for him that his first appearance in the arena of science should be made in the character of an honest explorer, and not of a treacherous purloiner of other men's opinions.

In 1794, the Duke of Richmond offered him the post of private secretary. There were circumstances which rendered this proposal peculiarly attractive to a mere stripling. In the first place it came from a real live Duke. In the next, his Grace was a lover of science, being then engaged in the great Trigonometrical survey, and Young would have a laboratory, a library, and plenty of philosophical apparatus at his disposal. Then the intended patron was Master-General of the Ordnance, and might, after a while, procure him some lucrative appointment. Further,

the duke was quite charmed with Young, whom he had met some time before, his Grace protesting that he had never seen a more pleasing and engaging youth. But Young's regard for the Society of Friends compelled him to decline the honour of sipping ducal wines, talking trigonometry with a peer, and chatting familiarly with an unquestionable duchess. He was not ashamed to allege the true reason, and as his attachment to the paternal community must have been waning at this very period, we cannot but honour the integrity of feeling which induced him to make this remnant of affection the motive for rejecting 'the most favourable and flattering introduction to public life' he himself could have desired.

At Edinburgh, however, where he went in the winter to attend the medical lectures, he found it necessary to settle the question of Quakerism for the future. Before long divers overt acts of apostasy were committed. If George Fox could have revisited the earth, what must have been his grief as he passed by Young's apartments, to hear the sounds of a flute, and to learn that a scion of his Society was actually performing on that profane instrument? Worse still, could the afflicted ghost have believed his eyes when he saw the youth indulging in carnal capers, and practising foolish reels and minuets? But worst of all, was it possible that Thomas Young had been at the playhouse, and clapped his hands in approval, whilst Sarah Siddons was mimicking the woman Lady Randolph, or that other vile female called Lady Macbeth? Alas! it was too true! The die, as Young said, was now cast! Many a jest was cracked upon this change by his college companions, and many a remonstrance was uttered by members of his deserted community. But sooner or later the youth's strong relish for the gaieties of life and the pleasures of good society would have made it difficult for him to continue wholly within the pale of his persuasion. He carried this feeling to a greater extent than his pursuits might dispose us to expect. His love of accomplishments seemed almost incompatible with an intellect so philosophical and profound. We do not, however, ascribe this to any spirit of frivolity, but to a passion for conquering anything which appeared to be of value in the eyes of mankind; and hence, though his friends told him that he had no ear for music, and could never make a good dancer, this only induced him to toil the more assiduously, and to seek compensation in hard labour for the facilities which nature denied.

After a short sojourn at Edinburgh, Young left England for the University of Göttingen, in order to continue his medical education. A glance at the employments of the day, as given in

his biography, is sufficient to show that his studies while here were carefully and minutely marshalled. It proves at the same time that the graces were now the recognised objects of pursuit. To master German was of course imperative; and with this view he and four of his fellow-countrymen, whom he found at the University, solemnly entered into a compact to speak no English to each other under a heavy penalty of twopence per half hour. Here he obtained some notice from Heyne, probably on the strength of a Greek epigram addressed to a drawing master. But he does not appear to have conceived much attachment for the place, and, after a stay of nine months, and a little rambling through the country, he returned to England to enter himself as a Fellow-Commoner at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

His reputation for classical learning had already preceded him, and when the master, Dr. Farmer—Shakespeare Farmer—introduced him to the tutors, he told them jokingly that he had brought them a ‘pupil qualified to read lectures to his preceptors.’ On one occasion he happened to meet Dr. Parr in the combination-room. That turgid grammarian was just pronouncing judgment upon some classical question. Young ventured to contradict the oracle. ‘Bentley, sir, was of a different opinion,’ said he, instantly producing chapter and verse for his assertion. Parr did not reply, but, on the student’s withdrawal, inquired who he was, and in words of incredible brevity, considering the sesquipedalian personage from whose lips they issued, he was pleased to exclaim, ‘A smart young man that!’ At Cambridge Thomas appears to have sought few acquaintances. Most of his fellow-collegians regarded him with little sympathy, and spoke of him as ‘Phenomenon Young.’ If we may place implicit reliance upon a lively sketch drawn up by a tutor who knew him at Cambridge, but who does not seem to exhibit the least symptom of partiality for the subject of his remarks, it would appear that Young read little at this period. He was rarely seen in the libraries. So far as could be judged he was more of an idle than an industrious man. His room was far less littered with books and papers than that of many a student who did not possess a grain of his knowledge or genius. He was not in the habit of making experiments, though once surprised whilst blowing smoke through tubes, the result being subsequently turned to account in the *Philosophical Transactions*, in an essay on sound. He walked a little; he rode a little; he once attempted to follow the hounds, in which enterprise he was worthily punished, as the vexed shade of Fox would have affirmed, by a severe fall from his horse; but, in short, there was nothing to show that this was the man who would eventually win the high

monumental praise of having attained to eminence in 'almost every department of human learning.'

Whilst at Cambridge his uncle Brocklesby died suddenly. This event put him in possession of a house in London; a library and a collection of pictures, with the more satisfactory accompaniment of about £10,000 in cash. A few months afterwards another fortunate circumstance occurred—he broke one of his metatarsal bones. Do you call this good luck? the reader will doubtless exclaim.—Certainly; for in this light it was regarded by Young himself. It prevented his walking; and thereby increased his 'application in a considerable degree,' enabling him to study the 'theory of the winds and of the air,' and to make observations on harmonics which he believed were perfectly new. A memoir entitled 'Outlines and Experiments respecting Sound and Light' was the result. This was read before the Royal Society in January, 1800, and as it attacked some of the statements contained in the Harmonics of Dr. Robert Smith, it led, like his first essay, to some lively skirmishing, and to the interchange of a few literary blows.

At length, after completing his terms at Cambridge, he started as a physician in Welbeck-street, and, having much time upon his hands, like most young practitioners, he devoted a portion of it to scientific pursuits. In 1801 he accepted the Professorship of Natural Philosophy at the newly founded Royal Institution, and delivered a course of lectures which were subsequently embodied, with other materials, in his great scientific work. Dean Peacock intimates that if these discourses were given nearly in the form they are printed, their compressed and laconic style must have rendered them 'generally unintelligible even to well prepared persons, notwithstanding all the assistance which models, drawings, and diagrams could afford;' but he adds with equal justice, 'We have heard it remarked that no writer on any branch of science, which these lectures treat of, can safely neglect to consult them, so rich is the mine of knowledge which they contain; and it is a well-known fact that many important propositions have been more or less clearly indicated in them which have only been recognised or pointed out when other philosophers discovered them independently, or announced them as their own.' Arago relates a little incident which fully corroborates this latter remark. When the brilliant Frenchman visited England in 1816, in company with Guy Lussac, they called upon Dr. Young, and entered into conversation respecting Fresnel's 'Memoir on Diffraction,' and one of his experiments in particular, which they appeared to value at a much higher rate

than the English philosopher was disposed to confirm. At last Young intimated that this same experiment might be found in his own lectures published some nine years previously. Arago was incredulous. Mrs. Young, who was present, left the room, and shortly returned with an enormous quarto under her arm. Opening it, she pointed to the page and the figure where the subject under discussion—the curvilinear course of diffracted bands—was found to be established theoretically.—At the same time we must candidly confess that fault has been found with the work. Not, however, to any serious extent, as the reader may readily judge. Professor Vince was asked his opinion of our philosopher. ‘What can you think,’ said he, ‘of a man writing upon mechanics who does not know the principle of a coach-wheel?’

Young held his chair in the institution for about two years. Some of his friends then persuaded him that his retention of the post would prove injurious to his practice as a physician. He therefore not only resigned the office (though he continued to hold that of Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society, to which he was appointed in 1802), but he determined to take his leave of general science, and to confine his ‘studies and his pen to medical subjects only.’ This resolution must have cost him almost as many qualms as Rabelais would have endured had he been required to forego fun, or Darwin had he been required to forswear poetry, in order to give their undivided souls to physic. Fortunately, it was not rigorously fulfilled. Had it been so Young’s patients might have been more numerous, and the probate-duty upon his will considerably greater; but then that glowing epitaph could not have been decently written, and Dr. Peacock’s biography would scarcely have been required. His mere professional career may, in fact, be compressed into small compass. He effected some cures, he received some fees. He delivered certain medical lectures, he wrote certain medical works. Besides this, he seriously purposed doing something in physic by collecting all that is worth knowing and comparing it with the general economy of the operations of nature. In various departments of science he had been able to draw conclusions by collating the experiments of others;—why, he asked, should not the same be done in this? To one of his philosophical temperament, the business of a fashionable doctor appeared (as he said) something like a ‘routine of old woman’s practice,’ and he tells us an anecdote which amusingly expresses his concern for the credit of his occupation. One day, when dining at the Duke of Richmond’s, two notes were brought in, from two eminent medical men. They were replies to a momentous inquiry whether his

grace might venture to eat fruit pies or strawberries? 'I trembled,' says Young, 'for the honour of the profession, and could not conceal my apprehensions from the company: luckily, however, they agreed tolerably well, the only difference of opinion being on the subject of pie-crust.' In 1811 he was elected one of the Physicians to St. George's Hospital, after a contest of excessive severity, and this office he retained to the end of his life. He does not seem, however, to have been very successful with the pupils; the same fatal flaw which appears in his 'Lectures on Natural Philosophy' doubtless vitiating his clinical instructions. His want of popular power, and the absence of all sympathy with the difficulties which students must experience in their progress, probably extorted from his disciples the general conclusion that 'Dr. Young was a great philosopher, but a bad physician.'

Few persons require to be informed that there are two leading theories as to the nature of light; first, that of *emission*, which assumes it to consist of minute particles of matter shot from the sun and other luminous bodies with enormous rapidity: and second, that of *undulation*, which maintains it to be produced by the vibrations of a highly elastic medium, supposed to pervade space, and to occupy the interstices of all substances. The former hypothesis was, of course, the most fashionable in the scientific world, being commended by the patronage of the illustrious Newton; the latter rested principally on the authority of Huyghens, though it traced its descent from Descartes and Hook. The system of undulations was at a serious discount when Young arose. Like most of his contemporaries, he was as little inclined to rebel against the corpuscular doctrine, as he was to take up arms against the theory of gravity. But, in May, 1801, whilst reflecting upon some of the experiments of the great master, he discovered a law which appeared to him to account for a larger variety of optical phenomena than any other principle yet disclosed. This was the doctrine of *interferences*—one of the happiest fictions, if it be a fiction, 'that the genius of man has ever invented to group together natural phenomena; . . . it is, in fact, with all its applications and details, a succession of felicities,—inasmuch, that we may be almost induced to say, if it is not true, it deserves to be so.' (Sir John Herschel. Optics, Ency. Met.) Young presents his idea under cover of a happy illustration:—

'Suppose a number of equal waves of water to move upon the surface of a stagnant lake, with a constant velocity, and to enter a narrow channel leading out of the lake;—suppose, then, another similar cause

to have excited another equal series of waves, which arrive at the same channel, with the same velocity, and at the same time with the first. Neither series of waves will destroy the other, but their effects will be combined; if they enter the channel in such a manner that the elevations of one series coincide with those of the other, they must together produce a series of greater joint elevations; but if the elevations of one series are so situated as to correspond to the depressions of the other, they must exactly fill up those depressions, and the surface must remain smooth; at least, I can discover no alternative either from theory or from experiment. Now, I maintain that similar effects take place whenever two portions of light are thus mixed.'

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1684, there is an account, by Dr. Halley, of the port of Tonquin, where the tides visibly exemplify the truth of this illustration. For seven days in each lunar month they gradually rise higher and higher, and then for seven days gradually decrease, until at length the surface of the water becomes perfectly smooth and unruffled. During the next fourteen days they run through a similar cycle of changes, so that twice in each month the tides entirely disappear. This phenomenon extracted some very elaborate surmises from the ingenious Halley; but the theory of interferences explains it at once. When two sets of undulations happen to enter the port in such a way that the elevations of one conspire with the elevations of the other, the tide attains its maximum height; but if they differ in such a way that one set are exactly half a wave ahead of the other, then their action is adverse, and the sea remains apparently undisturbed. The liquid furrows produced by one series of undulations will be exactly filled up by the liquid ridges of the next. During the interval which separates the maximum effect from the minimum, the waves will follow each other in varying degrees of approximation; and, therefore, the port of Tonquin is kind enough to bear out in practice the precise conclusions which the theory of interferences require.

Now, keeping this watery allusion in view, it may be readily understood that when equal waves of light follow each other in such order that one undulation exactly tallies with another, they will combine so as to produce increased illumination,—if they follow in such order that one is exactly half an undulation in advance of the other, they will neutralise each other completely (that is, they will breed perfect darkness);—whilst, if they differ by some intermediate intervals, the result will be a degree of obscurity proportioned to the amount of interference involved. Should the light be common white light, which is well known to be a compound of certain primitive hues, colours will be developed by the conflict of rays; because the length of the waves is

found to be different for each of the prismatic tints, and consequently preponderance is given, according to circumstances, to this or that peculiar hue. But if the light employed is homogeneous (as, for instance, pure red), any irregularity which takes place in the transmission of successive waves will not excite colour, but will simply produce shades of darkness alternating with stripes of brightness. In short, upon this principle, luminous waves should sometimes combine so as to augment each other's brilliancy: at others, they should meet so as to engender darkness; and, under certain conditions, they should cast up colours varying in their complexion, as we may suppose would be the case, if the waves rolling into the port of Tonquin, already mentioned, had been dyed of different hues—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet in succession—and so had blended their tints from day to day in changing proportions as certain of the undulations gradually lost ground, and fell into particular stages of interference.

Young's rapid and almost intuitive glance soon perceived that he had discovered a key to many striking facts till then only provisionally explained. If we advert to one or two of the applications of this beautiful law, it must be in the briefest and most general terms. First, there were the coloured rings which Newton obtained by pressing down a glass of very slight convexity upon another perfectly flat, so as to enclose a thin sheet of air;—or, to take a more homely illustration, there were the gorgeous tints which every boy philosopher observes with such rapture in the bubbles he raises from the bowl of his tobacco-pipe. These were not the most momentous phenomena in the universe, it is true, but their value in reference to the doctrine of interference was unspeakably great. Newton, in explaining them, hypothetically at least—for he was too wary to publish his picturesque little supposition as a positive verity—assumed that a ray of light, in its journey through a refracting medium, might be thrown into certain states, which he called 'fits of easy transmission and easy reflection.' If, on reaching the second surface (as, for instance, the flat plate of glass in the first experiment, just mentioned, or the inner wall of the soap-bubble, in the more infantile phenomenon adduced), the ray happened to be in that state which disposed it to be readily transmitted, it broke through the barrier and continued its course; but if it happened to be in the contrary state it was driven back, and reflected so as to meet the eye of the spectator. The interval required to bring about this change of temper in a ray being supposed to differ according to its rank in the solar spectrum, it follows, that as the space between the two glasses employed in the Newtonian experiment

increases from the centre where contact occurs, a series of rings, alternately bright and dark, must be produced, in consequence of the alternate reflection and transmission of the rays; and it was found that the bright rings were coloured at their edges with certain tints which varied as they receded from the centre, and ultimately grew too faint to be discerned. * Without proposing anything in the nature of an analogy, but simply with the view of relieving the difficulties consequent upon any attempt to express optical operations unaided by diagrams, we may compare a ray of light to an arrow, pointed at one extremity, and blunted at the other. Let this missile possess the anomalous property of whirling on its centre so as to present each extremity successively at regular intervals of its flight. If the sharp end happened to be foremost when the arrow encountered an object, it would be in a state which we may call one of 'easy transmission,' and might perforate the obstruction; but if the blunted terminus chanced to be first, the missile would be in a state of 'easy reflection,' and would probably be repelled.

Charming as was Newton's notion, it must be admitted that it wears too fantastic a look. It does not seem like a natural deduction from the recognised laws of light, but a mere ryder to his theory of optics which the phenomena of coloured rings compelled him to adopt. Young's doctrine of Interference at once explained these beautiful spectacles without the assistance of epileptic beams, and it did so by means of conclusions which were not only unsolicited, but absolutely compelled. The light reflected from the second surface must affect the light reflected from the first, and as, from the gradually augmenting distance of the two glasses, the luminous waves return to the eye of the spectator by paths of different lengths, they will sometimes confirm and sometimes destroy each other, besides producing intermediate effects for intermediate distances. This principle being once admitted, all the various phases of the phenomenon were soon brought under the grasp of a masterly hypothesis. An ingenious *experimentum crucis* enabled the discoverer to set the seal of proof to his doctrine, so far as it was involved in the appearances presented by Newton's rings.

Young also applied the law of interference to another perplexing case in optics. When a small object, like a rectangular slip of pasteboard, is placed in a diverging pencil of rays, admitted into a dark room through a hole in the shutter, a shadow will of course be projected on the opposite wall, or on a screen duly posted for its reception. That shadow, however, will not be sharply defined, but it will be surrounded by a set of coloured bands. These were first discovered by a Jesuit named Grimaldi,

who has consequently acquired a sort of vested interest in the phenomenon, and hence the borders in question are technically known as 'Grimaldi's fringes.' In addition to the external bands, it will be found, if the object interposed is sufficiently small to permit the light of the pencil to pass on both sides, that the shadow itself is divided by similar parallel stripes of which the centre one is always white. Now Newton, with his usual commanding sagacity, succeeded in accommodating these curious appearances, so far as he investigated them, to his favourite theory of emission. They have been thus explained upon the corpuscular hypothesis. If light is a material thing, its molecules may be susceptible of attraction or repulsion. In shooting past the edges of an object, some will be constrained to deviate from their course by the repellent powers of the body, and may thus produce the external fringes; whilst others will be invited towards it, and thus being inflected into the shadow, may mark it in the manner observed. Variations arising from the greater or less refrangibilities of the rays, from their proximity to the edges of the object, and from other causes which need not be specified, are assumed to suffice for a general explication of the result.

But, like the doctrine of 'fits,' this had too artificial an aspect to be perfectly acceptable. To suppose that a particle of luminous matter moving with such excessive velocity could be sensibly deflected from its course, without coming into actual contact with the disturbing body, seemed as unlikely as if we were to say that a cannon-ball in full flight should be seriously diverted from its path by whizzing past a magnet. The theory of interferences appeared to account for the fringes without difficulty. If the rays which meet each other are exactly equal in their path, if they are precisely in the same undulatory phase, they will unite as we have seen to produce the maximum of brightness. This is precisely the case with regard to the central band *within* the shadow, which, as Young remarked, was always white. The waves passing on each side of the object, and forming the internal stripes, must meet on equal terms in a line drawn down the middle of that shadow, because there the length of their paths will be obviously equal; but the rays which fall upon other lines drawn parallel to that central stripe will 'interfere' with each other to greater or less degree in so far as the lengths of their paths will differ. A simple but fortunate experiment suggested itself to Dr. Young, and enabled him to bring his theory to a decisive test. If the stripes in the shadow were occasioned by the rencontre of waves flowing in from both sides of the object, might not one-half of those waves be intercepted; and as there would then be no collision, should not the internal fringes entirely

disappear? By means of a small screen, Young proceeded to cut off all illumination for one-half of the shadow, whereupon, to his great joy, the bands took to flight without a moment's delay.

With regard to the external fringes, his solution was not quite so happy. He concluded that they arose from the mingling of the rays which struck upon the edges of the object (and consequently lost half an undulation in the act of reflection) with the rays which swept closely past the body without sustaining any interruption in their course. More refined research has proved that this view was not correct; but it has only done so for the purpose of confirming the general principles of the law of interference.

One other point with regard to the application of Young's doctrine. The supporters of the corpuscular theory had long maintained that, if the undulatory hypothesis were true, there ought to be no such things, in the full sense of the term, as shadows; we should all be Peter Schlemihls. Admitting that light depends upon the vibrations of a medium universally diffused, why should it not flow into the space behind an object just as sound does behind a pillar, or waves of water do behind a vessel? Why, too, should not people be able to see through a crooked telescope as easily as they can hear through a crooked trumpet? Now some of our readers who have followed us through the last paragraphs may perhaps have been astonished to hear of luminous waves flowing into shadows, and of luminous lines appearing in their very centres; but it is precisely this circumstance which constitutes one of the stoutest objections to the corpuscular hypothesis, and affords the undulatory theory some of its most triumphant confirmations. Had a conjuror announced as one of his feats that he would exhibit a circular disc, which, upon exposure to a diverging pencil of rays, should produce a bright spot in the very middle of the shadow, just as if a hole had been bored through the plate, it would have been thought that Satan had taken a scientific turn, and was putting up his emissaries to optical 'wrinkles' for the better seduction of the public. Strange, however, as such an announcement might seem, the result was inevitable upon the principle of interference. As the rays which pour over the margin of the disc must from its form have traversed equal paths, when they meet exactly in the centre a luminous spot should appear at the point where the grossest darkness might have been expected to prevail. The experiment has been performed, and, when delicately managed, with the completest success. Charnisso's Hero was conceived before the theory of interferences was understood, or he might have comforted himself

slightly by reflecting that perfect shadows were much less frequent than were generally supposed.

We cannot, of course, follow Young in the application of his theory to the splendid phenomena of polarization. Startling difficulties were flung in its way by this new class of optical appearances. Other occupations compelled him to entrust the solution of these to Fresnel, Arago, and other eminent explorers. One remarkably pregnant suggestion was made by the English *savant*—namely, that in addition to the ‘direct and retrograde motions of the particles of light, there might also exist vibrations which are *transverse* to the direction of their propagation.’ This appeared to be the only mode of meeting the puzzles of polarization. The idea, however, seemed so daring, and in some respects so improbable, that Fresnel, to whom it separately occurred, could not venture to publish it; and when he at length determined to do so, his *confrère*, Arago, durst not join in the memoir wherein it was first announced.

It is not a little surprising that one of the gifted Frenchmen to whom we have just alluded, Fresnel, should have hit upon the principle of interference and detected many of its applications without any knowledge that Young had already preceded him in the same path by several years. It was from Arago he learnt what the English philosopher had done; but though he learnt it with regret—as a young man conscious of high original genius must have done when he found the fruits of his research already gathered by stranger hands—yet it did not prevent his acknowledging the claims of his predecessor to their fullest extent. It was different, as we shall afterwards see, in the case of another famous Frenchman, who contested Young’s priority in a great discovery as meanly as Fresnel had admitted it nobly.

It was different also at a much earlier period with one of Young’s own fellow-subjects. Scarcely had he commenced his career of optical inquiry when he was fiercely assailed by the *Edinburgh Review*. The first volume of that work contains a brace of contemptuous diatribes, which are pretty well known to have emanated from the pen of the versatile Brougham. Poor Young was treated as the presumptuous rival of Newton. He was spoken of as a raw young soldier of science who had never fleshed his sword. His researches were awkward gambols, which could only disgust the world. His productions were ‘puny, sickly things, which had scarcely stamina to subsist until their fruitful parent had furnished a new litter.’ His mind was filled with a ‘medium of a fickle and vibratory nature.’ He was a kind of milliner philosopher, who changed his hypotheses to suit the demand of the times, and produced fashionable systems to please

the ladies who attended the Royal Institution. His doctrine of light had not even the pitiful merit of affording an 'agreeable play to the fancy,' being 'infinitely more useless and less ingenious than the Indian theory of the elephant and tortoise.' And then to crown this clever vituperation, the writer boldly denied that Young's experiments were correct.

Critics are certainly exposed to many awkward mishaps, but perhaps their sensations are least to be envied when reminded of decisions which time has utterly and irrevocably reversed. What would his lordship think on reading those taunting articles now? Could he feel particularly happy whilst reflecting that his wit, his lively abuse, his brilliant malignity, have all been expended upon a man whose merits are now universally admitted, and upon a 'clumsy hypothesis' which has received the suffrages of the most distinguished philosophers? And how that feeling of regret must be heightened when his lordship considers that these same critiques probably interrupted the current of Young's researches, and excited a prejudice against the undulatory hypothesis which may perhaps be best evidenced by the fact that, though Young wrote a reply to the *Review*, not more than a single copy appears to have been sold!

Such being a sample of Young's achievements in science, let us follow him for a while into the province of letters. It was in this region that he made a discovery which Niebuhr declared to be the greatest of the age. Here he has raised for himself a monument, not of durable brass, but of hieroglyphical basalt. Amongst the Egyptian relics in the British Museum, the visitor may observe a black stone covered with outlandish characters, but held in as great veneration by archaeologists as the black stone in the Kaaba by devout Moslems. Whilst the French soldiery were disturbing the land of the Pharaohs with their artillery, and 'forty centuries' were 'looking down' upon them—sulkily enough, we have no doubt—from the summit of the Pyramids, that lump of basalt was disinterred in the neighbourhood of Rosetta. Had it been a mass of virgin gold, or a pure 'mountain of light,' it might have been more precious in the eyes of the jeweller, but it would have proved infinitely less valuable to the scholar. Few such antiquarian nuggets have ever been exhumed; for this relic happened to contain a triple, but much-mutilated inscription; the first in hieroglyphical or sacred signs; the second in the enchorial, or characters of the country; and the third, most fortunately, in Greek. The latter was found to be a sacerdotal decree, ordering that the divine honours paid to Ptolemy Epiphanes should be greatly augmented—pretty much in the same fashion as Queen Victoria might direct that a marquis

should be raised to a dukedom, or as Pope Pius might favour a defunct saint with a full diploma of beatification. Of course, modern Europeans could not be expected to feel any lively interest in the 'ever-living King Ptolemy, beloved of Pthah, the God Epiphanes, very gracious,' particularly as his assumptions of immortality have been so flagrantly falsified. But it appeared from the Greek text that this decree was directed to be engraved in three sets of characters—*ἀναγράφαι εἰς στήλην μεγάλην στερεοῦ λίθου, τοῖς τε ἱεροῖς καὶ ἐγχωρίοις καὶ Ἑλληνικοῖς γράμμασιν*. If, therefore, the three inscriptions were one in signification, it was presumed that, through the aid of the Greek transcript, an index would at last be found to those inscrutable symbols which had hitherto mocked the sagacity of every explorer. Those who consider how piquant the most insignificant riddle becomes when it resists all attempts at solution, and especially when tauntingly required to 'give it up,' will readily understand the eagerness with which the *savants* of Europe awaited the discovery of a clue capable of guiding them through the labyrinth of Egyptian literature, and of interpreting the fossil language engraved on the temples and tombs of that primeval land.

The Rosetta Stone was instantly invested. It sustained a kind of siege quite as striking in its way as that of Troy in olden times, or of Sebastopol in modern. Scholar after scholar advanced to the assault, and hoped to break through the barriers which protected the sacred symbols from the inspection of the profane. The external entrenchments were soon carried. Porson and Heyne speedily supplied the mutilated portions of the Greek text, and thus established a basis of operations against the inner works. A lodgment being once effected, great hopes of victory were indulged; but the task was more difficult, and the resistance more desperate than the assailants anticipated. It would be pleasant to hear the proceedings of that siege homERICALLY described. In the absence, however, of suitable bards, let us mention in plain prose a few of the warriors who signalized their prowess at this protracted siege. There was Silvestre de Sacy, a paladin of great renown, who had distinguished himself in many a valiant enterprise in the literature of the East. He concluded that the most vulnerable points must be looked for in the proper names; and as certain of these recur in the Greek decree, there ought to be corresponding repetitions in the other inscriptions. Let a set of characters answering to such names be once captured, and it was hoped that the prisoners would give valuable information respecting the rest. Acting upon this artful principle, De Sacy made a dash at the enchorial entrench-

ments, and succeeded in surprising certain groups presumed to compose the words Ptolemy, Arsinoë, and Alexander; but, having done this, he was unable to extract any intelligence from them which would compromise their comrades. After many vain attempts, finding that no progress was made, he withdrew, as he himself admitted, in despair.

Then came a Northern paladin, M. Akerblad, great in Coptic lore, who penetrated a little further into the enchorial lines, mastering sixteen other words, and constructing an alphabet which he hoped would enable him to rake the whole Egyptian entrenchments; but failing in this expectation, he too retired from the struggle without making any decided attempt upon the hieroglyphical part of the works.*

Passing over the names of other adventurers, let us watch the proceedings of one who chanced to approach this famed fortress in the year 1814. The new comer was Dr. Thomas Young. He did not conceal from himself the difficulties of the enterprise. "If others had been baffled by the enchorial defences alone, how could he expect to carry both these and the sacred ramparts which appeared to be still more frowning and formidable? If, thought he, the Chinese language, the most symbolical tongue extant, requires a lifetime for its conquest with all possible native aids, how hope to restore the defunct speech of Egypt from a few mutilated relics? How, indeed, unless an obliging mummy would step from its glass case at the British Museum, and offer to teach him hieroglyphics upon some Ollendorf system in six months. He girded himself up, however, for the task, and went gallantly to work. As *Letters from the Camp* are now perused with such deep interest, let us quote one of his epistles to a friend, dating it, as we may take the liberty of doing, from 'before the Rosetta Stone.'

'You tell me that I shall astonish the world if I make out the inscription. I think it, on the contrary, astonishing that it should not have been made out already, and that I should find the task so difficult as it appears to be. Certainly the labour of a few days would be sufficient for the comparison of an equal number of lines in any ordinary unknown language, aided by a literal translation, so as to identify pretty satisfactorily all the words that occurred more than once, and to ascertain their meaning; but I have been a month upon this, and have still several passages that occur more than once which I cannot completely identify, or at least understand. But by far the greater part of the words I have ascertained with tolerable certainty, and some of the most interesting without the shadow of a doubt; but I can read very few of them alphabetically, except the

* Young's Works, vol. iii. p. 23.

proper names which Akerblad has read before, and this is the more intolerably provoking, as there was so much reason to expect a very general coincidence with the Coptic, the names of the three months mentioned in the Greek agreeing very correctly with the Coptic names'

By a mechanical sort of comparison, he was soon enabled to publish a 'conjectural translation' of the two inscriptions; but, in attempting to resolve the groups of characters into their elements, he discovered that the task was such as the bravest of the forlorn hopes of literature might well shrink from attempting. He, like his predecessors, at first assumed that the enchorial was purely alphabetical,—in other words, that the several characters of which it consisted were all expressive of sounds, and not of things,—were, in fact, letters, and not pictures. But, on collating this text with the hieroglyphical, he observed that certain figures in the first inscription, such as a priest, a statue, a mattock, a plough, were almost echoed in form—if the expression may be used—in the enchorial. Now, if such characters were delineations of objects in the one case—and it should be observed that the sacred inscription was at first universally supposed to consist of symbols, and not of letters—might not the other be partly figurative, at least? This would explain at once why Akerblad's alphabetical battery had failed in making any decided impression upon the place; it could not, of course, apply to symbols any more than our six-and-twenty letters, which enable us to interpret words, would give us a clue to the meaning of pictures.

In the course of his further operations, Young obtained considerable assistance from certain manuscripts on papyrus, which exhibited the writing of the Egyptians in various stages of transition, and led him to the conclusion, that the enchorial characters were mostly derived from the sacred by a process of degradation. The object of this degradation was manifest. The hieroglyphic signs were too elaborate for ordinary use. As well expect English book-keepers to write in German text, or regular Roman capitals. Hence various forms of abbreviated characters crept into vogue, these bearing the same amount of relationship to the sacred type as our current hand, even in its vilest forms, may be said to sustain to print.

The discovery of this derivation was an important step.* We have seen that the hieroglyphies were at first assumed to be purely symbolical, or ideographic, and the enchorials wholly alphabetical. But if the two were thus intimately connected,

* 'The true foundation' (says Young) 'of the analysis of the Egyptian system of writing, I insist, is the great fact of the original identity of the enchorial with the sacred characters, which I discovered, and printed in 1816.'—*Young's Works*, vol. iii. p. 466.

the same principle of interpretation must be adopted; and instead of treating the sacred text as composed of figures exclusively, why not assail it with an alphabet as well? Without adhering to the strict chronology of his manœuvres, we may say, that Young had already drawn the inference that phonetic characters* might be interspersed with symbolical, in the same way 'as the 'astronomers and chemists of modern times have often employed 'arbitrary marks as compendious expressions of the objects 'which were most frequently to be mentioned in their respective 'sciences.' Proceeding upon this conjecture, he assigned an interpretation to more than 160 groups of characters upon the figurative, or ideographic, principle; and the results were subsequently embodied in a kind of dictionary, which was appended to an article written by him for *The Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica*. Errors, as might be expected, have been found to exist in his translations of these groups; but the principle has been so far confirmed, that out of 900 or 1000 hieroglyphical characters, constituting, as far as is known, the whole of the sacred array at the disposal of the Egyptians, about four-fifths are believed to be expressive of things or ideas, and not of mere sounds.

It was not, however, in dealing with the *symbolical* elements of the Rosetta Stone that Young's genius achieved its proudest success. The difficulty lay in constructing, or rather in eliciting, an alphabet which would master the characters now assumed to be *phonetic*. On reconnoitring the sacred text, a certain group of signs, inclosed in an oval ring, or cartouche, was observed to occur four times in all. He inferred that the characters thus honoured by enclosure, as if too select to associate with the common herd of hieroglyphics, must indicate some proper name. He assumed also, though erroneously, that it must necessarily be some foreign word; because that cunning people, the Chinese,

* As these words are of frequent recurrence, it should be stated that a character is phonetic when it represents a *sound*, and not a *thing*, or an *idea*. Thus, a hieroglyphical lion, for instance, may be *figurative*, if the animal itself is meant; or it may be *ideographic*, if it is intended to convey some quality of the creature metaphorically, as *courage*, or *power*; or it may be *phonetic* if it stands simply for a sound, as it sometimes does for the letter *l*. Availing ourselves of this note, we may also state, that the writing of the ancient Egyptians may be divided into three sorts:—1st, the *sacred*, or *hieroglyphic*, already mentioned: 2nd, the *sacerdotal*, or *hieratic*, which was an abbreviated form of the first: and 3rd, a kind of writing which is still more cursive and abridged, and is called the *Enchorial* on the Rosetta Stone; the *demotic*, by Herodotus and Champollion; and the *epistolographic*, by Clemens Alexandrinus. *Homophone* characters are those which are dissimilar in form, but similar in sound. Thus, as we shall see in the cartouche of Ptolemy, the letter *t* is expressed by a semicircle; whilst in the cartouche of Cleopatra it is represented by a hand. The language into which the hieroglyphics translate is supposed to be ancient Coptic.

are accustomed in such cases to make their hieroglyphics phonetic by means of certain marks, or by impounding them in a kind of parallelogram.

Finding that the word Ptolemy, in the Greek text, was the only one, by virtue of its position and recurrence, which would at all correspond with the enclosed characters in the first inscription, Young directed all his artillery full upon these groups. The cartouches contained, 1, a small square, which he supposed to represent the letter P; 2, a semicircle, doubtless answering to T; 3, a knotted cord, which he thought was not essential, 'being often omitted in the sacred characters, and always in the enchorial'; 4, a lion of considerable fierceness, who was imagined to do duty for the letters LO, or OLE; 5, a figure somewhat like a pair of sugar-tongs, flattened instead of arched at the top, —this was to be read M; 6, two feathers, signifying I or E; and lastly, a crook, answering to OS. 'Putting all these elements together,' said he, 'we have precisely Ptolemaios, the Greek name; or perhaps Ptolemeos, as it would more naturally be called in Coptic.*'

In proposing this interpretation, Young fell into some mistakes, natural enough when operations are conducted in the dark, but without fatally impugning the principle of the solution. The third character, dismissed by him as a mere idler in the cartouche, is known to represent the letter O; the lion means simply L; the two feathers constitute E long; and the crook is the letter S—thus composing, in the whole, the word PTOLMĒS (ΠΤΟΛΜΗΣ).

Spite of these inaccuracies, the foundations of a hieroglyphical alphabet had now been laid. The phonetic principle was discovered. His hornbook was scanty and imperfect, it is true; but, as he himself afterwards remarked, the determination of a single letter correctly, must have gradually led to the determination of the rest; because the same process would have unlocked other monuments as they were successively subjected to scrutiny, and thus put us in possession of a complete Egyptian ABC. It was by adopting a similar method of analysis, and applying it to proper names, that Colonel Rawlinson, for example, was enabled to identify the words Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes in the arrow-headed inscriptions found at Hamadan.

The examination of another inscription, copied from the ceiling of a temple at Karnak, contributed in a slight degree to the enlargement of this hieroglyphical hornbook. A ring, precisely similar to the one he had already found to contain the word

* *Young's Works*, vol. iii. p. 157.

'Ptolemy,' was here followed by another, which, for certain reasons, and from the existence of certain symbols indicating a feminine name, he presumed must include the word 'Berenice.' The figures on Egyptian monuments, like those on British sign-boards, sometimes require explanatory notes to enable the spectator to determine what objects they really represent; but, according to Young, the six characters in this lady-cartouche stood thus,—a basket, an eye without the pupil, a wavy line, two feathers, a little footstool, and then a goose in the rear. Now, as a basket, in Coptic, is *bir*, the first symbol was supposed to afford the first syllable of Birenike; the eye answered to the Coptic *c*, because that letter expressed the word 'to,' for which the same figure was frequently employed; the wavy line was *n*; the feathers *i*; and the bird which closed the procession must be *ke* or *ken*, as Kircher gives *kenesoû* for a goose. But what was to be done with the footstool? It was decidedly in the way. The word Berenike (or, accusatively, Bireniken) was already made out without its assistance. How, then, dispose of that awkward piece of furniture? Very summarily, indeed! Young decided that it was superfluous, and without ceremony kicked it out of the cartouche.

It must be admitted that this rendering was extremely erroneous in some particulars. The first sign was not syllabic as he imagined, but alphabetic, standing simply for the letter B; the eye is now well known to represent r: the despised footstool does duty for k, and the goose, if the figure is intended for that creature, must limit her responsibilities to the letter s.* The characters in short composed the word Bruëks, or, substituting a hawk for the last sign, Bruëke. Still, it will be seen that the name of her majesty was strictly deducible from the ring, by intercalating some of the vowels, which it is well known were generally omitted in the Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages of the Semitic class. In dealing with this particular cartouche, Young's interpretation may slightly recall the labours of Athanasius Kircher, whose translations of hieroglyphics were said to be equally good whether they commenced at the beginning, or middle, or end of an inscription; or it may remind the reader of the highly ingenious, but highly arbitrary, meanings which have been recently assigned to the Sinaitic rock-writings by Mr. Forster; but where men are pushing their way through a region of conjecture, mistakes must be expected, and the most insignifi-

* The syllabic value here assigned to certain characters,—as the basket and the goose,—has led some of Young's continental rivals to deny that he fully understood the phonetic (or alphabetic), principle, upon which so much controversy has hinged.

cant things become valuable if they furnish stepping-stones to truth.

The principal results thus achieved by Young were the conjectural translation of the Rosetta inscription, published in 1814—the discovery of symbolical signs amongst the enchorials in 1815—the derivation of the cursive characters from the sacred signs, demonstrated in 1816—and the extraction of an alphabet, or the establishment of the phonetic principle, in 1818. His minor performances must be passed over without allusion. Suffice it to say that the Rosetta fortress was virtually captured by Thomas Young.

It was left for a Frenchman to follow up the success of the English philosopher. This was Champollion le Jeune. Passionately fond of Egyptian research, he had been 'living' for many 'years' on the Rosetta inscription,* without making any great advances upon Akerblad's discoveries further than the determination of some Coptic words in the enchorial text, when the results of Young's enquiries were brought to his view. Availing himself of the Englishman's tactics, he assailed the monuments of Egypt with remarkable ingenuity, and mastered one after another with a rapidity which took the public by surprise. In the island of Philæ, an obelisk was found with an inscription in hieroglyphics on its shaft, and another in Greek at its base. From the close connexion of the words Ptolemy and Cleopatra in the latter text, and the appearance of the masculine name in the former, it was concluded that an adjoining cartouche must contain the appellation of the lady. Mr. Banks, indeed, who brought the obelisk to our shores, is said to have satisfied himself on this point when Champollion took the inscription in hand. There being nine signs in the cartouche (exclusive of the feminine symbols), and nine letters in the word, it was obvious that Young's alphabet might now be tested, and if correct somewhat extended. Four of the letters in Cleopatra—*l*, *o*, *p*, *t*,—exist in the name of her spouse; and three of them—*l*, *o*, *p*,—are actually expressed by the same signs, and appear in their due position on the Ptolemæic cartouche of the Rosetta Stone. The letter *t* was not indicated by the same figure in both cases: on the stone it was represented by a semi-circle, but on the obelisk its place was supplied by a human hand. The principle of homophone signs having, however, been already indicated by Young, the use of another character to express the same sound, did not at all interfere with the progress of the analysis. There now remained five characters. One of these,

* Letter from Dr. Young to W. Hamilton, Esq.—Young's Works, iii. p. 220.

answering to the letter *c*, was a feather or reed; and as this sign appeared double in the word Ptolemy (ΠΤΟΛΗΜΕΩΣ) where it had been found to denote long *c* (ϙ), another point of coincidence was presumptively ascertained. Sufficient in fact had been done to justify the conclusion that the cartouche in question was really that of Cleopatra, and to warrant the insertion of three additional letters—the *a* occurring twice—in the hieroglyphical hornbook.

The principle of phonetic composition, and a curious one it is, was soon fully established. Young had already remarked in reference to his analysis of the word Berenice, that the ancients combined their syllabic and alphabetical writing 'in a manner not extremely unlike the ludicrous mixture of words and things with which children are sometimes amused.' Though not correct in the precise sense he intended, yet the system of phonetic representation has been pleasantly illustrated by reference to the well-known nursery poem wherein A is described as an archer who shot at a frog; B as a butcher who had a great dog—the other letters of the alphabet being similarly inculcated through the agency of symbols whose initials alone are required. Just so with the Egyptians. When writing phonetically, as in the cartouches to which we have referred, they laid hold of a set of signs representing a set of ancient Coptic words, whose initials were employed to constitute the word intended to be conveyed. For example. If one of our wandering countrymen, who make it a point to inscribe their names on every illustrious monument they visit, should wish to carve his appellation on the Great Pyramid, and it would be a delicate compliment to the memory of King Cheops to do so in hieroglyphics, he might select the following series of objects for his purpose. Supposing him to include vowels, and to use plain symbols, he would successively depict a jackdaw, an owl, a hat, a nail; a bull, an umbrella, a lion, and a lamb. He might probably add an elephant, a shoe, and a quill. This group being enclosed in a royal ring, would express the name of the illustrious traveller just as effectually as the cartouche on the Rosetta Stone expresses that of King Ptolemy. And if after the lapse of some thousands of years, any learned archæologist, in attempting to decipher this inscription, should sever the first syllable of the first symbol, and rejecting all the other characters but the Bull and those which constitute the Esq., should employ these in the reconstruction of the name, he would fall into an error bearing some resemblance to that of Dr. Young when he deduced the word Berenice from the inscription found at the Temple of Karnak.

But out of Champollion's researches a desperate dispute has arisen. Was it the Englishman or was it the Frenchman who

first uplifted the mystic veil of Isis? To which of them must be ascribed the honour of having laid open the dark realm of Egyptian literature to the tread of European feet? How people have fought over that question! And what zest has been imparted to the controversy by the spirit of national rivalry which it has excited. This is deeply to be regretted. Patriotism is a dubious virtue when it embitters researches which are meant for the benefit of mankind. In the republic of letters, France and England ought not to look upon themselves as antagonistic states any more than Yorkshire and Middlesex should be regarded as competing counties for the honour of any British discovery. Arago thought it the act of a *bon citoyen* to support Champollion's pretensions, because they afforded proof that his country had not degenerated, *et qu'elle aussi apporte chaque année son glorieux contingent dans le vaste dépôt des connaissances humaines*. We are inclined to think that a sentiment like this converts patriotism into a frailty, and changes a virtue into a patriotic prejudice. Stripping the question however of any national significance, particularly as we would not wish for a moment to endanger the *entente cordiale* now so happily established, let us treat it simply as a contest between individuals and their respective followers. The principal point in this fray is—who first detected the *phonetic principle*, and demonstrated the existence of a hieroglyphical alphabet? Young has been charged with making a vain attempt to appropriate Champollion's discoveries in this particular to himself. Now it is clear from the Frenchman's memoir, *De l'Écriture Hiéroglyphique des anciens Égyptiens*, published in 1821, that the hieratic characters (assumed by him as they had already been by Young, to consist of mere short-hand hieroglyphics) were in his opinion the signs of things and not of sounds. That is, they were *not* phonetic. Young, on the contrary, had not only shown that hieroglyphics were frequently employed to represent sounds, but he had also constructed a rudimentary alphabet from the contents of the cartouches of Ptolemy and Berenice. His conclusions had been made public in his famous article on 'Egypt,' which was written in 1818, though it did not appear till 1819. Champollion's alphabet was not brought into court until the year 1822, when, says Mr. Leitch, 'after having read the article 'Egypt,' he published the discovery 'as his own in his celebrated *Lettre à M. Dacier*, which contained an alphabet consisting of various characters discovered 'by himself, as well as those whose value had been ascertained 'by Dr. Young.'

There is one striking circumstance connected with this dispute

upon which Young's biographers lay considerable stress, and from which the reader must be pleased to deduce his own conclusions. The memoir wherein Champollion denied the existence of a phonetic principle was 'carefully suppressed, and the plates 'attached to it, exhibiting a comparison of the hieroglyphical and 'the hieratic texts, were afterwards distributed without date and 'without the letter-press which preceded them.*

Finding it hopeless to question Young's priority in the discovery of this principle, some of his adversaries have attempted to impugn the value of his researches by reducing the compass of his alphabet, and then asserting that he applied it to no useful purpose. He might, indeed, pick up the key—that they cannot exactly deny; but it was Champollion who unlocked the doors of Egyptian literature and explored those time-sealed chambers of mystery with effect. Now, as the Englishman himself very properly suggested, it is precisely in cases of this sort that the merit of the French proverb is felt—'*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*' Ask any one who has attempted to unriddle secret ciphers, or who has amused himself by exploring those uncouth advertisements which sometimes appear in *The Times*, where the letters of our alphabet are worked up into the most frightful-looking compounds, what constitutes the chief difficulty in their interpretation, and he will assuredly say that it is the discovery of a clue. When that has once been detected, although it should consist of a single letter, the rest of the investigation becomes a matter of simple drudgery. Young, however, ascertained no less than nine letters of the hieroglyphical alphabet. Champollion himself allowed him the merit of five, proving his sense of their value by installing them in his own hornbook. Besides, as Müller observes, 'Young deciphered a great number of words, 'some of them written phonetically, and others ideographically, 'and these were afterwards interpreted exactly in the same by 'Champollion.' That the latter corrected and extended the discoveries of his English rival—that he applied the phonetic principle to the monuments of Egypt with wonderful sagacity and success—must be universally admitted; but it appears to be equally certain that for years together he had been groping at the doors of the Ptolemies and Pharaohs before Young's alphabetical key was placed in his hands; and that, had it not been for the assistance which this afforded, he might have continued to grope for years to come. He made no progress in the solution of the vast riddle which lay on the land of Egypt until he began to plough with the Englishman's heifer.

* Dr. Peacock's *Memoir of Young*, p. 285.

Young felt himself compelled to support his rights of priority in a small volume, which he published in the year 1823; but without entering into the merits of his vindication, let us simply quote his own noble assertion to Sir W. Gell, to which implicit credence may be ascribed:—‘I would rather give up something that is my right than take from him (Champollion) anything that may be his.’

Such being the two great themes on which Young's masterly intellect was engaged, we need only say of his minor labours—that they were alike remarkable for their diversified character and for the singular industry he displayed. He was frequently employed by Government on commissions of a scientific turn. He drew up the reports of the committee charged with the duty of ascertaining the length of the seconds pendulum, of comparing the French and English standards, and of inquiring into the propriety of a reformation in our system of weights and measures, having been appointed secretary to that board. In 1818 he was nominated superintendent of the *Nautical Almanack*, with a salary of £300, and secretary of the Board of Longitude, with an additional £100; but these offices involved him in some animated squabbles, from the determined resistance he offered to certain changes which were demanded. He was also put upon a committee which was entrusted with the solemn duty of reporting whether there was any danger to the metropolis from the general employment of gas, or from the erection of large gas-holders. Time, however, it is to be hoped, has tranquillized all such fears, and enabled people to sleep peaceably within a mile of a gasometer, instead of dreaming that it is worse than a magazine of gunpowder. But one of the most striking indications of Young's repute was his appointment to the office of inspector of calculations to the Palladium Life Insurance Society, at the same time that he was employed as medical referee. It would be interesting to inquire whether two such dissimilar posts have been filled by the same individual before, except in case of moonshine companies whose whole staff of functionaries may perhaps be resolved into a couple of Protean knaves.

Young, in short, was always busy. Now he was filling up the lacunæ in some mutilated inscription—now attempting to unroll some of the carbonized papyri from Herculaneum, which excited such hopes of restoring the lost *Decades* of Livy, but produced little more than a meagre treatise on music—now writing scholarly critiques for the *Quarterly Review* or scientific articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—now working like a horse to get up materials for medical books and lectures, or carrying on the foreign correspondence of the Royal Society—now skrimishing

with some of the antagonists whom his writings or his researches had summoned to arms, or performing the business of the 'Egyptian Society,' which, as Dr. Peacock says, consisted almost exclusively of himself! One of his letters exhibits an array of work in hand which is quite astounding, commencing as it does with a book on celestial mechanics, and concluding with a reference to his hospital duties, and *then* his private patients, *besides* which, he must shortly 'do a little more in hieroglyphics!'^{*} Even when life was drawing to a close, his indomitable industry displayed itself as brilliantly as ever. His last illness found him engaged upon an Egyptian dictionary. He was so anxious to complete this work that when he became incapable of holding a pen, he continued to toil at it with his pencil. 'To a friend,' (says Mr. Hudson Gurney) 'who expostulated with him on the danger of fatiguing himself, he replied, it was no fatigue, but a great amusement to him; that it was a work which, if he should live, it would be a satisfaction to him to have finished; but that if it were otherwise, which seemed most probable, as he had never witnessed a complaint which appeared to make more rapid progress, it would still be a great satisfaction to him never to have spent an idle day in his life.'

He died May 10, 1829, at the age of fifty-six.

Young was unquestionably a rare and remarkable man. The vastness of his knowledge and the versatility of his powers must be universally admitted. Few persons have driven so many dissimilar pursuits abreast with the same easy hand and perfect control. Few men have ever condensed a greater amount of erudition into one small head, or acquired it with more astonishing facility and address. But it is proper to draw a distinction. There were departments of knowledge into which Young never entered, and where we suspect he would scarcely have felt himself at home. It has been said that 'the powers of the imagination were the only ones in which he was deficient.' *Only* ones! the reader will doubtless exclaim. We echo the ejaculation. He can be no *whole* man who wants a faculty so important in itself, and so various in its uses. How needful it is, may be learnt by supposing it subtracted from the works, not of our poets and romancers, but from the writings of our greatest philosophers. What a change we should make in Bacon if we stripped him of his magnificent metaphors; or in Newton, if we washed out all the fine colouring matter from his scientific compositions? Mr. Hudson Gurney, with the natural partiality of a friend, has expressed a doubt whether Young was really deficient

^{*} Dr. Peacock's *Memoir of Young*, p. 443.

in this respect; but the reason he assigns for his non-cultivation of the talent, is one of the most extraordinary we have ever heard. 'Dr. Young,' says he, 'was emphatically a man of truth. 'Now all exercise of what is *ordinarily called* imagination is the 'figuring forth something which either in kind or in degree, is 'not in truth existent; and whether originally gifted with this 'faculty or otherwise, Dr. Young would, on principle, have 'abstained from its indulgence.' Unless Mr. Gurney intends to circumscribe his meaning very materially by employing the words we have italicized (in which case the talent claimed must be proportionately contracted) the consequences of such a doctrine as the one here announced must be disastrous in the extreme. The chief ornaments of our literature would be converted into sublime impostors. All our bards must sink into splendid liars. The most popular writers of all nations should be banished from the republic of letters as poets were to have been from the republic of Plato—though curiously enough the ideal establishment of the fine old Greek was as pure a fiction as anything the doomed songsters themselves could have conceived. Homer and Milton, Shakespeare and Schiller, Cervantes and Scott, Jeremy Taylor and John Bunyan—all the great masters of imagination must burn their wizard books and bury their enchanted wands, if this fearful dictum be correct. The order which the Caliph Omar sent to General Amru touching the Alexandrian library, did not occasion half the mischief which this opinion would produce if it were sternly enforced.

But wanting as Young appears to have been in certain mental particulars—and who is completely equipped?—there can be no doubt as to the extraordinary *sagacity* he evinced. If science and scholarship were the principal subjects of his study, they were vivified by a property which does not necessarily accompany either. His sharp and searching glance appeared to penetrate into the very recesses of a question, whilst other men were picking their way with straining eyes and faltering steps. He seemed to clear difficulties at a bound which others could only master by tardy and toilsome research. His was a flashing intellect which leaped from point to point with such rapidity that it sometimes appeared to work rather by inspiration than by the ordinary processes of deduction. In adjusting the honours due to Fresnel and Young in regard to the undulatory theory, Sir J. Herschel awards to the former the credit of mature thought and experimental illustration; to the latter, the merit of 'early, acute, and ingenious suggestion.' A more righteous verdict has rarely been pronounced. The quality here ascribed to Young was precisely the one in which he most excelled. His an-

ticipations of Fresnel in optics, and Champollion in hieroglyphics, are striking testimonies to the lightning glance he possessed, and show with what quickness he seized upon secrets which others, themselves endowed with more than ordinary sagacity, could only reach by lengthier paths. His writings on Egyptian literature in particular, are strewn with remarks carelessly dropped, as it were, which were afterwards found to be jewels of considerable price. Just as Arago and Gay Lussac discovered how much their fellow-countryman had been outrun in regard to the question of diffraction already mentioned, so explorers in hieroglyphics have occasionally been forestalled by some mere passing paragraph or sidelong suggestion in Young's archaeological works.

But we must now take our leave of one who as a man was worthy and honourable—as a scholar, skilful and masterly—as a philosopher, sagacious and profound—as an explorer patient and enterprising. The raw 'recruit' who had not even 'fleshed his sword' when Henry Brougham honoured him with his sarcasms, succeeded in carving his way to distinctions which the proudest might envy; and wherever his name is known, it will be regarded with as much respect as that of any veteran who has recently figured in the fields of science and letters.

ART. IV.—(1.) *Impressions of China, and the present Revolution, its Progress and Prospects.* By CAPTAIN FISHBOURNE, Commander of the *Hermes*, on her late visit to Nankin. 8vo. Seeley and Co. 1855.

- (2.) *North China Herald.*
- (3.) *Friend of China.*
- (4.) *Chinese Repository.*

If the reader will imagine a spot near the bottom of this page, at about an equal distance from the two sides, to be Canton; and a spot nearly at the top of the page, and a little to the right from the centre, to be Pekin,—and if he will conceive of 1000 miles in a direct line from Canton down in the south, to Pekin up in the north, as a line separating between a vast continental territory stretching away to the left, and a great seaboard, bulging off, with its irregular coasts, towards the Yellow Sea and the China Sea on the right, he will then have some idea of

the track of those insurgent forces which have wrought so marvellous a revolution in China. The insurrection began in a province a little inland from Canton. The march of the revolutionists was from south to north, diverging somewhat to the right until they came to Nankin, a little more than half-way between Canton and Pekin,—and from that point a great elbow march brought them into the neighbourhood of Pekin, and of the great boundary-wall of the empire. The march of the insurgents has been, as we have said, from south to north; but the line indicating that march consists of two great zig-zags: the first diverges slightly and irregularly from the west towards the east, and terminates upon Nankin; the second still ascends towards the north, but by a divergence westward; and the third consists of what seamen would describe as another 'tack,' inclining from the west towards the east, which brought the rebel force within a few days' march of Pekin. These tracks have been mainly determined, as will be supposed, by the course of rivers, and by the positions of the principal cities. We never really understand the history of a country, but as we understand its geography. Events give their full meaning, and are lodged permanently in the memory, by means of their locations. The student of history cannot be too mindful of this fact. There are occurrences of which we become almost eye-witnesses by the aid of maps, and which remain obscure and almost unintelligible without such aid.

Concerning the early operations and conquests of the Chinese insurgents we have spoken in a former number.* Information has also been largely supplied on that topic by the newspapers, and by some separate publications. But affairs have now reached a point in the history of this movement, which seems to call for further inquiry as to its real nature and its probable results. The volume by Captain Fishbourne will afford us assistance in this respect, but not to such an extent as we had hoped—partly from the frequent omission of dates, and partly from the absence of the requisite information concerning some of the documents from which extracts are given. The substance of the book is valuable, and deeply interesting, but there is a great want of skill in the mode of presenting the material of which it consists. We scarcely expected an index,—we did expect a table of contents; but even that small assistance has not been furnished. Captain Fishbourne is, no doubt, skilled in his profession, but he is no adept in the art of making the contents of a book readily and pleasantly available.

The points, we apprehend, on which the public are now most

* *British Quarterly*, No. XXXVI.

desirous of obtaining distinct information in relation to this extraordinary movement, are the following—viz., the real causes of the rapidity and extent of the insurgent conquests; the alleged cruelties of these conquerors; the measure in which error and superstition are mixed up with the Christianity professed by them; the amount of Scriptural truth to be found among them notwithstanding these errors; the probable effect of their successes on the future of China; and the policy most expedient for Great Britain in relation to such a state of affairs.

I. *The real causes of the rapidity and extent of the insurgent conquests* will be more apparent, and less surprising, if we bear in mind the kind of cycle presented in the history of the powers and empires of the East through all time. In one memorable instance, the North of Europe sent its hordes down upon the South; and the rude fidelity and valour of the barbarian prevailed over the refined vices and effeminacy of the civilized man. With another such revolution Europe is threatened at this hour. But the actual conquests of the Goths, and this threatened conquest of Russia, present the only parallel in European history to what has been the fixed course of affairs in Asia. The Tauric chain of mountains, stretching from Asia Minor to China, send their northern slopes back into the almost boundless plains of Mongolia and Tartary, and their southern slopes down into the more level lands of Syria and Persia, India and China. From the fastnesses of those mountains, or from the steppes beyond them, those adventurous hordes have descended who have crushed the corrupt empires of the South, one after another, and have assumed empire in their stead. The ‘shepherd kings’—heads of nomad, or wandering nations, mentioned in Holy Writ, were the precursors of the Attilas and the Zenghis Khans of later times. The rise of empires by means of such incursions has been sudden; the quick transfer from privation to luxury has brought speedy corruption in its train; and the descendants of such conquerors have soon shared the fate of the men whom their fathers had vanquished. It was one of these incursions which set up the present Tartar dynasty in China some two centuries since. As in many similar instances, great corruptness soon followed in the track of so sudden an accession to wealth and power; and now the decayed frame-work of the state is seen yielding to the pressure of the rude, but strong hand raised against it.

In this case, indeed, the migration is from south to north. But as in the founding of the old Persian empire, the nucleus of the new power has been supplied by a mountaineer, independent, and more hardy race, bordering on the doomed empire. The government of China has been so much a government by routine

and opinion, that the Mantchoos have supposed they might govern without fear, and they have learnt to govern without mercy. As the consequence, when their day of trial came, there was no loyalty left in the people to fall back upon. Even their own troops, for the most part, have been more inclined to desert than to serve them. The great wall was expected to give them protection on the north, and the little cloud of the south was gazed upon for a while without the least apprehension. It is natural to despotic rule that danger should not be suspected until the judge is at the door. Few in such connexions are forward to become the prophets of evil, or the bearers of evil tidings. The expansion, corruptness, and weakness which have prepared the way for the fall of all the great Asiatic empires, have prepared the way for the revolution now in progress in China. The oppressions and spoliations disposing the people to welcome change have been great; the power to resist it when it came has been small. The conquerors, like the Normans through the first century after the Conquest, are still, for the most part, a distinct race from the conquered, while the latter form the bulk of the empire.

In a manifesto issued by the insurgents in an early stage of their operations, they make their appeal to the patriotism of the Chinese on this ground:—

‘The Mantchoos who, for two centuries, have been in hereditary possession of the throne of China, are descended from an insignificant nation of foreigners. By means of an army of veteran soldiers well trained to warfare, they seized on our treasures, our lands, and the government of our country, thereby proving that the only thing requisite for usurping empire is the fact of being the strongest. There is, therefore, no difference between ourselves, who lay contributions on the villages we take, and the agents sent from Peking to collect the taxes. Why then, without any motive, are troops despatched against us? Such a proceeding strikes us as a very unjust one. What! is it possible that the Mantchoos, who are foreigners, have a right to receive the taxes of the captured provinces, and to name officers who oppress the people, while we Chinese are prohibited from taking a trifling amount at the public cost? Universal sovereignty does not belong to any one particular individual, to the exclusion of all the rest. And such a thing has never been known, as one dynasty being able to trace a line of a hundred generations of Emperors.

‘The right to govern consists in possession.’—p. 62, 63.

The following passage shows how little the Manchoo dynasty had to rest upon even in Peking, their special home:—

‘From a translation of a memorial submitted to the Emperor by Yung-paon, censor and imperial inspector of the central part of the

city of Pekin, and given in the *Gazette* for the 14th January of this year, we learn that the capture of that city, and the fall of the Tartar dynasty, is but a question of time. In this he states that only ten thousand dollars could be collected in the whole city in the month of December, 1853; that officers employed about the court, had been, from the spring of that year, inventing excuses to get away; that the rich inhabitants, with their households, to the number of three thousand, had removed; in every street nine out of ten houses were empty. The soldiers of the capital, whether belonging to Chinese or Tartar regiments, exist very much in name only, and since the approach of the Insurgents, the best of these have been ordered off to the war, those which remain being only the unserviceable, together with those that have been temporarily engaged to fill vacancies. On his tour of inspection, he found that numbers were deficient at every guard-house, and those on guard he found starving with cold and hunger, exposed to the wind and snow, in a most distressed and miserable condition. On examining the weapons piled up there, he found that the greater part were useless—horsemen darted through the gates as they pleased, and these men were unable to arrest them. When the roll is called, some run for their weapons, some for their jackets; they stand up for a moment, answer their names, then saunter off into their tents, or creep under their bed-clothes. Generally speaking, of late the practice has been to be all in a flurry when arrangements are to be made for defence; and to be very steady when ease or enjoyment are to be attended to. The rebels he states as being only seventy miles distant; and Shing-paon and Tsang-kih-lin-sin are by no means agreed in their views. According to the confessions of the spies, it appears that very many of the rebels have come to the capital, where they hire houses, and secretly endeavour to enlist persons in their cause. Moreover, it appears that at the different guard-houses there are a few watchmen placed, who are just sufficient to guard against petty thieves. These may be seen at the head of every street, with badges round their necks, and with lanterns stuck at the end of long poles, beating gongs as they go, in companies of ten, or it may be a hundred, like a parcel of boys playing about. Recently he has seen poor old women almost naked, bringing, with tears in their eyes, the cotton-wadded garments which they received in charity, to offer as money, in payment of the demand for taxes.

The *Gazette* of the 17th of January, 1854, contains a report from the members of the cabinet, complaining of the publication of the above document; and that it was improperly printed, for which, and for some other alleged alterations from the original, the printer is called to account; and the censor himself is ordered to send up a clear account of the matter, evidently showing that the statement though unpalatable was too true.

This statement bears the impress of truth, and it has been well said, that the mind of the reader is partly amused, and partly disgusted, with those complicated details of cunning deception and palpable cowardice, which mark the official reports of the insurgent

army's progress, thus given from time to time in the *Pekin Gazette*, and stamp with the appearance of mad infatuation, the imperial acts and edicts of the last of the Mantchoo dynasty.

'Nothing could more truly show the total want of enthusiasm which exists at Peking, than does this document quoted above; and if they are not popular there, where can they be supposed to be. It is quite clear that their fall would scarce be the subject of regret to a single *Chinese*.'—pp. 329—332.

This state of affairs in Peking was the state of matters everywhere, and suffices in great part to explain what has happened. From all we learn concerning the Mantchoo authorities and the Imperialists generally, they are men who live in a region of craft and lies, devoid of patriotism, sunk in selfishness and cowardice; and, as commonly happens with cowards, they are most unsparing in their cruelties whenever the time comes in which vengeance may be inflicted without apparent danger. While the *Hermes* was at Amoy, an army of Imperialists, some 20,000 in number, such as they were, made preparations for retaking the town from a body of insurgents who had possession of it. But the great dependence of the leader of this force, who was the viceroy, and uncle to the Emperor, was on certain bands of pirates, who had been hired for the purpose. Several of the pirate chiefs were promoted to the rank of mandarins. The following is Captain Fishbourne's account of what came under his own observation :—

'On the first of October we had returned and found the Imperialists making nearly daily attacks from the land side, which they continued with occasional combined attacks from land and sea, until the place was evacuated by the Triads (insurgents) on the 11th of November. They were too great cowards ever to have taken it, and nothing could have been more contemptible than the whole affair, more especially on the part of the Imperialists, whose numbers must have been five times those of the rebels, and their military appointments and resources were proportionably better and greater. Any hundred of our men, with a field-piece, would have taken the place in a few hours at furthest.

'The Insurgents being without supplies of food or ammunition, determined to evacuate, which they did in open day, in comparative order and complete immunity from attack.

'The Imperialists were absolutely afraid to scale the walls, till the last rebel had left the citadel; nor is this a figure of speech, for many thousands of them retired, on finding that there were a few rebels still in the place, though the main body were in full retreat, and the whole soon followed; nor did the fleet and piratical junks approach on the sea-side until all the rebel vessels had left.

'Not but that these last could have done more, but they did not

wish; being quite content to continue going through the form of fighting as long as the Imperial officers had money to pay them; and of course they only went into danger when they had no alternative.

‘Having engaged pirates, the authority was committed to them, to sanction the atrocities that these would certainly commit; and, as if that were not sufficient, they encouraged them to more than they might otherwise be inclined to, for they promised them six dollars for each head they would bring in.

‘On the entry of these savages, the first thing they did was to disperse in every direction in search of heads—regardless of anything save that the people who possessed them should be helpless; it mattered not to them that they were equally infirm and unoffending: they had heads—these they wanted.

‘All found were brought to the Chinese admiral, whose vessel was close to us, so we saw all that was passing. He then issued a mandate for their destruction. At first they began by taking their heads off at the adjoining pier: this soon was fully occupied, and the executioners becoming fatigued, the work proceeded slowly, therefore an additional set commenced taking their heads off on the sides of the boats. This also proved too slow for them, and they commenced to throw them overboard, tied hand and foot. But this was too much for Europeans; so missionaries, merchants, sailors, marines, and officers, all rushed in, and stopped further proceedings. The mandarins, executioners, staff, and all, took themselves off very quickly, for fear of consequences they could not calculate upon, but which they felt they had richly deserved: 400 poor creatures were saved from destruction; 250 of these were wounded—some with twenty, others less, but more dangerous wounds. Some had their heads nearly severed; about thirty died. The mandarins then removed their scene of butchery a mile outside the town; and during the next two days, after having obtained possession, they must have taken off upwards of 2000 heads, or otherwise destroyed that number of people. For days bodies were floating about the harbour, carried out by one tide and brought back by another, each time not quite so far, so that finally they were only disposed of by being taken to sea. Many on whom sentence of death was not passed, had their noses slit or cut off; others the ears cut off, or nailed to a post in the sun, and subject to the injury and insult of the less ill-disposed persons.

‘I could not fail to see that this treatment excited the sympathy of many of the passers-by; and, on one occasion, that the ill treatment of one of them nailed to a post, called down upon the individual an execration that made him instantly desist and walk off. The only feeling the brutal pirates evinced was that of disappointment at being deprived (as they said) by us of three thousand dollars.

‘So little sympathy did the mandarins meet with, and so little could they depend upon their own twenty thousand soldiers, that they requested protection of our consul against the same pirates, who only sought payment in full of the terms previously agreed upon.

‘The Consul fearing an indiscriminate plunder, that would eventu-

ally extend itself to English life and property, sent to the pirates to say that if they took any steps contrary to the wish of the Mandarin, they would be sunk by our ships.

‘Often during the operations, the poor people complained of the treatment of the Imperialists, and it was certainly pitiable to behold the needless destruction of property—needless if the Imperialists had been soldiers or men—such never won or kept an empire; yet none of the Imperial forces are better.’—pp. 308—311.

‘The Mandarins avowed, that after the government of Amoy was established, they meant to carry fire and sword through the surrounding districts, as the people were all tainted with revolutionary principles.’—p. 312.

Such are some of the bad qualities on the part of the Tartar rulers of China, which have prepared the way for the reverses which have come upon them. What the better qualities are which have given such advantage to their opponents we shall see presently. Our latest accounts apprise us that large bodies of insurgents are encamped near Canton, and that the Imperialists are in the same position near Amoy. The rebels in both these districts are still for the greater part idolaters; even at Amoy they make no profession of Christianity. At Amoy, too, we regret to learn that the French have taken some part with the Imperialists. The English and the Americans have observed a wise neutrality. What explanation the French have to give concerning their departure from this policy remains to be seen. That the French priests and Jesuits are at the bottom of it is not to be doubted. The Nankin insurgents, under Tou-ping-wang and the Four Kings, consist of the original and the more hopeful force engaged in the movement; but even these have ceased for some time to add to their acquisitions northward. They were, in fact, much nearer Pekin a year ago than at present. But enough has happened to show that the past of China must be the past; its future must be something widely different, and will, we doubt not, be something much better. The Triads assail the empire on social grounds, and reveal its political weakness; the Nankin insurgents assailed it on religious grounds, and have revealed its weakness in that quarter.

II. But to what extent has the course of the insurgents been marked by the sanguinary? Accounts have reached this country which describe them as bent on exterminating the Mantchoo race, and as destroying them by thousands while casting themselves upon their mercy. But to judge correctly here, it is important to distinguish between the great leaders of the insurrection from the first and those who follow them, and other parties who have opposed themselves to the Government on grounds of their own.

The insurrection commenced, as we have seen, in the latitude of Canton, but the original chiefs are soon found pursuing their course of victory several hundred miles higher up the country. In the meanwhile the evacuated district in the south fell for a time, as the following passage will show, into quite other hands.

'In Canton,' says the *Friend of China* for April, 1854, 'we learn that:—

'Idolatry has much to answer for, how much it were impossible to say; but anything seems to be better than it. From Canton we learn that there are banditti at not a great distance from the city, committing fearful atrocities. It would appear that, in revenge for betrayal of some of their comrades, after plundering the houses of everything, young children have been caught and crucified by hundreds, in the sight of their agonized mothers, who, frantic, but powerless, have dashed their (*own*) brains out against the walls at the horrid sight. These fiends in human shape (some five hundred are spoken of as in one body) are distinguished by red scarfs across the shoulders; and the Canton government, 'powerful' as it has been termed, is not able to exterminate them. This banditti, as they were at first called, have gradually grown into such a formidable body, that they have defeated the Imperialists, destroyed their camp, and driven them within the city of Canton, which is now in a state of siege by them. It has been stated, that these men have been stirred to rebellion by the insurgents at Nankin, but of this there does not appear sufficient evidence.'—pp. 322, 323.

What we know of the insurgents under Tae-ping-wang warrants us in saying that they would disown and execrate the wretches capable of such deeds. According to the latest accounts from Canton, this ferocious band would seem to have been dispersed, or to have been absorbed in the larger and better disciplined force now dominant in that neighbourhood. But while the Imperialists of that city are men who could decapitate seven hundred persons at one time, on the mere suspicion of sympathizing with the rebels, it must not be expected that the rebels, heathens as they still are in those quarters, will go like lambs to their business.

Besides this 'banditti' at Canton, there are the Triads, adherents to the 'three principles'—brethren of the 'short sword,' as they are sometimes called—who were strong enough to possess themselves of Amoy, and who are also to be distinguished from the great body of the insurgents. The Triads, for the greater part, have ceased to be idolaters, but they have not adopted the religious views of the followers of Tae-ping-wang. The conduct, however, even of this party, has been just and humane, if compared with that of the Imperialists at the same place. The banditti in the

neighbourhood of Canton has been confounded with the Triads of Amoy, but the latter have shown themselves men of another order. Concerning the reputed cruelty of the insurgents under Tae-ping, Captain Fishbourne thus writes:—

‘It has been too generally believed that the insurgents were most sanguinary in their operations, and that like the followers of Mahomet, they propagated their faith (if this were possible) by the sword; this belief is in part founded upon the misrepresentations of the Imperialists, and partly, perhaps, upon their own proclamations, which stated that they would take the heads off the priests and Tartars.

‘As to propagating their faith by the sword, this is not correct; they do not compel any to join them: but they will not admit any to fellowship unless they profess the same religion, commit to memory the same form of prayer, and observe the same daily rules of worship. The mere superscription of the Chinese character *shan*, ‘obedient,’ over the door of a house, is held a sufficient token of the submission of its inmates, and they have refused numbers upon the grounds of their not making profession of the same faith.

‘Their code of morals, chosen evidently from the Old Testament, and not suited to our habits or dispensation, is sanguinary, but is no doubt administered with justice and mercy as compared with any administration of law amongst the Imperialists; and it is probable that a law of such a character is necessary for the low and depraved state in which China is at present.

‘Some of the statements of their conduct are evidently a little figurative: thus it was the impression that they destroyed all the priests. Now on visiting Silver Island—a celebrated shrine of idolatrous worship—we found the priests there, and they stated that they had not been injured; they were given books, and informed that they must allow their hair to grow—their practice being to shave their heads.

‘The idols, it is true, were all destroyed; some of these must have been magnificent, made of clay, and forty or even sixty feet high. Those of wood or stone were defaced, and many thrown into the water.

‘Golden Island was another celebrated place of idol-worship, and there also the temples had been defaced. We observed the same in the suburbs of Nankin. The hostility was to the idols much less than to the temples; but idolatrous emblems are always woven into these buildings in such a way that it is next to impossible to remove the evidences of idolatry and not injure the temple. The celebrated porcelain tower shared in some degree the general rage against idol-worship; for, though it does not appear to have been erected with reference to worship, but in commemoration of an individual, yet many of its ornaments were idolatrous; these, we were informed, were all destroyed, and as far as we could see with the aid of our glasses, the tower had been slightly defaced, though it was still standing. Fire had been the agent used in Golden Island.

'Nor is it to be wondered at, that on awaking to a sense of the degradation their nation had been brought to by these priests and their idolatrous worship, they should be carried beyond the line of conduct which indifferent spectators would deem proper.

'The city of Nankin is a walled city, said to have contained half a million of inhabitants. Its walls are high, and extend twenty-one miles; but not more than a quarter of the indirect space was occupied with houses: and these for the most part new in one corner—the remainder being gardens and fields.

'It was said that the insurgents destroyed all the Tartars and their families to the number of twenty or twenty-five thousand. This I do not credit—not that I pretend to say what they would have done—but I think this is too much built upon the evidence of the boy-attendant of Lac's—intelligent though he was, and to be relied on, as far as his knowledge could enable him to speak. But the fact is, as I think, that the greater part were seized with the panic which appears to seize all on the approach of the insurgents, and had fled; for the houses gave conclusive proof that the city had not only been abandoned of its inhabitants, but that they had taken all their furniture and other removable property out with them; for had it been simply removed from the houses and thrown into the streets, we should have seen some remnants. It was quite remarkable how completely street after street and house after house were emptied, and with few exceptions. Again, we saw many people as we passed along, carrying back their furniture, as they did at Shanghai; confidence having returned. We saw a few houses sealed up, and from their appearance they were the houses of rich people; the silk looms also seem to have been left. These they would naturally suppose would not be injured by the insurgents; the more particularly as they had always studiously avoided any thing that affected trade; and it is owing to this care, that our export trade has been so little interrupted.

'Indeed, it is evident that the policy of Tae-ping, and his followers, is to protect the people, but make war, even 'to the knife,' against the Tartar authorities.'—pp. 174—178

Both the mendacity and the cowardice of the Mantchoos render it highly probable that their accounts in regard to the cruelties of the revolutionists would be exaggerated.

III. It is beyond doubt that the Christianity professed by the insurgents is tainted with error and superstition. But *to what extent is this the fact?* We may now take it as settled that Hung-siu-tsinen, now known as Tae-ping, or Tae-ping-wang, who was at the head of this movement from the first, and is so still at Nankin, began his career as an insurgent under religious—we may say, Christian influences. His youth was spent in study. In his riper years he became familiar with Christian books and Christian teaching in Canton and its neighbourhood. The thoughtfulness thus awakened was strengthened by his re-

flexions and experiences in sickness; and the new doctrine, which had found a genial home in his own spirit, he began to preach to others. Many who knew something of the Christian religion appear to have been confirmed by his influence, and others to whom the doctrine was wholly new embraced it, or became thoughtful concerning it:

For a while the Mantchoo authorities were heedless of these proceedings. But as converts multiplied, and the stir became notorious, attempts were made to suppress the new opinions, and persecution goaded the men professing them into rebellion. The spark which was thus struck off in the neighbourhood of Canton, kindled a flame which spread to the neighbourhood of Peking, shutting up the Tartar sovereignty to a mere corner of the dominions subject to it five years since.

But Tae-ping-wang is not now the only sovereign. He is still announced as the Heavenly or Celestial King, but subordinate to him are the Eastern King, the Western King, the Southern King, the Northern King, and the Assistant King. Tae-ping-wang, indeed, is said to be no longer visible. Some Europeans even doubt his present existence. But Yang, the Eastern King, acts in nearly all things in his stead. It is this man who has done most to mix error, and we fear we must add—religious fraud, with the movement.

The despotic sovereigns of the East do not submit to correction or control from their subjects. Their authority is said to be of divine origin, and only as the priest, through whom the divine may be supposed to speak, shall claim audience, is the earthly potentate prepared to listen. To submit in such case has been to submit, not to the human, but to the divine. Hence in ancient Egypt, and in all the ancient Asiatic empires, the priest-caste has furnished almost the only acknowledged check on the pretensions of royalty. The Chinese insurgents, however, have no priests. It is their boast that they do not need them. But in these circumstances the Eastern king, Yang, has assumed much of the authority of the old hierophants of Egypt, and of the magi of Persia, claiming to be received as inspired—or as one through whom the 'Father' speaks, making known his will to Tae-ping-wang for the good of all subject to his sway. We give an extract of some length from what is called an 'Official Statement,' which has been translated and sent to this country by Dr. Medhurst, touching these supposed revelations. Strange is what follows, but Great Britain and China are two worlds.

'On the morning of the 25th of December, 1853, being the day of worship, the Northern Prince, accompanied by the Marquis Ting-theen, the Minister of State, and other officers, came to the palace of

the Eastern Prince, to pay their compliments and to deliberate on the affairs of Government. When the deliberations were completed, the Northern Prince, with all the officers, knelt down and exclaimed, 'May your highness the Eastern Prince enjoy felicity and repose!' The Eastern Prince then commanded the Northern Prince to return to his palace, and all the officers to repair to their official residences, after which the Eastern Prince retired to his inner palace. In a short time the Heavenly Father came down into the world, and summoned Yang-shway-keaou, Hoo-kan-keaou, Tan-wan-mei, and Sang-wan-mei, saying, 'Do all you young women come forward and listen to the commands of me, the Heavenly Father.' Yang-shway-keaou, together with the female chamberlains, then approached into the presence of the Heavenly Father, and, kneeling down, inquired, saying, 'Since the Heavenly Father has taken the trouble to come down into the world, we young women have all come forward reverently to listen to the Heavenly Father's sacred commands, and to solicit his instructions.' The Heavenly Father then manifested considerable displeasure, and for some time would not speak. The female officers implored, saying, 'The moving of our Heavenly Father to take the trouble to come down into our world is to be ascribed to the faults of his sons and daughters, whose transgressions are multiplied. We, therefore, earnestly beseech our Heavenly Father's forgiveness, and intreat the removal of his displeasure, for which we pray, and pray again, with all imaginable earnestness.' The Heavenly Father then said, 'Since you little ones are sensible of your faults, do you immediately call your Northern Prince to come hither and listen to my commands.' The female chamberlains then replied, 'We will obey the Heavenly Father's sacred commands.' The female chamberlains then hastened out of the door of the second palace, and sounded the drum, announcing the descent of the Heavenly Father, and informing the male chamberlains that the Northern Prince had been summoned into his presence. The male chamberlains, in obedience to the orders given, went immediately to the Northern Palace to make this announcement. The Northern Prince then came to the Eastern Palace to listen to the sacred commands of the Heavenly Father, who had come down into the world. The Heavenly Father also commanded the female Minister of State, Yang-shway-keaou, and Hoo-kan-mei, saying, 'Before the arrival of your Northern Prince I command you to take my sacred will, and announce it to your Eastern Prince, commanding him to go to Court, and inform your Lord, the Celestial King, that my appearance is on account of the impetuous disposition of your Lord, the Celestial King. Since he is of the same nature with myself, he ought to be as forbearing as myself. In ruling over the empire, mildness is essential in everything. For instance, the female officers in the Celestial Court, assisting to manage the affairs of State, are very frequently unacquainted with matters of high import, and are, therefore, apt to do things out of due order; these must be kindly instructed, with a liberality vast as the ocean, in order that their minds may attentively accord with the regulations of Government, and thus attend properly

to their management. If they are treated with too much severity their minds will get into confusion, and they will not know what to do in order to carry out the Imperial commands. Their minds being unsettled, their frames will be agitated; and when one thing goes wrong, everything will fall into confusion. So that it is much better quietly to tell them what to do until they are versed in it, and they will then attend to it spontaneously. To instance, also, your young master, although his nature is originally good yet he must be occasionally instructed, and then he will not abandon the good dictates of his nature—which are always at hand—and fall into evil habits and practices which are foreign to his views and feelings. At present you must take advantage of his original goodness of nature, and, as you have opportunity, instruct him, that he may get accustomed to what is correct, and become an example to all the empire, that all the nations of the world may take pattern by him. When you see that his sayings and doings are in accordance with Celestial emotions, then you may allow him to say and do as he pleases; but, when you see that they are not in accordance with Heavenly emotions, you must control him, and not let him do just what he likes.' The female officers replied, 'We unworthy females will endeavour to comply with the sacred commands of our Celestial Papa.' The Heavenly Father again said, 'Yang-chang-mei and Shih-ting-lun have been for some time in the Celestial Court, attending to the affairs of State; moreover, these young women are relatives of two of the princes, and must, therefore, have their sympathies in unison with those of the royal family. With respect to the elder and younger Choo-kew-mei, they have also attained some degree of merit, and must be allowed to rest themselves and cease from labour. Whether, therefore, they remain in the Celestial Court of Tae-ping-wang, or whether they come over to the palace of the Eastern Prince, let them enjoy the ease and tranquillity becoming royal personages. It is also announced to be the Divine will that, if they are summoned into the Celestial Court, they will necessarily be daily near the royal person (of Tae-ping-wang), and, as Ministers waiting upon the Sovereign, they will have certain duties to perform which cannot be avoided; but, as they are not to attend to public business, it is much better that they remain in the palace of the Eastern Prince to enjoy themselves, which will be in all respects more convenient. With respect to the business of the Celestial Court, there are matters of State which any one may attend to. Let some other persons, therefore, be deputed to attend to these.' The female officers replied, 'We are much obliged for the trouble taken by the Heavenly Father to come down into the world to instruct us; and, unworthy as we are, we will endeavour to comply with these injunctions, while we make known the sacred will of the Heavenly Father to the Eastern Prince.' The Heavenly Father again said, 'You comply with my injunctions, and all will be right. I shall now return to Heaven.' After the Heavenly Father had gone back to Heaven, the Northern Prince, accompanied by the Marquis Ting-theen and others, arrived at the outer gate of the Eastern Palace, and, not knowing that

the Heavenly Father had returned to Heaven, they led forward all the officers to kneel down and pray, saying, 'We, your unworthy children, have frequently offended, so as to occasion our Heavenly Father to trouble himself, for which we earnestly beg our Heavenly Father's forgiveness, and that he would graciously condescend to instruct us his unworthy children.' Having finished the prayer, they continued kneeling on the ground, and commanded the male chamberlain to beat the drum and cause the female chamberlains to announce their arrival. The female chamberlains, hearing the sound of the drum, came out from the inner palace to the front gate to see the Northern Prince, and informed him, saying, 'A short time ago the Heavenly Father gave himself the trouble to come down to earth; but he is now gone back to Heaven. We, therefore, request the Northern Prince and the Marquis Ting-then to rise from their knees.' The Northern Prince then rose from his knees, and said, 'The Heavenly Father having graciously condescended to come down into the world, we should like to know what instructions he has left for us.' The female chamberlains replied, 'The sacred will of the Heavenly Father is to command the Eastern and Northern Princes, together with the officers, to go to Court. It is also commanded to the Eastern Prince to convey the sacred injunctions of the Heavenly Father to the Celestial King, ordering him to be more gentle in his disposition, and more indulgent towards others. He is also to give instructions to the heir apparent, and graciously to excuse four women of the court from the duties to which they have now to attend. The Eastern Prince, in obedience to the requisitions, is now about to go to court.' The Northern Prince said, 'Will you be kind enough to inform the Eastern Prince that I, the general, have come to pay my respects to him?' The female chamberlains announced this accordingly, when the Eastern Prince said, 'Since the Northern Prince has come, he may be told to enter my palace.' The Northern Prince and all the officers then entered the palace, and, kneeling down, exclaimed, 'May the Prince enjoy extreme longevity!' They also thanked the Eastern Prince for his consideration, saying, 'We, your younger brethren, who are here to-day, are under obligations to the fourth elder brother for the arrangements which he has made, whereby we have attained to our present position. Now, also, the Heavenly Father has manifested his great favour by coming down into our world to instruct us, for which we cherish the most unbounded gratitude. Moreover, also, the brethren and sisters throughout the world have, in a similar manner, repeatedly experienced great favours at the hands of our Heavenly Father.' The Eastern Prince said, 'The Heavenly Father has indeed taken a great deal of trouble on our behalf; may you, my younger brother, and all the officers, be duly sensible of the Celestial favours.' The Northern Prince and all the officers replied, 'We shall endeavour to comply with your honourable commands.' The Eastern Prince again said, 'The Heavenly Father has made known his sacred will, commanding us all to go to court; we ought, therefore, to proceed thither immediately.'

Having said this, he told them to wait a little, and the Northern Prince, together with the officers, knelt down and shouted, 'May your Highness enjoy abundant longevity! We beseech you, the Eastern Prince, tranquilly to ascend your sedan chair.' The Eastern Prince then commanded the Northern Prince and all the officers to go first to court. The Northern Prince was about to proceed thither accordingly, when he suddenly addressed the Chamberlain of the Northern Palace, saying, 'Do you quickly go to the sedan of the Eastern Prince, and request the favour of his instructions, as to whether we are first to go to the Hall of Audience, or to enter straight into the door of the palace.' The Chamberlain, receiving this charge, went immediately to the sedan of the Eastern Prince, and requested one of the servants of the Eastern Palace to obtain and communicate to him the wishes of his master. The servant said, 'The Eastern Prince is enjoying repose in the sedan, and I do not dare to disturb him.' The Chamberlain of the Northern Palace, hearing that the Eastern Prince was enjoying repose, did not presume to repeat the inquiry, but hastened back to inform the Northern Prince. The Northern Prince, hearing that the Eastern Prince was enjoying repose, hastily descended from his sedan and proceeded on foot to the middle of the road, where he knelt down and inquired, saying, 'Has the Heavenly Father troubled himself to come down into this world again?' To which the Heavenly Father replied in the affirmative, telling the Northern Prince to convey the sedan into the Hall of Audience. The Northern Prince replied, 'I will obey the injunctions of the Heavenly Father,' whereupon he hastily commanded the female officers of the court to inform the Celestial King of the circumstance; which done, he, together with the Ministers of State and the other officers, conveyed the sedan of the Eastern Prince within the gates of the palace. The Celestial King, T'ae-ping-wang, having heard the message which the female officers brought from the Northern Prince, intimating that the Heavenly Father had taken the trouble to come down into the world, hastily went on foot to the second gate of the palace, to receive the Heavenly Father. The last-named, on his arrival, was angry with the Celestial King, saying, 'Sew-tsenen! you are very much in fault; are you aware of it?' The Celestial King, kneeling down with the Northern Prince and all the officers, replied, saying, 'Your unworthy son knows that he is in fault, and begs the Heavenly Father graciously to forgive him.' The Heavenly Father then said, with a loud voice, 'Since you acknowledge your fault you must be beaten with forty blows.' At that time the Northern King and all the officers prostrated themselves on the ground, and, weeping, implored the Heavenly Father to manifest his favour, and remit the punishment which their master had deserved, offering to receive the blows themselves in the stead of the Celestial King. The Celestial King said, 'Do not, my younger brethren, rebel against the will of our Heavenly Father; since our Heavenly Father has of his goodness condescended to instruct us, I, your elder brother, can do no less than receive the correction.' The

Heavenly Father would not listen to the request of the officers, but still insisted on the blows being given to the Celestial King; whereupon the Celestial King replied, 'Your unworthy son will comply with your requisitions;' and, so saying, he prostrated himself to receive the blows. The Heavenly Father then said, 'Since you have obeyed the requisition, I shall not inflict the blows; but those women, Shih-ting-lan and Yang-chang-mei, must both be sent to the palace of the Eastern Prince, and stay along with the imperial relatives, to enjoy royal ease and tranquillity. There is no necessity for their aiding in the business of the State. The elder and younger Chow-kew-choo, having formerly attained to a degree of merit, may also enjoy ease and tranquillity. With regard to other matters, you can wait till your brother Yang-sew-tsing sends up his report.' Having said this, the Heavenly Father returned to heaven.

'The Northern Prince, with the rest of the officers, then escorted the Celestial King back to the palace, when the Celestial King said, 'The Heavenly Father having taken the trouble to come down to the world to communicate instruction, let us all, unworthy as we are, acknowledge the celestial favour.' All the officers, then knelt down, and thrice exclaimed, 'May the King live for ever! we shall comply with your injunctions.'—pp. 232—244.

Much follows to the same effect, in which Yang delivers various counsels to Tae-ping-wang, all as from the Heavenly Father for his guidance; and Tae ping is made to praise his advices saying, 'Your observations, brother Tsing, are all important, and may be considered the specifics for managing *'families, governing countries, and ruling the whole empire.'* Tae-ping, indeed, proceeds so far as to speak of Yang as fulfilling the idea of the Comforter promised by Jesus; and, as the not unnatural sequence, Yang has since assumed to be the Comforter—the Holy Ghost. A writer who visited Nankin in the *Susquehanna*, furnishes the following information in relation to this strange combination of the false with the true.

'Whatever Hung-sew-tseuen (Tae-ping-wang) may mean by calling himself the brother of Jesus, it is but justice to say that no evidence was found of its being insisted on as an essential article of faith among the mass of his followers. No other person but the one above referred to made an allusion to it; and several officers who subsequently visited the steamer, when asked what was meant by it, professed themselves unable to give any information on the subject. They were so evidently puzzled, that it was plain their attention had never been called to the matter before.

'Each of the other kings has also assumed a high-sounding title, as appears from the following ode, given out 'by the favour of the Heavenly Father, the Heavenly Elder Brother, and the Heavenly King, that all soldiers and people under heaven may celebrate praises in accordance with it:—

‘Praise the Supreme Ruler, who is the holy heavenly Father, the one only true God.

Praise the heavenly Elder Brother, the Saviour of the world, who laid down his life for men.

Praise the Eastern King, the holy Divine Breath (*i. e.* the Holy Spirit as used by Morrison) who atones for faults and saves men.

Praise the Western King, the rain-teacher, an high-as-heaven honourable man.

Praise the Southern King, the cloud-teacher, an high-as-heaven upright man.

Praise the Northern King, the thunder-teacher, an high-as-heaven benevolent man.

Praise the assistant King, the lightning-teacher, an high-as-heaven righteous man.

How different are the true doctrines from the doctrines of the world :

They are able to save men’s souls, causing the enjoyment of happiness without end.

The wise with exultation receive them as their source of happiness.

The foolish when awakened may know by them the way therein.

The grace of the heavenly Father is vast, exceeding great, without bounds.

He spared not his first-born Son, but sent him down into the world

To lay down his life for the redemption of our sins.

If men experience repentance, their souls shall ascend to heaven.’

‘The last part of the hymn is taken from the *Book of Religious Precepts*. The name of the ‘Celestial King’ it will be observed, is omitted in the ode. Is it because he has forbidden its being so used? The second clauses of the stanzas relating to the Heavenly Brother and the Eastern King have been altered since the first publication of the piece, by pasting a slip over the characters originally printed. Before the alteration, these clauses read respectively,

‘An high-as-heaven holy man,’

‘And—

‘An as high-as-heaven holy spirit.’

‘The titles applied to these kings are no doubt mere empty names, without any specific meaning, and are not necessarily to be understood as implying a claim to super-earthly dignity.

‘Whatever may be thought of such an ode among persons better instructed, there is the best evidence that it is not regarded as offering worship to the Kings mentioned. The uniform testimony at Nankin was, that none but the Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother were worshipped. The worship is very simple. Before each of the three meals an offering is placed upon the table, consisting of *three bowls of rice, three bowls of vegetables, and three cups of tea, or wine*. Then all join in a hymn, remaining seated, after which they kneel and offer a short prayer. There is preaching, as often as the proper authorities give orders for it. A large stage, erected in an open field, was said to be used as a pulpit on such occasions.

‘Little evidence was found of religious culture, or of any just appreciation, by the mass, of the doctrines of Christianity. This indeed could not be expected; yet many of the multitude who visited the steamer could repeat the Ten Commandments as given in their books.

In speaking of the Deity they invariably use the expression Tien-foo, Heavenly Father.'—*North China Herald*.

To most English readers this mixture of truth and untruth, of the wise and the foolish, will appear very strange. But there is a childish simplicity, a harmless quietism pervading it, by no means in keeping with the cruel and sanguinary character sometimes ascribed to these people. The real marvel after all is, not that there should be such differences between the opinions and habits of these men and our own, as that the affinities between us should be such as we find them. The Christian influences which have reached them, and given them all the Christian truth and feeling they possess, have been so different, so limited, and, we may add, so far erroneous, as to go far towards explaining the phenomenon presented in their recent history. One fact is very observable—they have had to depend much more on the printer than on the preacher. We remember it to have been a grave maxim with the late Dr. Morrison, when in this country some thirty years since, that the duty of the Church towards China for some time to come would be, not so much to preach, as to print. His feeling seemed to be, that from the difficulties of the language, it was little that Europeans *could* do in the way of preaching, while they might hope to do great things by continuous and patient effort in printing, seeing that the Chinese were beyond all people a reading people. Since that time the press has been sowing its seed broadcast. We now see the effect, both in its good and in its not-good. Had it been possible to send forth the preacher more adequately by the side of the press, we should probably have reaped the good seed we now see without so large an admixture of tares. Captain Fishbourne touches with much intelligence on the different sources from which the fragmentary knowledge of the insurgents would seem to have been derived:—

'It appears to me that, though many causes contributed to its success, the main element in the movement was Christianity; and as I have said before, to the Protestant missionaries of all denominations inclusively, is due the credit of having propagated the knowledge and feeling from which it sprang.

'Even Gutzlaff's Chinese Union, though it was not satisfactory in all its members, or thorough in its teaching, deserves its praise.

'There can be no question but that it is Gutzlaff's translation of the Bible that they have; and it is more than probable that he circulated Bibles in Kwang-tong and in Kwang-se in 1848, in which province the rebellion commenced.

'And the Anglo-Chinese papers stated from time to time, that members of the Chinese Union were amongst the insurgents, and even that the movement had been originated by them. This was given the

readier credence to, because Gutzlaff had stated that there would be a revolution soon, though indeed others to whom he had stated this, understood him to mean that it would have its origin in secular motives. It is equally true, however, that Gutzlaff often said when people questioned the utility of his Chinese Union, or the fact that the missionaries were making any progress,—‘Well, wait a little, and you will see the contrary.’

‘There is a remarkable passage in the letter which was written by the two insurgent generals or chiefs at Chiang-Kiang-foo, in answer to a letter of Sir George Bonham.

‘We remember, moreover, how, on a former occasion, we, in conjunction with Bremer, Elliot, and Wanking, (?) in the province of Canton, erected a church, and together worshipped Jesus, our Celestial Elder Brother: all these circumstances are as fresh in our recollection as if they had happened but yesterday.’

‘This argues an early appreciation and acceptance of the truths of Christianity; and though the allusions to Christianity in these earlier proclamations that reached us in China were asserted, very generally, to be mere extracts from Christian tracts, I was satisfied from the first that they were written by persons who better understood, and more appreciated the scheme of Christianity, than do the people constituting the mass of Christendom.

‘Any Christian giving ordinary intelligence to the examination of these proclamations, and being uninfluenced by prejudice, would come to the same conclusion: for though they might have quoted from Christian tracts, unless they understood the subject, the weaving in of these extracts could not have been otherwise than incongruous, which it may be seen they are not; for though they contain error, it is not of such a kind.

‘I would not be understood to say that the Roman Catholic missionaries have not contributed towards the general result; because everything that tended to question the truth of their whole system—philosophical, social, and religious, had that effect: but their influence was small in proportion; as they conformed or allowed conformity to heathen practices in their worship. Hence, the previously existing state of things would have gone on to the end of the chapter, had not a new, a Protestant element been introduced.

‘Many of their missionaries compromised their position and creed, by the adoption of the dress, sometimes of a Buddhist Priest, sometimes that of a Chinese Literati: and the largest and most influential section, the Jesuits, permitted in their so-called convents the retention of many superstitious rites, in honour of Confucius and of their ancestors.

‘The Dominicans and Franciscans had protested ineffectually against many of these concessions. They must now lament, that they had not been more earnest for the truth. The conduct of the contending parties is another evidence, if any were wanting, that there is something wrong in the moral condition of man, that he should be less

earnest for truth than for error. Nay, in that he even rejoices in error, and continues to do so till too late!

'Huc and Gabet (I fancy of the Jesuit mission in China), in their *Travels in Thibet*, speak of the extraordinary similarity they observed in the dresses of the Lamas, to those of the dignitaries of their own church; so much are they so, and some of their ceremonies so much alike, that it would be difficult for any but the initiated to discern a difference, or not be persuaded, that if they be not the same, they must have had a common origin.

'Du Halde said that in his time, Buddhism was considered the counterpart of Roman Catholicism. It was difficult then to distinguish between them in the Chinese mind.

'After the dethronement of the last of the Ming Emperors, Young-tze, a grandson of the 13th of that dynasty, who was King of the capital of the province of Quey-chew, was proclaimed Emperor by the Viceroy of Kwang-se, and by the Generalissimo of the Chinese forces, who were both said to be Christians. For a time he held his court at Shau-king near Canton; but after four years of varied fortunes but ultimate failure, he retired into Kwang-se, then to Yun-nun, and finally to Pegu; upon which the Tartar Emperor sent troops, with a threatening letter to the King of Pegu, who gave him with his whole family up: whereupon he was carried to Shau-king near Canton and strangled. His Queen and his mother, however, were sent to Peking, and were treated with kindness; but they continued in the religion (Christian) which they had embraced. This was in 1624; and it is argued that they were Roman Catholics, and that if the Miou-tze were Christians, they must have been of that denomination: if so, they were so only traditionally, for they cease to be so now: the movement is essentially Protestant in its principles—that is, holding the Bible alone without tradition.

'Another important element in the early success of this movement, was the fact of its raising in the vicinity of the mountains, occupied by the Miou-tze, a race of independent mountaineers, who never submitted to the Tartar, nor indeed to any yoke, or adopted their badges of slavery, or any custom indicative of it. There must have been some principles and some influences more than ordinary amongst them, to have kept them thus separate, in the midst of a people who seem to have had more than ordinary power to permeate and pervade other races; showing them to possess an indestructibility of race like the Jew.

'The ignorant always invent something strange but ridiculous to account for what they do not understand; and the settled policy of the court (to vilify all whom they cannot control) would account for the extravagant notions entertained of these simple mountaineers at Peking. They call them wolf-men; they were outlawed, and no one allowed to intermarry with them, or even to buy from or sell to them.

'Of their real position and character we have much to learn, and it may be of the most interesting, not to say important kind, for it may

be that, like the Jews at Kae-fung-foo, they have a copy of the Old Testament Scriptures, but have lost the knowledge of the character in which it is written; or that they may be like the Christians found by Dr. Buchanan, who have really copies of the Scriptures; as a Miu-tze informed us at Chiang-Kiang-foo—but only a very few, and because of having only a few, they were preserved with religious awe, and as a consequence, the people have only a general knowledge of their contents; so that only such meagre portions of the truth as may have been embalmed in their customs and traditions is current amongst them, revolting them from idolatry like the Jew, and predisposing them so towards Christianity, that when it was presented to them they met it with acceptance.

‘If so, what a marvel is here as respects the moral government of the world—a train of causation carried forward, from the eighth or twelfth century, when the light spread by the Nestorian Church was put out, and held latent, as it were, on the mountain-tops of this small spot in the far-west, ready to be lit up as a beacon-light on the advent of the first pure preacher of the Gospel—at the fulness of time—when China’s day of visitation was fully come.’—pp. 32—38.

Knowledge so received, and received by such a people, could scarcely have led to a different result. The work of the press was quiet, unobtrusive, much more so than the labours of the preacher could have been, and appears in consequence to have been left to its course until its appointed work was done. It may be doubted, too, as intimated by Captain Fishbourne, whether the professors of a much purer Christianity would have been the men to do the work which was to be done in this stage of Chinese history. It is very clear that men filled with the passive resistance and peace crotchets found among ourselves would not have been fitting instruments for the will of Providence in this matter; nor is it probable that the Chinese people would have been largely influenced by any system having in it less of a Chinese element.

IV. But we now come to the question as to *the amount of Truth to be found amidst so much Error*. In this inquiry, we of course pass by the insurgents in Amoy, and those about Canton. What political science these may possess, fitting them to become the nucleus of a better authority than that of the Tartars—which they are aiming to supersede—the future must determine. Of the insurgents about Amoy we know enough to be hopeful in this respect. Of those near Canton we have more reason to stand in doubt. In our solicitude for the better government and the better faith of China, our hope turns toward Nankin, notwithstanding all the error and false pretension set forth there by the Eastern King.

One fact we wish to impress on our readers, viz., that the very

errors of the Nankin insurgents seem to show that in regard to religion, they are in the main a self-taught people, and on that account the more likely to be sincere to the extent of their light. In most cases, Protestant missionaries have been disposed to insist that the Christianity of their converts should be of their own exact type. Hence it must be supposed that much of what has been received as Christian has been received more from accident, and as a matter of imposition, than as the effect of any living and personal conviction. Where no room is left for discrimination or selection, much that is adopted must be merely formal and conventional. But the Chinese insurgents have been under no such constraint. From this cause they have probably lost their hold on some important portions of truth. But the truth they have embraced we may reasonably regard as truth embraced with that degree of personal feeling and conviction that will be favourable to its growth. Religion, where it is genuine, is a *growth*—it is not like our clothes, the one suit to be put off that another may be put on. The Christianity which has found its way among those people has become a real grafting on their proper selves, and the result is such as might have been expected. Natural as this reasoning may seem, it has not been natural to some people to reason after this manner. Many have been ready to persuade themselves that the Christianity professed by this remote and extraordinary people would be found to be very much such as we profess ourselves; and finding it to be considerably different, they are now almost prepared to say that it is no Christianity at all. Our author has some just observations on this subject.

‘No candid mind examining the proclamations and publications of the Insurgents, but must come to the conclusion that there are stated in these, certain broad principles by which they should be judged as a party, and which should guide us in dealing with them, and should insure for them not only candid treatment, but an acknowledgment that they are what they wish us to believe them; and what they represent themselves to be,—brethren, as believing with us the great truths which have constituted the grounds upon which nations have been admitted into the great family of Christendom; and which form the strong line of demarcation that separates them from all impostors, with whom, sometimes, though not often, they are unfairly classed.

‘They adopt Christianity, and this not simply in name, but after showing an intelligent appreciation of some of its most important doctrines, and having inculcated and yielded obedience to many of its precepts.
 ‘They believe in one God and Father of all, and have expressed, if they have not formed a somewhat high (relatively) estimate of his
 may

attributes. Thus: 'The great God is a spiritual Father, a ghostly Father, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent; all nations under heaven are acquainted with His great power.'

'They believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of the world. Thus: 'Our heavenly Father, of His great mercy and unbounded goodness, spared not His first-born Son, but sent him down into the world, to give his life for the redemption of all our transgressions; the knowledge of which, coupled with repentance, saves the souls of men.'

'They invoke the influence of the Holy Spirit. 'I also earnestly pray then the great God, our heavenly Father, constantly to bestow on me thy Holy Spirit, and change my wicked heart: never more allow me to be deceived by malignant demons; but perpetually regarding me with favour, for ever deliver me from the Evil One.'

'They believe that the Scriptures are a revelation from God;—they make them the test of truth, and rule of faith, and they do not put anything forward as of co-ordinate authority.

'They do not set forth any traditions, like Israel of old, to make void the word of God.

'They do not attempt to invent a Bible, or add anything to, or take from, the word of God. We have thus a common standard of truth, though they, owing to education, and the difficulties of language, draw somewhat different conclusions, and unwittingly mix up much that is unsatisfactory and incongruous with their statements of truth;—but they, not perceiving this incongruity, publish it, and still insist that our religion is one, and that we are brethren. But is not this the case with many who have had infinitely greater means of ascertaining what that standard is—are there not many who are as wide, or nearly so, from the truth, far wider on some points, and yet we do not take that as a sufficient ground upon which to question their sincerity, or to refuse political intercourse?

'Their education has been such, so radically different from ours, that they cannot but reason and resolve upon any given statements somewhat differently from us, and yet may be equally sincere. These men must have made sacrifices, and run no ordinary risks, which is a proof of their sincerity, though it may not be necessarily of their possessing the truth;—no man acts against his instinct without a reason. It is no answer to this, to say, that it is not against their true interests—for it was against their temporal interest, the only one they recognised for a time: at first they were subject to persecutions, and some even to death. For this reason it were unwise to wish that they had been better instructed; it were also unwise, because, had they been better instructed in the principles and precepts of Christianity, in all probability they would not have been found raising the standard of revolt. They would have submitted, and their heads would have been taken, as thousands had been in China before. The country would thus have continued hermetically sealed against enlightenment and Christianity.

'It has been wisely ordered otherwise, for though it were admitted

for argument's sake that they had not introduced a single Christian idea, yet in commencing a political change, they have placed their country on the high way to civilization and truth, with its attendant blessings.'—pp. 336—340.

The Tartar emperor, in one of his memorials, states that these people 'are not to be compared with the vagabonds of any other sect,' and that their contempt of danger, and readiness to die for their principles, causes wonder to his officers and people. Such a witnessing reminds us of the heathen testimonies concerning the first Christians. Captain Fishbourne says, very wisely, that there are many considerations to be kept in view in judging even of such pretensions as those set forth by Yang, the Eastern King.

'There is a general disposition to forget the low starting-point of all heathen, but especially the Chinese, and to argue that because all is not attained, nothing has been. It looks as if men could be candid upon all subjects but upon that of religion. There are extravagances in their writings when we attach our meaning to them, and when they are measured by the highest standard of excellence. But with what propriety can we attach our meaning to them?

'Take, for instance, their most extravagant writings, those by Yang-sew-tsing, who I believe to be a consummate hypocrite;—and if so, it is unfair to judge his party by him, or by his writings. He has been charged with blasphemy, I think, recklessly. Dr. Bridgeman, an American Missionary, and a Chinese student of thirty years, hesitates to say blasphemous; because he adds, 'I do not know what he (Yang-sew-tsing) means by the use of the title, ling, (that used by Morrison to designate the Holy Spirit.)' Another American, whose letter I give, with 'the ode' in which 'ling' is used, attached, says, and I think with justice, 'that they are mere high-sounding titles.'

'Yang-sew-tsing's religious opinions are but little removed from Unitarianism; consequently, when he assumes the title of the Holy Spirit, he does not profess to claim the attributes of God the Spirit; he does not appear to know 'if there be any Holy Ghost.'

'Had he meant to assume the title and dignity of the Holy Spirit, he would have assumed a superiority to Hung-sew-tseuen; but this evidently he does not, as he frequently states his inferiority to the Celestial King, and the Celestial King's Son also.

'Again, if this ode were meant to be a doxology, and the enjoining its use as such were considered as inculcating the worship of those included therein; this were to prove too much, and too little—for it would teach that neither the Celestial King nor his Son were to be worshipped, but the four kings and the assistant king were, equally with Yang-sew-tsing; he as the Holy Spirit, and they, as what? this also proves that Yang does not claim to be the Holy Spirit, or superiority, but only priority over the other kings.

‘Much of the revelation also by Yang, when seen from our point of view, and in the light of our knowledge, is excessively offensive; still in these (except in the fact of stating that he had revelations), he does not contravene any statement of Scripture—he inculcates Christian virtues, if he means to inculcate anything. But as I have before said, I believe him to be an impostor. The character of the Emperor, in the eyes of the Chinese, is something so sacred and heavenly, that the pretence of a revelation from heaven was necessary to obtain Yang the power and influence he exercised over his sovereign; but for this assumption he dared not have ventured to award forty stripes of a bamboo, and this could only have been designed to humiliate and rob Hung of his dignity; he showed great cunning in not inflicting it. The whole scene is quite Chinese.’—pp. 343—345.

All the nations of modern Europe have grown out of a state of heathenism into the condition which has constituted them the Christendom of the West. No man acquainted with the slow and uncertain steps by which those changes were realized, will be surprised to find that traces of the old heathen thinking and usage should be clearly observable among the revolutionists of China. The placing of three bowls of tea as before the altar of the Deity in their worship, is the retention of an old usage of a very innocent description, if compared with customs retained in worship by the early professors of the Gospel in Saxon Britain, and in the Germany of that period. If polygamy be tolerated by the insurgents in sovereign or subject, it is a grave error. On this point, however, we need other evidence than we have yet obtained. It must be remembered, too, that the men who began the movement, were the men in whom the religious element was the most powerful. But as these traversed China, another Europe in extent, and were dispersed over it amidst their constantly increasing followers, everything really Christian in the moving mass must have been more and more diffused and weakened, leaving but too much room for the appearance of many errors and mischiefs which the earlier and better informed insurgents would have avoided and discountenanced. China, it must be borne in mind, is a region of vast extent, and what happens in one of its provinces or nations must not be hastily supposed to be common to all its provinces and nations. The following lines are from a work called the *Trimetrical Classic*, in the hands of all who acknowledge the authority of Tae-ping, and we know not where to find anything more adapted to remind us of those simple and beautiful summaries of Christian fact and doctrine, which have formed the early faith of nations while passing out of a heathen into a Christian State.

"But the great God
 Out of pity to mankind,
 Sent his first-born Son
 To come down into the world.
 His name is Jesus,
 The Lord and Saviour of men,
 Who redeems them from sin
 By the endurance of extreme misery.
 Upon the cross
 They nailed his body:
 Where He shed his precious blood,
 To save all mankind.
 Three days after his death
 He rose from the dead,
 And during forty days
 He discoursed on heavenly things.'—p. 357.

Many instances occur in the history of ancient and modern missions showing how the Gospel has loosed the tongue of man, and made him eloquent in the cause of his new faith; but we know of nothing in Christian history more significant and striking in this view than the scene described by Dr. Medhurst in the following letter:—

'DEAR SIR,—As everything regarding the Insurgents possesses a degree of interest at the present moment, I beg leave to send you the following account:—

'Having obtained admission into the city of the Shanghai this afternoon, I proceeded to one of the chapels belonging to the London Missionary Society, where I commenced preaching to a large congregation, which had almost immediately gathered within the walls. I was descanting on the folly of idolatry, and urging the necessity of worshipping the one true God, on the ground that he alone could protect his servants, while idols were things of nought, destined soon to perish out of the land; when suddenly a man stood up in the midst of the congregation, and exclaimed—'That is true, that is true! the idols must perish, and shall perish. I am a Kwang-se man, a follower of Thae-ping-wang; we all of us worship one God (Shang-te), and believe in Jesus, while we do our utmost to put down idolatry; everywhere demolishing the temples, and destroying the idols, and exhorting the people to forsake their superstitions. When we commenced two years ago, we were only 3000 in number, and we have marched from one end of the empire to the other, putting to flight whole armies of the Mandarin's troops that were sent against us. If it had not been that God was on our side, we could not have thus prevailed against such overwhelming numbers; but now our troops have arrived at Teen-tsin, and we expect soon to be victorious over the whole empire.' He then proceeded to exhort the people in a most lively and earnest strain to abandon idolatry, which was only the worship of devils, and the perseverance in which would involve them in the misery of hell; while, by giving it up, and believing in Jesus, they would obtain the salvation of their souls. 'As for us,' he said, 'we feel quite happy in

the possession of our religion, and look on the day of our death as the happiest period of our existence; when any of our number die, we never weep, but congratulate each other on the joyful occasion, because a brother is gone to glory, to enjoy all the magnificence and splendour of the heavenly world. While continuing here, we make it our business to keep the commandments, to worship God, and to exhort each other to do good, for which end we have frequent meetings for preaching and prayer. What is the use, then,' he asked, 'of you Chinese going on to burn incense, and candles, and gilt paper; which, if your idols really required it, would only show their covetous dispositions, just like the Mandarins, who seize men by the throat, and if they will not give money, squeeze them severely; but if they will, they only squeeze them gently.' He went on to inveigh against the prevailing vices of his countrymen, particularly opium-smoking; 'that filthy drug,' he exclaimed, 'which only defiles those who use it, making their houses stink, and their clothes stink, and their bodies stink, and their souls stink, and will make them stink for ever in hell, unless they abandon it.'

'But you must be quick,' he adds, 'for Thae-ping-wang is coming, and he will not allow the least infringement of his rules, no opium, no tobacco, no snuff, no wine, no vicious indulgences of any kind; all offences against the commandments of God are punished by him with the severest rigour, while the incorrigible are beheaded—therefore, repent in time.'

'I could perceive, from the style of his expressions, and from his frequently quoting the books of the Thae-ping dynasty, that he was familiar with those records, and had been thoroughly trained in that school. No Chinaman who had not been following the camp of the insurgents for a considerable time could have spoken as he did.

'He touched also on the expense of opium-smoking, 'which drained their pockets, and kept them poor in the midst of wealth, whilst we who never touch the drug are not put to such expense. Our master provides us with food and clothing, which is all we want; so that we are rich without money.'

'I could not help being struck also with the appearance of the man, as he went on in his earnest strain. Bold and fearless as he stood, openly denouncing the vices of the people, his countenance beaming with intelligence, his upright and manly form the very picture of health, while his voice thrilled through the crowd, they seemed petrified with amazement: their natural conscience assured them that his testimony was true; while the conviction seemed to be strong amongst them, that the two great objects of his denunciation—opium and idolatry, were both bad things, and must be given up.

'He spoke an intelligible Mandarin, with an occasional touch of the Canton or Kwang-si brogue. His modes of illustration were peculiar, and some of the things which he advanced were not such as Christian missionaries were accustomed to bring forward. The impression left on my mind, however, was that a considerable amount of useful instruction was delivered, and such as would serve to promote

the objects we had in view, in putting down idolatry, and furthering the worship of the true God.

‘Another thought also struck my mind; viz., this is a class of men that can with difficulty be controlled. They must, for a time, be allowed to go their own way. It may not be in every respect the way which we could approve, but it does not appear to run directly counter to our objects. In the meantime we can go on in ours, and inculcate such truths as they may forget, or state correctly what they fail to represent aright. Thae-ping-wang may thus prove a break-up of our way, and prepare the people for a more just appreciation of Divine truth, as soon as we can get the Sacred Scriptures freely circulated among them. Ever yours truly,

‘W. H. MEDHURST.’

Yes, this is a class of men ‘that can with difficulty be controlled.’ So long as such a spirit is sustained within them, they are in the way to work out their own salvation, in their own manner, for this world and the next. How far Yang has been deceiver or deceived in his pretended revelations is doubtful. But the idea of the possession of the human soul by a good or evil spirit is one very familiar to the Chinese mind. The idea, moreover, of a revelation from the Deity to individual men, for the benefit of other men, is one of the most prominent in those Old Testament Scriptures from which the followers of Tae-ping have derived so many of their opinions and maxims. It is not to be doubted that the Eastern King would have it believed that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, has spoken through him; but that he intends anything beyond this remains to be proved. The difficulties of the Chinese language are so great as to leave this point obscure in the judgment of those Europeans who possess the best knowledge both of the language and the people. The Government at Nankin, it is said, have not less than four hundred men employed in printing Gutzlaff’s edition of the Bible; and the copies are distributed free of cost as fast as they are produced. This fact is itself a marvel, and pregnant with marvels still greater. There is enough in the circumstances now mentioned to warrant us in suspending our judgment concerning rumours unfavourable to the character of these people, until we are sure that they have come to be something more definite than rumour. Much that has been reported in regard to them, and greatly to their injury, has proved to be false, or only partially true. The Imperialists, their opponents, are the most notorious liars in existence, and there is no form or measure of calumny that may not proceed from that quarter. Added to which, the emissaries of Rome are deeply chagrined on finding that the religious element in the revolution has proved to be so emphatically

Protestant, and in the matter of lying the Jesuit and the Muntchoo may be classed together.

V. But *what is likely to be the influence of this movement on the Future of China*, and what may be said to be *the Policy most expedient for us* in relation to that country?

In dealing with this question it behoves us to bear in mind that, great and despotic as the power of the Emperor of China is supposed to have been, the principles of local government, and in some respects of self-government, have found singular root and development among the people of China. The viceroys and principal authorities in the several provinces have received their appointments from the Emperor, and have been displaced purely at his pleasure: but there are many local organizations which those authorities have been required to use, not to ignore, still less to suppress. These organizations, existing from centuries past, consist of guilds, trade clubs, mutual benefit societies, and local and municipal arrangements, which give existence to local authorities more or less elective, and to a local militia intended to insure the order and tranquillity of the district, and to be under its direction. The language of one of the Imperial proclamations touching this militia, sounds almost like that of some Anglo-Saxon king, addressed to the tithings and hundreds of his domain:—‘In respect to the organization of the militia, this is a measure of the people for their own defence and the preservation of their families. Each village may form its own band, or several villages may unite to form one band. The expense may be defrayed by the gentry and head men, taking it into their own management.’ Some fear is evinced lest the union of such forces should become dangerous:—‘As to those who thus engage in self-defence rendering mutual aid, the moving about from place to place, which this would involve, would deteriorate the character of the men, and so promote a fresh disorder.’ Such, we are told, is the power and completeness of some of these organizations, that they have sometimes resisted the imposts levied by the imperial officers; and so great has been their moral power, that the executive has not unfrequently deemed it expedient to yield to their remonstrances. Through the instrumentality of this machinery the people have been wont to levy rates, and have been known to use the force raised and sustained by themselves for the expulsion of the recognised local authorities.

All candidates for office in China, as in Prussia, and some other continental states, have to pass a certain literary examination. This examination takes place in the sixty-four volumes called San-tsae-hoo, which are in effect both the statute and

common law of the empire. The effect of the stereotyped routine thus imposed is described as follows by Captain Fishbourne:—

‘The Tartar, or Federal Government—for it was little more—had very little power, except within narrow limits, as they were generally obliged to govern in accordance with these documents. That they had to do so was often a cause of great weakness, and always served to make their weakness manifest; for they seldom could originate or carry out anything that was really for the benefit of the people; there being always censors jealous of change to resist innovation.

‘Never was a greater mistake than to suppose that the Tartar Government was strong. Absolute in its professed principles, and in some cases really so—placed over a country of enormous resources, its own proper resources were exceedingly limited, and its power for good and its independent influences so small, that it scarcely deserved the title of a government.

‘The effect of this state of things has been fatal to the welfare of the people, and the remnant of power of the government—which, seeking to relieve itself from its difficulties and to increase its power, by corruption, or by conniving at unjust exactions, so completely demoralized its *employés*, that all are corrupt together; the little power they had is lessened, all its servants are mercenaries, and their term of office will terminate with their means of corruption, which cannot be long, as the people are everywhere refusing payment of taxes.

‘The people are indifferent, to a great extent, as to who are their nominal rulers; but this is because of their having these local governments, that affect them much more than their federal rulers possibly can; and they being indifferent, it seems quite impossible that the Tartars can again re-establish themselves in power.’—pp. 374—376.

The question as to the possibility of restoring tranquillity to so vast an empire when once disturbed, is in part answered by the fact that order in China depends not so much on the central as on the local governments. From this cause, a change of dynasty may come, and leave the great framework of society untouched. It has been thus in the history of all the great Asiatic empires. Conquests which, viewed from a distance, have seemed to break down and demolish everything, have in fact issued in leaving everything much as it was, only placing the central authority in new hands. The people, on being allowed to hold on their course of life much as before, have remained passive under this change of masters.

That the Nankin insurgents will retain possession of that large portion of China which now owns their authority is hardly to be doubted. If the Imperialists retain any hold on the great seaboard of China from Nankin to Canton, it can only be by means of hired pirates, or by aid, directly or indirectly, from

America or Europe. Surely we may say that a power which can exist only as propped up by a mercenary banditti, is a power that should be left to come to an end. But what if it should prove that this is a power which America, France, and England are prepared to uphold? If Jonathan should take this course, it will be another instance showing his readiness to become the ally of the despot for the pelf to be gained by it. If France so does, it will be to please her priesthood. Our representative there, Sir John Bowring, has already given signs of his leaning in this direction, by requiring English merchants to pay duties to the Imperialists, even where the Imperialists had lost all power of giving protection to the property from which the payments were to be made. For this whim he has been rebuked by the authorities at home, and his order has been rescinded. But Sir John is a *doctrinaire* Whig, and we are prepared for anything from the conceit and religious indifferentism too characteristic of the school to which he belongs. Buddhism, Romanism, or almost any other *ism*, is, we suspect, about as good in his view as an earnest evangelical protestantism. In his own liberal sympathies, or religious sympathies, we have little confidence—it is the state of things at home, and the probable reckoning there, that must keep him right.

It behoves America and the two Western Powers to look before they leap in this matter. They may aid the Imperialists in the sea-ports; but that is all they can do. They may sweep the long line of coast, but they cannot touch the interior, unless they resolve to go in and settle there, and convert it into a second India. The Imperialists are known to have but one feeling towards foreigners—the feeling of hate. The Nankin Insurgents are prepared to hail them all as brethren; and if any other condition of things should arise between them and this country, we trust that Sir John Bowring will be required to give a full and faithful account as to the cause of the change. From our latest information, it appears that Sir John has been collecting an unusual naval force at Canton, as if for the purpose of intimidating the Insurgents, and aiding the Imperialists in that quarter, after the manner of the French at Shanghai. According to the last accounts, Canton was still in possession of the Imperialists; but a large body of Insurgents are safely encamped near it, approaching its gates, and extending their hostilities to its very harbour. Shanghai, after being for more than twelve months in the hands of a band of Insurrectionists of the Triad class, has been vacated by them. This has resulted in part from their want of provisions, still more from the imprudent quarrel with them, and attack upon them, on the

part of the French. The night before leaving the place, the Insurgents set fire to it in several parts at the same time; at daybreak they left it leisurely, and in order, and only when they were known to have departed did the Imperialist chief and his pirate retainers venture to pass within the walls.

More than the half of China is, to all appearance, irrevocably lost to the Tartar dynasty. The portion of it over which the new power at Nankin extends, if left to itself, and wisely dealt with, will come more and more under European influences, and cannot fail in consequence to grow stronger, while it is all but inevitable that the Tartar power will become weaker. Our best policy, and that of France and America, must be to keep as free as possible from any entanglement with the affairs of the belligerents, as such, until matters shall have assumed some settled shape. Above all, it behoves us to avoid the appearance of siding with the Imperialists, or of entering, for the present, into negotiation of any kind with them. Their exchequer is miserably empty, nor is it easy to see how it should be replenished, unless, after Sir John Bowring's fashion, *we* strain a point to help them in that particular. The corruption which characterises their *employés*, from the highest to the lowest, and their habitual extortion and cruelty, have left them without real adherents in any class of the community. Scarcely a man is to be found who would be willing to sacrifice anything, or to brave anything, in their cause. As we have seen, hired pirates are the only force on which they can rely. While even the Triads of Amoy and Shanghai, and latterly those of Canton, have acquired some character for moderation and integrity, if compared with their opponents. The force at Nankin evidently consists of men who are brave, and the secret of whose courage has been found in the fact, that they can trust each other in a manner which is new in Chinese history. If there be any certain lesson to be gathered from the past, it is not difficult to see on which side the scale must turn between such antagonists, if it should only happen to them to be left free from external meddling. The Chinese, moreover, are great fatalists, and the successes of the Insurgents have impressed them with the sentiment, that the time for Providence to bring its retribution on the Tartar dynasty has come.

For some time past the China trade has been almost confined to exports; but it will be our own fault if this be continued much longer. It would be easy to induce the new powers to give us the full sweep of their noble rivers. The people are everywhere shrewd enough to see that the advantages of such intercourse to themselves would be great, even greater than to us.

Easy, too, would it be to secure stipulations in favour of freedom in religion, as well as in trade, and to neglect this latter precaution, after seeing what religious influence has achieved in that country, would be a sin of omission of unparalleled enormity. There is no fear that France would secure such a stipulation, and America too; but we are not so sure that the 'administrative' representative of this country would have any thought about the matter, unless the chance of a breeze at home as the consequence of neglecting it should loom in the distance. The great sea-coast of China, and the greater part of her inland territory will be open to European influence if the Imperialists fail, and the Imperialists must fail, if England will only resolve that they shall be left to their own resources.

The Chinese insurrection suggests much on the great subject of Christian missions. We have seen that when Dr. Gutzlaff was reminded—taunted we may suppose—as to the little which seemed to have been done, his answer was, 'wait.' Gutzlaff's career shows that he was not perfect in wisdom—that he might in some things be mistaken and deceived; but his mind was one of the rare class which can—wait. Few men know how to wait. They are only the real men who can wait. The late Dr. Morrison was a man of this order. He could postpone preaching, work obscurely at printing, and say—wait. Children are impatient, because they only see the near. Men are patient, because they see the remote. But there is one grave evil here incident to our Protestant missions. The man who can say 'wait' abroad, is in danger of falling into the hands of men who do not know how to say wait at home. One is of course aware, that funds raised by popular contribution, must be administered by a delegation of some kind prepared to show that the administration has been to the end proposed. But there is a tendency here which should be under a wise control. Our conviction has long been, that the men sent as missionaries among the civilized heathen—as in India or China—should be for the most part men of real ability, culture, and address. The number sent out in this case would probably be less, but the efficiency would be greater. We fear, however, that the conditions necessary to obtain the services of such men have small place in the thoughts of those who constitute majorities on missionary committees in connexion with our different denominations. All missionaries, it seems, are placed on the same level as regards their means of support, whatever their previous condition, or their individual claims; all are placed in the same harness as regards their mode of operation; and too often the reins are so handled at home, as to be felt painfully at a distance. The way to obtain men

of riper age and greater aptitude is to determine that such men shall be *well sustained and largely trusted*. Narrow means in the case of a missionary in such countries as India or China, entail contempt, disease, and failure; and the man in whom a large confidence may not be placed, is not the man to be sent on such a service. But our missionary boards appear to act under the feeling that they are expected to apply the funds intrusted to them so as to secure as large a number of missionaries, and to institute as large a number of missionary stations as possible—not always sufficiently mindful of the question whether the largeness of the quantity must not ensure a deterioration of the quality.

If our societies really feel that this is the course they *must* pursue, then it comes to be a question whether influential churches should not take a portion of this work upon themselves, sending out missionaries so as to supplement the more fixed and uniform policy deemed necessary for societies by a more flexible policy of their own. How easy would it be for a large church, or the churches of a city or district, to send out a man of their choice, on grounds of independent arrangement between him and them; and it is easy to suppose that there are some men—men of the best type in all respects, who would greatly prefer giving themselves to the work after this manner, to entering upon it subject to restraints, which, however wise in other connexions, would in their case prove painful impediments. God has greatly honoured the London Missionary Society in China. Some of its agents in that field have appeared to be men made by the hand of Providence for their work; and more of this will be realized, we think, in India, as well as in China, if a more flexible policy be adopted, and the care exercised shall be about the quality of agency more than about the quantity. Men of sense who know most of the working of the present system are, we suspect, the most convinced that the usages of forty years since are not all we now want. Such a supplementary and local action as we mention, might be made to work in perfect harmony with a great central organization. Denominational unity in relation to this work might still be preserved; and the effect might be, to introduce a healthy division of labour as between the local and the central, to secure a greater variety of aptitude by a greater diversity of operation, and so to throw an element of new life into the whole enterprise.

ART. V.—(1.) *Papers relating to the Re-organization of the Civil Service.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. • Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1855.

(2.) *The Times Newspaper of Monday, May 7, 1855.*

(3.) *The Re-organization of the Civil Service.* By a Subordinate therein. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.

If we look to the history of the two most civilized among the European nations, we think it will be found that wars have been the precursors of the greatest changes and the greatest reforms. Not that in stating this simple matter of fact we would be understood as saying one word in favour of war generally taken by itself. On the contrary, we deplore a state of war as one of the most dire and desolating calamities that can afflict the earth. But there are imperious and awful occasions when war is necessary, and when greater evils would ensue if we were to remain at peace. If the soil or liberties of a nation be endangered—if a great and vital principle of justice be sought to be overturned or obliterated by a despot—if tyranny and lawless dominion be attempted—or a religious or political fanatic desires to force his mad fancies on a people or a community, it is better that such a people or such a community should make a struggle than at once supinely and slavishly succumb to overwhelming brute force. In the contest, however unequal, between right and might, great and glorious deeds are sure to be performed, and in chronicling these, poetry, and history, and eloquence, assume a swelling and a loftier strain, and achieve their greatest triumphs. A defensive, a just and a holy war—and there are and have been such wars—evokes some of the noblest qualities of our common nature, distinguishing between the sordid and the generous in a manner of their own.

But even questionable or unjust wars, with all their horrors, have not been without a certain kind of unsatisfactory compensation. The subsidies, the taxes, and the loans, and the debts incurred in unjust wars have turned the thoughts of men to internal reforms; have induced them to canvass and question the extent of kingly power and parliamentary acquiescence; and have been otherwise fruitful in most precious constitutional results, of which our own history presents many pregnant examples.

The ambitious and aggressive wars of Louis XIV., entailing debt and disaster on the nation, stunned the French people, for a long while drunk with military glory, into sobriety, and opened the way for that Revolution which with a breath swept away

altar and throne, feudality, privileges, and unjust immunities. Without palliating all the excesses committed in the ten years from 1789 to 1799, no calm thinking, well judging man, intent on the progress of his species, but must admit that the consequences resulting from the immoderate ambition of one despot Louis XIV. were, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, of the utmost benefit to the human race and to the cause of civilization and liberty.

A more just war than that we are now waging against Russia cannot be conceived; and this just war, not always vigorously, wisely, or fitly conducted, may lead to consequences little dreamt of in the philosophy of the peace party (who are opposed to its consequences) greatly conducive, nevertheless, to some of those ideas of progress and improvement which Messrs. Bright and Cobden are supposed, and we dare say truly supposed, to have at heart. Providence does not always work, indeed rarely, according to human views and conclusions, but, from the most opposite and antagonistic causes educes with infinite wisdom the most homogeneous and suitable results. Who could suppose, for instance, that in defending the integrity of the Sultan abroad, and maintaining the equilibrium of Europe, we should be advancing at home the cause of administrative reform, and promoting the just principle that office and employment should be given to the fittest candidates? Yet such is the fact.

Twenty years ago Mr. Henry Taylor, then as now one of the senior clerks in the Colonial-office, and a friend and *protégé* of Sir James Stephen, in his *Statesman** drew attention to the state of the public offices, and foreshadowed what was necessary to be done to the more efficient working of the Civil Service of England. But the appointed time was not come for his ideas to take root and fructify, and the consequence was that unless among the select and thinking few his book fell still-born. The propositions enunciated by Mr. Taylor were as much truths in 1836 as in 1855. Good administration, and good administrative officers, were then as important to the prosperity of the State as they are now; but there wanted the wonderful mismanagement of a great war—there wanted the expenditure of thirty millions and the loss of 20,000 men—there wanted the mismanagement of the Transport Medical Commissariat and Hospital Services to give to the theories* of Mr. Taylor aptness and relevant piquancy, and to bring them home to the business and bosoms of tax-contributing and thinking men. In the earlier portion of Lord Aberdeen's ministry, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, who is a man both of reading, reflection, and high powers of mind—directed his atten-

* *The Statesman*. By Henry Taylor. Longman and Co. 1836.

tion to the reform of the Civil Service of England, and requested Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote to present a report on the subject in the course of 1853; but it may well be doubted whether this report, or the letter of Mr. Jowett, Fellow and Tutor of Baliol, Oxford, or the observations of the most eminent official and academic men, would have excited the attention they have now excited, had it not been for the disclosures made in reference to the management of the war. We are justified in assuming this from what took place in 1846. In that year Lord John Russell passed a minute in Council 'That in order to stimulate the exertions of pupils in the schools of the Privy Council a number of public appointments should be distributed amongst them.' Yet this minute excited little or no interest, passed almost *sub silentio*, and was rescinded by the Government of Lord Derby without exciting any storm of indignation. Committees, too, we may remark, had been employed in inquiring into the Civil Service from 1848, but their reports excited no interest or attention till the calamities of the Crimea opened the minds of men to the most fearful combinations of mismanagement and misadventure which modern times have witnessed. In some of the disclosures so unreservedly made, there may have been mis-statement, exaggeration, and over-colouring; but there was, nevertheless, a solid substratum of truth; and the town and the country were alike startled and shocked at deficiencies, defects, and malversations, some of which were traceable to ministers, others of which were inherent in the system.

Some of the defects of the English Civil Service unquestionably arise from the nature of the Government,—from the peculiarities of the national character,—from the persons who govern and have influence,—and some also, we freely admit, from the nature and constitution of the Civil Service itself. We are not of the number of those who condemn all the offices, or all the officials, under Government employ, or who think that there is nothing good in the incriminated English system. On the contrary, we think there is a deal that is good, and which has not been sufficiently allowed or insisted on. There is a probity, a gentlemanly tone of thought and conduct, a reserve and a discretion very admirable among English Civil servants, for which one may seek in vain in Russian, Austrian, Prussian, or even in French bureaux. We will not go the length of saying that no English *employés* have ever sold the secrets of the offices in which they are employed to any foreign government, but we do unhesitatingly aver, that such sordid perfidy is here a thing of the rarest occurrence, whereas it is every day practised in

Continental Europe. During the war of Germany between 1808, 1812, and 1814, there was not a paper in the chanceries of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, of which Napoleon could not obtain copies for gold, or of which England could not avail herself for a like consideration. Copies of the most secret despatches and compacts of France were delivered to England: and albeit on two or three occasions English documents and State papers were furnished to our enemies, yet such were the rare exception, and not the rule. This arose from the high tone of patriotism, probity, and the gentlemanly *esprit du corps* prevailing among the *employés* of our Government, and also from the fact, that the clerks, whether senior or junior, in the English public service, were then more liberally paid than civil servants in other countries. In Russia, in Austria, in France, and in Prussia, it was, five and forty years ago, and still is, difficult for a person in the rank of a gentleman to live on the small salaries with which State clerks are provided, and the consequence was, and is, that State secrets and information are sold by native *employés* to foreign governments and ambassadors, to eke out a subsistence. In Russia and Austria, indeed, State clerks resort to still baser compliances; and the consequence is, that the official service of second, third, and fourth rate clerks is rotten to the very core, with the canker of the most hideous corruption. In England, in official life, in the Civil Service, we have a modicum of stolid stupidity, stiff pompousness, 'fat contented ignorance,' pert pragmatism, occasional impertinence, and emptiness, intermingled with ability, experience, good sense, good feeling, average talent, and occasionally with very high powers, both natural and acquired; but corruption, dishonesty, baseness, and fraud are rare indeed, we may say most uncommon, in our service. The English Civil Service, like English life in general, is 'a web of mingled yarn, good and ill together;' but albeit English civilians may be occasionally incompetent and inefficient, we believe them to be generally trustworthy and honourable, and not men to be bribed with money.

This is not the case elsewhere. In Russia, there is scarcely an official that is not open to an offer. Men in the highest position have their price in Dutch ducats; and men in the lower ranks of the customs, and revenue officials, may be bribed with a bottle of Guinness's porter, or of Bass's beer, or of Barclay's stout.

In France, during the Directory, all the world was venal; during the Empire, many were so; and, during the reign of Napoleon the Third, if so we are to call him, principle and patriotism are at the lowest possible ebb. Yet, with all this, French

civil servants are intelligent, adroit, and clever (what even partially educated Frenchman is otherwise?), and more quick-witted, *eveille*, and apprehensive than their brethren in England. Prussian State servants may have a more varied range of knowledge than their brethren in England,—for they all go through the German universities, and study languages and philosophy; but many of the younger men among them are bizarre and fantastical, and many of the older are pedants, formalists, and slaves of routine. In both the French and Prussian services, eminent merit is more generally rewarded, in being placed as *chef de section* or *chef de bureau*, than with us; but examples are not wanting—we wish they were more frequent—even in England, of the advancement of merit from an humble station. The late Mr. Huskisson, the son of a surgeon-apothecary, commenced life as a clerk in the Treasury; and his knowledge and abilities being pointed out to Mr. Pitt by Lord Leveson Gower, that statesman marked him for promotion, and introduced him into Parliament, as member for Morpeth, in 1797. Huskisson, as every one is aware, afterwards sat in the Cabinet, and at the period of his death stood in the foremost rank of public men.

A very few years junior to Huskisson was the late Mr. Herries, the son of a London merchant and contractor, who having spent a short portion of his earlier life in the counting-house of his father, obtained, in consequence of the temporary embarrassment of the old city merchant, a clerkship in a public office. Mr. Herries was industrious and zealous, was not devoid of ability, and possessed a knowledge of German, then somewhat uncommon, and from a Government clerkship rose to be a Member of Parliament, Master of the Mint, President of the Board of Trade, and a Cabinet Minister. Within the memory of men arrived at middle age, one of the first departments in the Treasury was usefully and ably occupied by a gentleman who commenced life in a menial capacity. His good character and good conduct obtained him the situation of a Government clerk, and from that position he rose to become the most active and useful head of his department.

It may be that these instances are very exceptional, and the fact undoubtedly is so; but, nevertheless, it were unjust to omit the mention of them. Long before the Reform Bill had become the law of the land, the late Mr. Canning, so many years member for Liverpool, had become acquainted in that town with a gentleman of the name of Backhouse, principal clerk, or junior partner, in a mercantile firm, whose knowledge of foreign languages was considerable. The Right Honourable Secretary for Foreign Affairs induced this gentleman to come up to London,

and procured him, by his influence, the place of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Before the time of Canning's Secretaryship, the late Sir Brooke Taylor and the late Mr. Planta had obtained clerkships from their knowledge of foreign languages; and the one rose to be Ambassador at Berlin, and the other to be Secretary to the Treasury. Both were men of merit and ability, though it was by a happy accident that their merits became known in the precincts of the court of George III.

Other names might be cited to bear out this view, but we forbear from entering into personal details. We may, however, be permitted to doubt that the Government service of any country during the last half century could boast of abler and more efficient servants than the late George Harrison (afterwards Sir George), Mr. William Hill, and Sir Alexander Spearman, of the Treasury, Samuel March Phillips,* William Gregson,† and Sir Denis Le Marchant, of the Home Office, Robert Ward, George Hammond, Edward Cooke, and Joseph Planta, of the Foreign Office, Colonel Henry Bunbury, Horace Twiss, and Herman Merivale, of War and the Colonies, and Mr. Deacon Hume, and Mr. G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade. The late Mr. Huskisson, the late Lord Wallace, and the late Sir Robert Peel, were all deeply indebted to Mr. Deacon Hume for the information he supplied to them in the preparation of measures of commercial reform; and, after the death of Mr. Hume, Sir Robert Peel availed himself of the services and practical knowledge of Mr. G. R. Porter, a gentleman who had not been cradled in the Civil Service, but had passed the greatest part of his life in the avocation of a sugar-baker, in the City of London. It may be also doubted, whether the Admiralty of any country possessed abler secretaries and servants than England has for half a century presented in the persons of Mr. William Marsden, Mr. J. W. Croker, the late Sir John Barrow, and Mr. H. G. Ward, late Governor of the Ionian Islands.

It is said, however, that the Civil Service of England is too much encumbered with routine. The fact may be at once conceded, but this is a blemish which it shares with every European government service with which we are acquainted. So far as routine means regularity and order, all government services should be distinguished by these valuable attributes; but in so far as routine means an obstinate, blind, unreasoning, and mechanical adherence to a servile system of doing the same thing in the same way, without either rule or principle, simply because it has been so done for half a century or a century before, undoubtedly routine ought as much as possible to be avoided.

But the evil of routine in this sense lies not with the English Civil Service, but with the heads of departments and the principal secretaries of state. While everything is changing above us, around us, and below us, the rules and routine of the public offices continue, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchanged and unchangeable. This arises from our not having, in our universities, inns of court, or colleges, any system or course of administrative law, or any special faculty dedicated to the science of administration. Such faculties exist in the smaller kingdoms of Europe, where there is less occasion for them. Frederick I., King of Prussia, father of the Great Frederick, created in the Universities of Halle and Frankfort-on-the-Oder, chairs for the teaching of administrative functionaries, which were called *Kammers wissen schaften*, and there was a chair of *les sciences politiques et camérales* within the memory of living men at the University of Heidelberg. Before the first French revolution, Stuttgart had its Caroline Academy, where a faculty was dedicated to the study of the science of public administration. The illustrious Cuvier passed four years of his life in this academy, and within its walls obtained the prize for administrative science. That Cuvier was a renowned man of science all the civilized world is aware, but it is not so well known that he was a great administrator. Under the Empire, in 1813, he was named *mâitre des requêtes*, and Louis XVIII. created him counsellor of state and *président de la section du comité de l'intérieur*. We know from M. Pasquier, the President of the Chamber of Peers, in the discourse he pronounced in honour of Cuvier, that at least ten thousand questions yearly passed under his eye as president of the section of the Home-office; but such was his talent of distributing labour among his subordinates—such were his talents of exposition and discussion—such his memory, his method, and his lucidity—that he got through business with wonderful facility. Would he have possessed this power of analysis, this faculty of unravelling the most knotty and complex questions, had he not early applied himself to and carried off the prize as a pupil for administrative science?

Administrative law and science have also for a century been taught at Strasburgh, and some of the ablest of French public men and administrators have studied at the famous Strasburgh Academy of M. Kock. Can it be doubted that if we had at Oxford or Cambridge, at Lincoln's-inn or at either of the Temples, a course of administrative law and civil organization, at which candidates for the Civil Service should be obliged to attend, that the public service must needs be benefited by such a course of study. There is now no regular training for the Civil

Servants of England, as there has been for more than half a century of the civil servants of the India Company. The consequence is, that men have to learn their duties at the moment they are called upon to fulfil them. What was it made the late Sir Charles Metcalfe so able a servant and administrator but the regular training he went through at Haileybury, and afterwards in the College of the Civil Service at Calcutta? While we do not think the civil servants of England deserve all the reproaches that are cast on them by people who talk and write at random, yet it must be admitted that, as a body, they are not to compare to the civil servants of the East India Company. What men have we reared in the public offices of England, as civil servants, who possess the statesman-like minds of a Hastings, a Clive, an Adam, an Elphinstone, a Colebrooke, a Metcalfe, or a Holt Mackenzie? We do not say that there is not as good raw material for the making of able public servants in this country. Our matter-of-fact statement is, that they are not made simply from the want of the preparatory training. Though the East India College of Haileybury may not have done all that was possible, or even all that was practicable, yet it has for half a century effected and is still effecting immense good in the training of able civil servants. The lectures and prelections there delivered by Malthus, Professor Jones, Sir James Macintosh, and the late Mr. Empson, opened out views of duty and usefulness, and conceptions of their noble vocation, to the pupils, and taught them the application of those social and economical laws, the basis of order, good administration, and equitable government.

We have in England training colleges for lawyers in the inns of court—training colleges for medical men in the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, and in Apothecaries' Hall; we have also training colleges for agriculturists at Cirencester and elsewhere; but no training system whatever for the Civil Service of England. The whole of our system of administration—if, indeed, there be a system in it—has never been collected, as in France and in Germany, into a body of *Droit Administratif*. In France and in Germany there are dictionaries and manuals—or, we suppose, following the fashion of the day, we must say handbooks of administrative law, but there is no such thing in England, for no two of the public offices, we believe, are conducted on the same plan—in fact, there is a total want of system. This arises, not from the fault of the civil servants or clerks, but from the want of a great organizing mind at the head of affairs. We have sharp and shifty politicians in England in 1865 in abundance, but no genuine statesmen of any mark or likelihood. From the peculiar state of parties for the last quarter of a cen-

tury, the attention of cabinet ministers of all parties in England is mainly directed, not to the devising of measures for the good of the country, or for the improvement of the government and administration, but to the keeping of themselves and their party in office—we cannot say in power. Some young enthusiastic Irish essayist and political debutant was talking to the late Mr. Sheil in magniloquent terms on the high game of politics. Keep the Whigs in and the Tories out, said the shrewd and worldly-minded Irish orator; these are the only politics I understand. Sheil had then tasted somewhat of the sweets and some of the bitterness of official life.

In fact, since the Reform Bill has become the law of the land, such is the state of the House of Commons and of party, that the tenure of office for any ministry must be exceedingly short. Since 1832, now three-and-twenty years ago, we have had nine or ten ministerial combinations, so that the average duration of a ministry is not three years. What great scheme of reform or reorganization can be perfected or carried by a mere trading politician within that time? The object of nearly all our public men appears to be to live *au jour le jour*—to survive, as it were, the next quarter-day—to tide over difficulties so as to present a parliamentary presence at the beginning of the next session. Thus it is that enterprises of great 'pith and moment' are not seriously undertaken. They are talked of and perorated upon to serve a parliamentary or party purpose, but are never elaborated with a view to be in working order. How can there be unity or much system where the directing heads and hands are so frequently changed?

We are ourselves enthusiastic admirers of a constitutional and parliamentary system; but with all its beauties and virtues, there may arise conjunctures when a parliamentary system may be less effective than the will of a single man. A beneficent despot—the happy accident of a felicitous time or a series of tolerably good monarchs—may accomplish things unachieved, even unattempted by a Parliamentary Government in the turmoil and travail of selfish factions of numerous parties weakening and undermining each other. The efforts of the third race of kings not amenable to constitutions or chambers in France from Philip Augustus and St. Louis to Richelieu and Louis XIV., tended to the unity, political centralization, and also to the increase of the national territory among our neighbours. It is questionable whether these results would have been obtained under a Constitutional and Parliamentary Government. The system, however, was strained to undue tension by Richelieu. The centralization in public offices effected by that great minister and Louis XIV.

was mechanical and violent, and was only obtained by the undue development of absolute authority.

In truth, it is with us a moot point whether a thorough and perfect system of administration, combining the greatest unity and celerity, can exist under a free government; for as a French writer on government truly and happily remarks, '*le génie de l'administration est naturellement portée au despotisme.*' All the greatest administrators and organizers in modern times of which history makes mention have lived under princes who were uncontrolled by Parliaments, by the press, or by the right of meeting and free discussion. We need but refer in France to Suger under Louis VI., Cardinal Amboise under Louis XII., Sully under Henry IV., and Colbert under Louis XIV., to prove the union of high administrative ability with high prerogative. In Spain, Ximenes, Olivares, and Alberoni; in Portugal, Pombal lived under despotic and irresponsible kings; in Austria, Kaunutz and Thugut flourished under Maria Theresa, Joseph, and Leopold.

The perfect administration and orderly civil service of Prussia owed its regularity, military precision, and efficiency to the will of the Great Frederick, as the imperial administration of France owed its force and vigour to the volition of Napoleon. Administrative unity and centralization were no doubt results of the great revolution of 1789, but by how much tyranny, lawlessness, and bloodshed were these not unmixed benefits attained? Intelligence, rapidity, blind obedience, servility, and force, were the characteristics of the French civil service under Buonaparte. Men in public offices were adroit, quick witted, laborious, unscrupulous, conscienceless, unboundedly servile, and occasionally treacherous and corrupt; but on the whole, the French civil servants performed their duties intelligently, though not always honourably or fairly. The fittest man was generally placed by Frederick the Great, by Peter of Russia, and by Buonaparte, in the fittest place; but of the services of how many corrupt and knavish men did all three avail themselves? Civil servants under such rulers as these looked not as an end to the honourable and conscientious discharge of duty, but only to consulting the wishes, caprices, and passions of the Sovereign. A blind and willing adhesion, a measureless devotion, was the demand of Frederick, Peter, and Napoleon. They wanted flexible instruments, obedient tools, ready slaves, to do their will, to perform their behests, not civil servants governed by notions of honour, duty, and conscience. Till the constitution of England be changed, and the character of her people altered, we shall not look for civil servants of this imperial and royal character. We

desire neither Mentchikoffs, nor Savarys, nor Fouchés, and would rather endure the dulness occasionally exhibited at Downing-street and Whitehall, than enlist in our public offices turpitude, treachery, and corruption, among clever and conscienceless *employés*. Frederick, Peter, and Napoleon, too much administered and too much manipulated by their instruments called civil servants the countries which they governed. The consequence is, that Prussia, Russia, and France have become clerk-ridden and bureaucratized. In all three kingdoms we see the abuse of centralization, the government by its clerks, instruments, and bureaux, undertaking to interfere directly in everything, thus effacing individuality. The countries we have named are in this wise deprived of the efforts of zealous citizens, who would obtain, by the exercise of their own faculties in their own affairs, a species of education in which all continental countries are lamentably deficient, and in which England is alone pre-eminent among the nations.

It should not be forgotten, too, in considering this question, that clerks and civil servants are but the working hands and working tools (we use the word in its best sense) of ministers, and unless the ministers, the originators and directors of a policy or a system be experienced and able, of what avail is it that the clerks have eminent capacity? A lazy and ignorant or an inefficient minister would be likely to be jealous, envious, and hostile to a person whom he considered in the light of a too capable subordinate. An able but indolent minister, it is true, would cherish such a subordinate, and would avail himself of his light and knowledge; but for one such minister as this, we should find ten indifferent and hostile. It should further be observed that administrators do not constitute a government, though they be one of the essential parts of it. One may be an excellent administrator, and understand nothing of general politics; and on the other hand, understand a great deal of general politics, and know little or nothing of administration. Turgôt, after having been renowned as intendant of Limoges, was a sorry member of the cabinet. Many prefects who had been excellent administrators failed altogether as ministers; and many ministers who understood the general politics of France, and the State system of Europe well, were egregiously at fault in the details of administration.

The Civil Service in France, however, has material aid from an institution unknown to us in England. The *Conseil d'Etat* had, under the ancient Monarchy, under the Republic, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, the Second Republic, and now has under the Second Empire, most important

functions. Under the ancient government of France it was a union of magistrates, chosen by the king, to give their opinion in what concerned the general administration of the kingdom, and upon contested questions referred to it by law. The decision of the Council was a final judgment, if approved of by the head of the State.

Under the Empire, nearly all the legislative power of the country was lodged in the Council of State. A senate without independence, a legislative chamber reduced to silence, gave real power to the *Conseil d'Etat*. In legislation this body performed wonders in elaborating the code, and it also rendered good service in simplifying the organization and springs of all the offices and government departments, so as to make them work to a common end and intent. But let it not be forgotten that the end and intent was the glorification—shall we say the desiccation of a despot—who by the magic of his military successes trod out the last sparks of civil freedom. Comnenin, who was himself a member of the Council of State, has given us a description of what it was under Napoleon.

‘The Council of State, (says he,) was the seat of government, and the eldest born of the Emperor. Its auditors, under the name of intendants, assisted in putting bit and bridle into the mouths of subjugated countries. Its ministers of state, under the head of presidents of sections, controlled the acts of ministers *à portefeuille*. Its councillors in ordinary service sustained discussions at the Tribunate, at the Senate, at the *Corps Legislatif*. Its councillors in extraordinary service, under the name of directors-general, administered the customs, the domains, the *droits réunis*, the roads and bridges, the forests,” &c.

We do not desire to give such plenary powers as these to our civil servants—powers little short of those of a proconsul. The truth is, that England is a country of *administrative decentralization* and of *parliamentary omnipotence*, whereas France, Prussia, and Russia are countries of administrative centralization, arbitrary power, and parliamentary nullity. We are as sensible as the loudest declaimers against the organization of the Civil Service of England, of its many imperfections, and of the great room there is for improvement; but supposing all the tests of competitive examination suggested in the *Blue Book* to be put in force to-morrow, we do not think the Civil Service in England ever can become the perfect machine the Civil Service in France was, under Napoleon. Napoleon had a passion for details and a genius for administration. The deities he worshipped were intelligence and force; and give him but the intelligent instrument, either as soldier or servant, and he fashioned,

that is, he forced, it to his will. Can we ever have such a system in England under a balanced constitutional government with its many changes, or if we could, is it desirable?

An autocrat or an imperial despot can choose his men for ministers or clerks out of all his subjects or slaves; but under a parliamentary government, ministers are but the expression of a majority. The wishes of the majority more or less influence a government such as ours in many of its appointments. The queen of a constitutional country is not always free to choose the fittest and ablest of her subjects for premier, for she must be governed by the disposition of her parliament; nor is a minister always free to select the very fittest men to execute his policy and accomplish his views. A sovereign, neither accountable to Parliament nor to public opinion, may select any one he or she pleases, and may make him first minister or first clerk, just as it suits a royal imperial pleasure. The famous Austrian minister, Thugut, originally called Thudigut (which in Austrian *patois* signifies good-for-nothing) was the son of a poor boatman of the Danube who, from his merit as an *élève* of the oriental college, was named by the empress from the post of *attaché* to the post of internuncio, and from internuncio to the post of first minister of the Austrian monarchy. In England if such a man were without family, friends, or Parliamentary connexion, he might have languished in a subordinate station, or have become a professor of Arabic or Persian. If despotic governments have their disadvantages, they have occasionally their advantages too. Where the monarch is well-inclined and of good disposition, eminent merit is often more quickly rewarded than in freer States. Thus, in Russia, Alexander availed himself of the services of the foreign adventurers Pozzo di Borgo, Capod'Istrias de Stourdza, and of the Frenchmen Richelieu, d'Oubril, d'Entraignes, and de Ribeaupierre—thus Austria employed the talents of Lacy, Brown, Loudon, O'Reilly, Nugent,—thus Prussia secured the services of Lucchesini, an Italian, of Niebuhr, a Frieslander, and of Ancillon, the son of a French Huguenot refugee.

Austria has often been called a stolid and a stupid power; but yet, during the war of independence, when in her foreign office she had no able native penman, she called in the aid of the Prussian-born Gentz, and the Hanoverian-born Schlegel to write her State papers and proclamations. Under a free Parliamentary system this could not be done without exciting animadversion and discontent among our popular constituencies.

When the prerogative was at the loftiest in England, some of the humblest men rose to the highest employ. Wolsey was the son of a butcher, Laud the son of a clothier of Reading, Bonner

the son of a peasant, and Cecil himself started into notice by a successful controversy with two Irish priests on the question of the Pope's supremacy. It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that men of humble origin do not rise under arbitrary governments.

With the exception of the Count Louis de Narbonne and Talleyrand, there was scarcely a man of aristocratic birth in the civil service of Napoleon. Bignon, Maret, Caulincourt, Reinhard, Champagny, Savary, Fouché, De Pradt, Otto, and the principal people under them, were all men who had been the architects of their own fortunes.

Proper men in proper places, is not so novel a cry as some newly started public men believe it to be. The wisest of men has said, there was nothing new under the sun, and he was right. A quarter of a century before the first French Revolution, one of the most celebrated writers on the science of government, St. Real, said,—

‘Il n’y a peut-être rien de si important que de mettre chaque sujet à une place qui lui convienne. Les emplois ne doivent être donnés qu’à ceux qui ont les talents que les emplois demandent. Le Prince ne doit pas mettre des apprentis à portée de faire des coups d’essai dans les places où il faut des coups de maître. Il est difficile d’avoir des hommes pourvus de toutes les qualités nécessaires, mais on peut au moins trouver qui aient les principales.’*

Literally translated, this is the substance of all the excellent addresses, spoken and printed, which have proceeded from the Administrative Reform Association:—‘There is nothing so important as to put each individual in the place suitable to him. ‘Employments should be given to those only who have the ‘talents which the office demands. Princes should not place ‘inexperienced men to try ‘their ‘prentice hands’ in positions ‘where the efforts of a master are required. It is difficult to ‘have men provided with all necessary qualities; but at least ‘men may be found having the principal.’

Apply this rule to the cabinets that have existed for the last quarter of a century, and how few ministers are there who would not be found more deficient in all essential qualifications than those clerks, senior or junior, who are certainly not always what they ought to be. Since the days of Chatham, and his son Pitt, we have not really had a great minister. Canning and Lord Grey were the best men we have had in modern times, and there is no living minister to equal either of them. Where, in our own day, is the minister who comes up to the requirements of

* St. Real. Tom. vi. 219.

Ausonius? *Imprimis necesse ut Regis Consilarii sint maximo ingenio præditi, bonis artibus exculiti, longo rerum usu periti, in historiis diligentissime versati, neque presentia tantum sagaciter odorantes, sed longe in posterum, quid utile futurum sit rei-publicæ conjectura providentes.*

With a great minister at the head of affairs, we should find his influence permeating, more especially in a time of war or intestine commotion, through all the offices, flashing like the electric spark from the Foreign Office to the Horse Guards and Ordnance—from the Horse Guards to the Admiralty—from the Admiralty to the dockyards, outports, and transport and commissariat services. Heads of departments would take their tone from such a man, and become imbued with some portion of his zeal and energy; and when heads of departments are active and zealous, it is generally found that the subordinates are thoroughly up to their duty.

It is well remarked by Mr. Taylor, in his *Statesman*, that the most important qualification of one high in service is his fitness for acting through others. Of how many ministers can it be said that they have this fitness? How many ministers in our day possess this aptitude, or know the special qualifications of the clerks in the departments at the head of which they are placed. Ministers at the heads of departments are indifferent to every thing but what is forced on them. As a writer, whom we have before quoted, says, Bacon and Hooker might be in the offices with them without their knowing it. While this sort of feeling prevails among men in the highest offices, we may reform the clerks as much as we will,—educate them more carefully,—test their capabilities by a competitive examination,—but we are beginning at the wrong end. Public opinion must be brought to acquire higher attainments, greater zeal and diligence, a purer public spirit, an abrogation of patronage and family influence, and a devotion to duty, on the part of ministers forming the Queen's Cabinet, before we can hope to find the clerks as much improved as they ought to be in ability or efficiency.

As to ourselves, however, we believe the movement now set agoing must be productive of good, though not perhaps as instantaneously as supposed. There is, amidst much truth and sound principle, a good deal of vague enthusiasm and wild declamation, but this will soon subside; for the English are a really practical people, and when they set their hearts on achieving an object, are generally, indeed uniformly, successful. It appears, from the census of 1851, that there are, say in round numbers, about 54,000 persons in the Civil Service; but of these a vast number are persons in a low grade,—such as letter-carriers,

porters, messengers, &c. Among these classes, honesty, intelligence, and a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, is all that can be required. The number of persons in the public service, having incomes ranging from 80*l.* per annum to the heads of departments having incomes of from 1500*l.* to 5000*l.*, is about, in round numbers, 20,000, who are distributed through 56 offices, including the Treasury and Finance,—the Revenue and Post Office,—the Military, Naval, and Ordnance,—and the Ecclesiastical and Parliamentary Departments.

The officials of the Executive in the Treasury, Home Office, Foreign and Colonial Offices, Privy Council, Board of Trade, and Woods and Forests, amount to	1,628
In the Audit, National Debt, and Paymaster's De- partment, to	284
In the Revenue, to	11,803
In the Inland Revenue, to	6,188
Making together	19,903

In the Post Office alone, there are in addition 15,775 persons employed, many of whom of course fill very subordinate stations, such as sorters, sub-sorters, postmen, porters, &c.

If it be inquired how each individual soldier in this vast army of clerks obtains the position in which he is located, the answer must be by patronage and favour. If it be asked how most of them rise in their offices, the answer must still be by patronage and favour. It is true that occasionally there are certain superior special appointments at the head of departments, such as commissionerships, under secretaryships, secretaryships, for which persons are selected for some supposed special fitness, or from more than average qualifications; but the vast majority of clerks obtain their nominations through the patronage of the ministry, or the cabinet for the time being. Of these ministers the premier of course enjoys the lion's share, the other ministers generally exercising the patronage of their respective departments. This patronage is generally exercised by each minister: first with a view to serve his personal friends and connexions; secondly, with a view to serve his constituents if he be a member of the Commons, or those who may be useful to him at the next election; thirdly, with a view to serve the interests of his party and political friends, or those who can or may be useful to his party. Considering that this is but a faint exposition of the existing system, the effect of opening the Civil Service to general compe-

tition must be beneficial. As Mr. John Wood, the Chairman of the Board of Excise, well puts it:—

‘The operation of patronage on electors, parliament, and the government, exercises an evil influence. In the electors it interferes with the honest exercise of the franchise; in parliament it encourages subservience to the administration; it impedes the free action of a government desirous of pursuing an honest and economical course; and it occasions the employment of persons without regard to their peculiar fitness. It is a more pernicious system than the mere giving of money to electors or members of parliament, to secure their votes. It is bribery in its worst form.’

That these evils may be considerably mitigated—we will not say utterly abated by competitive examinations—we incline to believe: but at the same time we think, with Mr. H. A. Addington, late Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, that the tendency to favoritism, and what is vulgarly called jobbing, must be looked upon as inherent in every system of government—as in truth the unradicable vice of all governments.

‘Jobbing,’ says Mr. Addington, ‘is a part, though an ugly part, of a price which a free people pay for their constitutional liberty. So long as there are parliamentary constituents, they will ask favours of members of parliament; and members of parliament of ministers; and ministers will, on their part, have a tendency to satisfy such solicitants if in their power. But it is not that a ‘job’ is always, or even generally, intended as such. On the contrary, in the majority of cases, the perpetration of a ‘job,’ or, in other words, the granting of a favour, is merely a mode of escape from a difficulty. A member of parliament is pressed by a constituent to get a place in a government office for a relation or a friend, and the member of parliament, in order to escape from a difficulty, applies to the (politically) friendly head of some department to assist him in satisfying his constituent. The head of department, on his part, wishing to gratify a parliamentary supporter, accedes, perhaps, to the request; and, possibly without sufficient consideration, appoints the candidate to the place requested. He thus, on his part, escapes also from a difficulty.’

What Mr. Addington says is undoubtedly true, and it applies as strongly to the Government of the United States, a pure democracy, as to the oligarchical Government of England; it applies as strongly to the Government of Spain, a kind of semi-constitutional, semi-military monarchy, as to the Government of Belgium, where the Popish ultramontane faction wrestles at all elections with the constitutional. In America, as Mr. Chadwick, in his paper on the ‘Re-organization of the Civil Service,’ observes, there is subservience to party agitation, and the consequence is

exclusive party appointments, the removability of paid officers with each change of party, which is carried to a most reckless extent, and degrading displays of violent passions. The same subservience to mere party in the selection of officials was observable in Spain, during the twelve years' war between the Moderados and Progresistas. When the Moderados were in, they made a clean sweep of all Progresistas, and Progresistas in turn did not spare Moderados. In Belgium and in Ireland the ultramontane party stand by each other and by their friends in the chamber and parliament, and help by aid, influence, and recommendation to employments those voters who sustain what they call the good cause. When the priest party was in power in Belgium, ultramontane candidates for official employments stood the best chance; and when Mr. More O'Ferrall, Mr. Sadlier, and other Papists of the purest water were in office in England, Roman-catholic candidates were plentiful for every vacant berth. Such candidates have now a friend and a sustenance in Mr. Monsell, of Tervel, so that the Romish hierarchy need not despair of getting in the small end of the wedge of influence.

In France, before and since the Restoration, official men appointed and still appoint clerks from certain considerations of favoritism and patronage. The ministers of the elder branch of the Bourbons selected for office what, in the jargon used from 1815 to 1829, were called '*des êtres bien pensants*;' and the ministers of Louis Philippe, partisans of the revolution of July and of the Orleans Government. In 1848, many men in the public offices who did not give in their adhesion to the French Republic were dismissed, and in the selection of new candidates a preference was given to the *Republicain d'hier* over the *Republicain du lendemain*.

Since December, 1851, nothing goes down in France but pure Buonapartism and devotion to the person of the Emperor, not only among clerks, but among heads of sections, among prefects, ministers, and the highest functionaries. So that in all nations, and under every system of government, there is a certain quantity of favoritism, patronage, and influence used to procure candidates appointments. Indeed, this is often the case also in situations in private life as distinct from the public service. In how many cases are situations in merchants' counting-houses, warehouses, banks, insurance offices—ay, and in drapers' and grocers' shops—obtained on the recommendation of the friends and personal acquaintance of the merchant, the banker, the warehouseman, the grocer, &c.? It is possible, and we believe certain, that private men pay less attention to testimonials and recommendations, and scrutinize more searchingly the qualifica-

tions of candidates for their service than ministers and heads of departments; but can we ever hope to find imported into the public service the zeal and eager interest which private parties apply to their trading and domestic affairs?

Bad, however, as is the abuse of patronage, glaring and flagrant jobs are not so often perpetrated in England as it is believed; but it is a disgrace that there are jobs at all, and that the dispensers of patronage do not always select the fittest man. But since the world began, men have been worked on by influence, by bias towards relatives, favourites, or persons recommended by a political connexion, by a college tutor, or by an early friend.

Though Napoleon Buonaparte attended less to favour and patronage in his appointments than any modern potentate, yet he even was sometimes ill served by his civil and military instruments. The Government of the Monarchy of July, as a general principle, looked very much to intelligence and aptness; but according to M. Thiers, who was as active, bustling, and energetic a minister as most men, he, too, experienced the misery of frequently finding his plans thwarted or inefficiently performed. There is a remarkable passage in the Blue Book, from which we extract the following remarks of the ex-minister:—

‘When,’ said he, ‘I was minister, I used constantly to find my orders forgotten, or neglected, or misinterpreted. As I have often said to you, men are naturally idle, false, and timid. Whenever I found an *employé* supposed that, because an order had been given, it had been executed, or that because he had been told a thing, it was true—I gave him up as an imbecile.* Buonaparte nearly lost the battle of Marengo by supposing that the Austrians had no bridge over the Bormida. Three generals assured him that they had carefully examined the river, and that there was none. It turned out that there were two, and our army was surprised. When I was preparing for war in 1840, I sat every day for eight hours with the Ministers of War, of Marine, and of the Interior. *I always began by ascertaining the state of execution of our previous determinations; I never trusted to any assurances, if better evidence could be produced.* If I was told that letters had been despatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received, I required their production; I punished inexorably every negligence and even every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureau at work all day and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders, and placed me in bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative. To do all this a man must have an iron will and iron body, and what is rarer than either, in-

difference to the likes and dislikes of those about him, for he is sure to be hated. There is only one exception, and that is in the case of a general. A good military administrator is the idol of his troops, because they feel that their comfort and even their safety is the result of his care and of his energy—he is their providence. But the labours of the civilian are unknown to those who profit by them. The sailors of Toulon did not know that it was owing to me that their ships were well stored and victualled. My subordinates respected me—perhaps admired me—but they looked on me as a severe taskmaster, whose exigencies no exertions could satisfy!

It would not be difficult to prove, we think, that either party interest, or favoritism, or female influence, or to a certain extent corruption, prevail more or less in every government service in Europe. Our object in England should, however, be to diminish these cankers as much as possible, and to limit our choice to competent and creditable candidates. How can this be done without a competitive examination, open to all men of fair character, no matter where or by whom educated?

Of the persons consulted by the government touching the report of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, the clergy greatly preponderate. Out of thirty-eight persons whose opinions have been asked, eleven are clergymen. Now, with all respect for the clergy and those who consulted them, we do not think they are exactly the persons whose avocations and previous studies would best teach them how to advise a government in this matter. The 16,000 co-operators whom the heads of departments would and ministers ought to look to, can only be made thoroughly efficient by special training; and are Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, and King's College, and masters of grammar-schools, the fittest men to consult on the aptitude, qualifications, and course of education necessary to make good men of business? The proficient in classical learning, the young man given to abstruse mathematical studies, the enthusiast in literature, does not always make the best man of business. As to the 'literary voluptuary'—to use the words of Mr. Henry Taylor—or the man of decided literary tastes, he is rarely the fittest man for the dull drill work of a public office. The greatest portion of that work requires memory, patience, practice, steady labour, and daily attendance on an uninteresting duty rarely calculated to afford the spiritual compensation of the highest mental vocations. The administrative career in all countries, it should be truly stated, to the greatest mass opens but a limited field of ambition. It is an understood thing that the men dedicating themselves to this career have none of the chances of fortune which open out before men engaged in commerce. On the other hand, if not brilliantly provided, they are free from the vicissitudes of trade, and are sure

of a retiring pension in old age. The qualities most frequently called into action in public offices, as Mr. Merivale states, are method, soundness rather than quickness of memory, perseverance, subordination, patience, resolution to endure the tedium of slow advance and uninteresting labour, and contentedness in the sphere of duty. That such qualities are likely to be developed in men of all classes and every variety of habits and education, brought together by triumphant success in youthful literary composition, Mr. Merivale, an experienced colonial under-secretary, thinks doubtful, and we confess we agree with him in the expression of that doubt.

At the same time it must be admitted, that clerks selected by favoritism, by nepotism, by the recommendation of powerful patrons, present not a good material out of which able civil servants are to be fashioned. Under such a system the appointments made from favour must be many, from especial fitness few. Sir J. Stephen, who had been for five and thirty years connected with the Colonial Department, states that the clerks in his day might be divided into three classes, the first a very small minority, the second being more numerous than the first, the third exceeding the numbers of the other two united. Sir James admits, that, with an occasional exception, they all had the education, the manners, the feelings, and the characteristic principles of gentlemen. But, in respect of their fitness for the duty assigned to them they greatly differed, the first class being so composed that it was difficult to speak of it without exaggeration; the second class being meritorious public servants; and the third class being composed of persons 'possessing in a low degree, and some of them in a degree incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business; or the industry, the zeal, or the knowledge required for the effective performance of their appropriate functions.' 'The members of this third class,' says Sir James, 'were without exception men who had been appointed to gratify the political, the domestic, or the personal feelings of their patrons, that is, of the successive secretaries of state.'

Surely a system producing such fruits as this ought not to be allowed to continue. The means of knowledge possessed by Sir James Stephen to speak on the Civil Service have been most ample. Originally a barrister in the Court of Chancery, he was for eleven years Counsel to the Colonial Department and to the Board of Trade, and after passing ten years in these joint offices, he quitted the Board of Trade to become Assistant Under-Secretary and afterwards Under-Secretary in the Colonial Department. A scholar, a lawyer, a man of the world, a trained official, and a Cambridge Professor, who so competent to discourse on the question as this gentleman? Yet Sir James doubts the basis of

the whole scheme of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote.

'Is (he writes) the principle of governing on the principles of the strictest purity, so as to exclude all patronage whatever—is it as sound a principle as, at first sight, it appears to be? Is the rule *detur digniori* founded on a truth so evident, and on maxims of such universal application, that we ought to apply it to 16,000 public offices at once? It is, at least, a perfect novelty. It is a rule never hitherto enforced in any commonwealth except that of Utopia. It does not prevail in the legal, or medical, or sacerdotal, or naval, or military, or mercantile professions. It is unknown to the great commercial and municipal corporations among us. In every age, and land, and calling, a large share of success has hitherto always been awarded to the possessors of interest, of connexion, of favour, and of what we call good luck. Can it be that all the world is and has always been wrong about a matter so level, as it might seem, to the capacity of the least wise, as well as of the wisest? But is the morality as sound as it is stern? Nothing more reasonable, if you are about to appoint an archbishop, a general, or a chief justice. But why, in the choice of clerks, are learning and ability, and whatever else they imply, to have this invariable precedence? In the dull details of public office, there are many which the learned and able A will not accomplish a whit better than the ill informed and common-place B—nor perhaps so well. Surely mediocrity and even dulness—the lot of the vast majority—have some claims, which are as well entitled to regard as are those of learning and ability. It is not without some reason that, in all other pursuits in life, patronage exercised in the spirit of nepotism is made the shelter of the weak and otherwise helpless.'

There is a great deal of shrewdness and truth in all this; but there is not a word in it which tells against a system of regular training for the Civil Service, or against some kind of an examination test. From the conditions, pay, and emoluments of the Civil Service, we may not be able to get the very best men in the market; but we can at least get the best men who are content to begin at 90*l.* or 100*l.* a year, and so to go on rising till they reach 1000*l.* or 1200*l.*

Nepotism, Sir James Stephen truly says, is often of avail in the church, and sometimes too in the law. But in the law, at least, if a man is tried in the balance and found wanting, he is laid aside by attorneys and clients; whereas, in the Civil Service, the rule is, once a priest ever a priest,—once a civil servant ever a civil servant. No man is removed from office for inefficiency, or even for incompetency. It is only for some glaring unpardonable fault, or for some gross fraud, that any one is dismissed from the Civil Service of England, or rather pensioned off.

It is urged by Mr. Merivale, that youthful proficiency in answering questions is a doubtful test of solid qualities, and that

aptitude, readiness, a quick and powerful memory, obtain in examinations a much greater share of success than they deserve, in preference to other faculties. But, in the very department to which Mr. Merivale belongs, he admits that it would be difficult to overrate the ability and knowledge required to perform a portion of the functions of its first clerks with complete effectiveness. It may be true, that the bulk of the labour to be performed in public offices is an enormous mass of routine work of a very ordinary and mechanical character. But there are abundant cases in which intellectual exertion is called into play; and it cannot be doubted, that in default of a training and education in a Civil Service College, there ought to be an examination for first-class clerks in history, the French language, the moral and political sciences, in the historians of Greece and Rome, in the elementary works, in mathematics, and in geography and arithmetic. For the lower clerkships there might be an examination in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the elements of general knowledge.

Eighteen of the gentlemen consulted as to a competitive examination give in their adhesion to the plan, so that there is a preponderance if not a weight of testimony in favour of this principle. About nine gentlemen, none of whom are in the Church question, dissent from the propriety of competitive examination, and among these are Sir G. C. Lewis, now Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Romilly, Chairman of the Board of Audit; and Mr. Booth, Secretary to the Board of Trade. Canon Mosely approves of competitive examinations, but *sub modo*. The strongest advocates in favour of the competitive system are the Reverend Professor Thompson, of Cambridge; Dr. Graves, of Trinity College, Dublin; Drs. Jenne, Jelf, and Vaughan, the Dean of Carlisle, Messrs. Lefevre, Larcom, Power, Mill, John Wood, and Chadwick. Mr. John Wood has written perspicuously, pungently, and with great good sense on the question. Mr. J. S. Mill says that competitive examinations would be a great public improvement, the adoption of which would form an era. Mr. Chadwick's paper is an elaborate treatise on the subject, distinguished for originality, breadth, and a spirit of generalization worthy of a broad-thinking, bold, independent, and reflective mind.

It is said that under the competitive system the sons of gentlemen would not maintain themselves on an equality of intellect and attainments with youth of lower rank, and that in consequence we should have no gentlemen by the accident of birth in the service. We do not think this. The youth of the higher classes, as our public schools and universities prove, have energy enough, and public spirit enough, to run a race of rivalry and

emulation with men born in a lower rank; and if they had not this energy, they ought to yield the palm to better trained and abler men.

It is said that this measure of administrative reform is democratic; but as Dr. Graves, of Dublin University, well says, a measure is not democratic because it improves the condition and increases the influence of the intelligent and well-conducted portion of the middle and working classes. Measures of this kind are essentially conducive to the stability of our social state, indeed alone can save it from wreck and ruin; and as was said by Mr. Samuel Morley, in his able and temperate address at the meeting of the Administrative Reform Association on the 5th of May, and on the 13th of June at Drury Lane Theatre, can alone increase the confidence of the people in a Government which they will then perceive presides over them with a due regard to the interests of the common weal.

'The best way to remove seditions,' says Lord Bacon, 'is to take away the causes of them;' and when the public once understand that merit ensures admission into, and promotion in the Public Service, agitators will be deprived of a staple grievance, and the occupation of the Administrative Reform Association will be in a measure gone.

Public opinion, in the only spot in which it has been consulted, by an election, has pronounced in favour of Administrative Reform by electing Mr. Tite, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Administrative Reform Association, member for Bath, instead of a most respectable, amiable, and competent man, Mr. Whately, who, though an Administrative Reformer, was not one of yesterday—to use a translation of a French phrase—but only one of to-day.

Securities for some special fitness in the absence of a training college the public believe would be afforded by a competitive examination which would directly procure the best attainable talent; for then every man who thought himself fit and worthy, would come forward and enter the lists as a candidate for employment. This would be a great benefit directly and indirectly; it would possibly effect still greater good by tending to purify the public mind among constituencies, and by giving an impulse to all teachers and to the future and aspiring youth of the United Kingdom.

We do not say the competitive tests should be altogether literary, scientific, or linguistic only. The mental, moral, rational and physical qualities of the candidates, such as health, temper, self-control, should be taken into consideration, as well as attainments and acquired knowledge, and count a given number of quantities in the whole estimate of merits and demerits. With fitness in the selection of candidates we should

have, as Mr. Chadwick states, greater efficiency, greater economy, and greater respectability. Independently of this, representative bodies would act more purely and independently when they found that appointments were not to be had in the Public Service for the sons of voters who had plumped for this or that Government candidate. A special and practical education for young men in a Civil Service College would, of course, be greatly conducive to the efficiency of the public departments; but till such a college be established, let us have open competitive examinations. It might also be considered whether a certain number of appointments might not be allowed to rest in the hands of the head of the office with whom the responsibility for the work rested. When the ordnance survey was first undertaken, it was proposed that the appointments should vest with the Board, but on the representation of Colonel Colby this was entirely set aside by the late Duke of Wellington ordering that the appointments should be made by the person with whom the responsibility for the work rested.

‘All the appointments and removals,’ says Colonel Larcom, ‘in that large organization thenceforward, for twenty years, till the work was completed, vested wholly in the superintendent, and no complaint of partiality or incompetence was ever made. Every one was tried first in the lower grades, and afterwards advanced, if continued in the service, on the recommendation of the officer under whom he was placed, and no other.’

It is a great defect in the public service, now that there is but slender inducement to zealous exertion. It is also worthy of consideration, whether better architectural arrangements should not be immediately introduced into the public buildings.

‘I am assured,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘that if the time were taken into account (as it would be in private business) which is lost by the separation of connected operations in disconnected public offices, the same business might, with better architectural arrangements, often be performed with one-third fewer clerks.’

It is no doubt very natural, under such a system as the present, that a father who has parliamentary influence and half-a-dozen sons should look to clerkships in a public office as a provision for his boys. The tendency to provide for relatives exists, we believe, under every form of the government, and in every quarter of the world; but with open competitive examinations, or with training in a Civil Service College, this tendency may be neutralized and rendered innocuous. Elizabeth, who was wise in her generation, required the Heads of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge to make a report to her of the youth fitted for the service of the State; and there is no good reason why such reports should not be made now. It was in visiting the School of Ori-

ental Languages at Vienna, that the Empress Maria Theresa first heard of the extraordinary merits of young Thugut, the son of the Viennese boatman, and that the Empress Queen caused him to be successively appointed *Interprète juré Premier Conseiller de Legation*, and ultimately *Intendant*. It was while he was *Conseiller de Legation*, doing the real business of the embassy, that Kaunitz said, in reference to Thugut, '*Qu'il ne voyait pas pourquoi l'homme qui faisait réellement les affaires n'aurait pas le titre de la fonction qu'il exerçait.*' This occurred nearly a century ago, under an absolute Empress; and all the Administrative Reform Association desires is, to cause such a principle and such a practice to prevail in England in the year of grace 1855.

It may be asked, 'What constitutes a first-rate clerk?' and we do not desire a better definition of one than is afforded by Mr. Addington:—

'What,' says Mr. A., 'constitutes a first-rate clerk in a Government department of the highest class? Assuming general intelligence and average education, a first-rate clerk becomes so by practice *in the office in which he serves*. Industry, accuracy, trained memory, and judgment, coupled with that independence of character which rejects the puerilities of routine while it admits its solid advantages, will necessarily constitute a good clerk, although genius and high scholastic attainment may be absent. A good departmental clerk is, in fact, mainly an aggregation of cumulative daily experience and tradition, combined with that readiness of mind and pen which practice gives, and which enables a man to come to the assistance of his superiors at the right moment and in the right manner. But it is the dry and hard discipline and drudgery of the desk which, however wearisome they may have been, have mainly contributed to lay the foundation of those qualities which in after years shine forth so eminently in the accomplished departmental clerk, and which render him one of the most useful and valuable members of the body politic.'

Now are such clerks, any more than very able and most competent ministers, generally found at Downing-street and Whitehall. To answer in the affirmative would be to state the thing that is not, yet for the want of such ministers and such clerks the national policy and the wishes and will of a great, a powerful, and enlightened people may be traversed and thwarted, and all our appliances and great resources be wasted and thrown away. This cannot—this must not be, either in deference to the aristocratic, or in deference to the ministerial patronage system.

The Government, as usual, has hesitated in effecting the change recommended by such force of reasoning and such weight of authority. Patronage, it appears, is to be maintained. But a commission has been instituted—consisting of Sir Edward

Ryan, Assistant-Comptroller-General of the Exchequer; Mr. Lefevre, Clerk of the House of Lords; and Mr. Romilly, Chairman of the Board of Audit—invested with powers to examine and report on the qualifications of all young men who may in future be nominated to serve in appointments in any department of the public service: A certificate of fitness granted by these commissioners is for the future to be an indispensable condition of admission to the public service.

This certainly is a small step in the right direction, but it is not what the public have been expecting. The public looked for open, unreserved competition, and not for the retention of patronage. Government and the heads of departments will still nominate young men to junior appointments for social and political reasons, and the Commission, with its obsequious and servile head, will fiat the appointment of every young man who comes up to the smallest standard of fitness. With every respect for the junior commissioners, we have no confidence in the compliant and cringing head commissioner. By fawning and flattering on men in office, an unknown barrister—an undistinguished Indian judge—has contrived to gain a multiplicity of good offices, and to procure himself, in addition, to be nominated to the head of this Civil Service Commission, to the exclusion of a scholar and a lawyer, in the person of Sir J. Stephen, and to the exclusion of a man of sterling honesty and sense, in the person of Mr. John Wood. This is a bad omen, and we regret it for the sake of the service—for the sake of the Government of Viscount Palmerston, and for the sake of the country whose interests are imperilled.

It must, however, be admitted, that the ample discussion that has taken place on the subject on three recent occasions—the last occasion so late as the 21st of June—has been of immense benefit. All parties now admit that Administrative Reform must be carried into effect vigorously, speedily, and sincerely. It will no longer do to palter or sham with the question. Evasion, trick, and subterfuge will not now answer, and any party seeking to govern the country must make Administrative Reform a truth and a reality. Mr. Layard has been over ardent, and occasionally somewhat impetuous and rash; but he has, in spite of some errors of haste and want of caution, done great good, and the people will give to his views a practical direction. Even Mr. D'Israeli and the Derbyites admit in their public speeches that entrance to office must not be by favoritism, but by a real test of fitness. The speech of the premier, Viscount Palmerston, on the 18th of June, was fair; but if he does not follow up his speech by his acts, and satisfy the reasonable demands of the country, his official life may be brought to a speedy close.

ART. VI.—*A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by MRS. AUSTIN. 2 vols. Longman. 1855.

THE curious reader will assuredly have no objection to transport himself for a moment, chronologically to about the year eighty of the last century, and geographically to Woodford, in Essex, there to inspect a small section of the innumerable Smith family. Behold the father, tall and stalwart in aspect, dressed in drab, as though he were an amateur quaker, and surmounted by a hat of the strangest proportions, like that which a retired coalheaver might be supposed to adopt from old association. The mother is fair to look on, with a charm of mind and manner yet more potent than the beauty of that frame, too delicate for long life among household cares. He is of quick, restless temperament, self-reliant, with a dash of whimsicality in his habit; never long in one place; fond of building and unbuilding; buying and selling some score of places in different parts of England. She has French blood in her veins, and the French vivacity sparkles through her native sweetness. So the children, four boys and a girl, have a godly heritage of qualities,—strength from one side the channel, brilliance from the other. All were remarkable for early tokens of talent. To the boys, books and disputation were as tarts and marbles. They read with insatiable greediness, and would try their skill against each other by fierce arguments on questions beyond their years. No other boys can stand a moment against those practised word-gladiators. They grow intolerably overbearing—the young Sophistæ. Away with them from home, ere they be spoilt! A public school shall be their Socrates—shall exercise and temper those quick wits of theirs—show them their limit and their level.

Sydney Smith, the second of these lads, is the subject, and his daughter, Lady Holland, the author of the memoir now before us.

Every one who knew Sydney Smith was aware that but a part of his nature—and that not the most truly noble—was known to the public. None was so deeply convinced of this as she who knew him best, and it was the beloved and melancholy task of his widow to prepare the memoranda and collect the letters which should form material for a worthy biography. But who should undertake it? Those who best understood him were too old, or too much occupied, or gone. Some said there would be little to tell for which the public would care; others, that the time was

not yet come for the telling. But Mrs. Smith had consecrated her remaining days to the memory of her husband, and urged on Mrs. Austin her anxious request that she would undertake the memoir and correspondence. Failing health compelled that lady to decline any labour beyond that of editing a selection from the letters. She stipulated, very properly, for full liberty to suppress anything that might injure the dead or wound the feelings of the living. An excellent discretion has guided her hand throughout the execution of her work. A righteous disappointment awaits those prurient eyes that may scan this correspondence in search of pungent personalities and the piquancy of scandal. The slightest note admitted into the volume has at least its touch to contribute towards the desired portraiture. Nothing is excessive or wearisome, while enough is given faithfully to represent the writer in heart and act.

Lady Holland's memoir, too, is right pleasant reading. We cannot regret that even friends like Moore and Jeffrey were unable to undertake what a daughter has so admirably accomplished. This biography is characterized by good sense and good taste. The narrative is clearly and gracefully written, the anecdotes and good stories well told, with a terse idiomatic raciness at times, that happily marks the lineage of the authoress. Above all—and this must be the source of truest satisfaction to the writer—the work justifies before the world the cherished convictions of domestic affection,—makes it manifest that there were in the subject of it admirable qualities of mind and heart of higher worth by far than any attribute which the common judgment had assigned to the dazzling talker and the trenchant controversialist.

Mrs. Austin justly remarks, that the reputation of Sydney Smith has risen since his death. It has risen, and it is to rise. Every year lessens the number of those who can remember the marvellous charm of his conversation—that diaphragm-shaking, fancy-chasing, oddity-piling, incongruity-linking, hyperbole-topping, wonder-working, faculty of his, which a bookful of Homeric compound adjectives would still leave undescribed. But meanwhile, the true proportions of that large intellect have been growing upon the vision of men. Blinded with tears of laughter, they could not estimate his magnitude. Hands palsied by convulsive cackinations were too unsteady to hold the measure and fit the colossus with a judgment. Now it is better understood how all that wit was only the efflorescence of his greatness—the waving wild flowers on the surface of a pyramid. Time may take from the edifice of his fame some of its lighter decorations, obliterate quaint carvings, decapitate some grotesque and pen-

dant gargoyles, destroy some rich flamboyant word traceries; but that very spoliation will only display more completely the solid foundation, the broad harmonious plan of his life's structure, and exhibit the fine conscientiousness with which those parts of the building most remote from the public eye were finished, even as those most seen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods are everywhere.

It is the work of time either to detect or to vindicate the architecture of every conspicuous name. The decay which exposes pretence justifies truthfulness, and gives the very life it seems to steal.

But, while the truth and the power that lay in such a man might be thus secure of recognition, it remained for a memoir like the present to exhibit the love with which his nature overflowed—his strong affections—the thoughtful tenderness of his sympathy—his generous spirit of self-sacrifice—his passion for making all about him happy, from the least unto the greatest. It is a right thing and a delightful that we should be assured, by those who alone can render such testimony, that the wit and mirthfulness of the noted Sydney Smith were not mere drawing-room and dinner-table coruscations, stimulated by reputation, by company, by wine, but the daily sunshine of a home. For many years his life was a struggle with the incumbrance of inevitable debt, remote from society, in disappointment, in a kind of exile. How many, so circumstanced, would have made themselves and all about them wretched,—visiting their vexations, in fretfulness or gloom, on wife, and children, and servants! He was indomitable in good temper, indefatigable in prompt clear-headed action; sharing and lightening every one's burden by some blithe pleasantry or other; and esteeming no handicraft job a trouble, no contrivance a trifle, which could increase the comfort of any child, domestic, or even animal, beneath his care. We have seen, as from a distance, the scintillations of his wit, like the sparks that find their way up into the night from the mouth of some lowly cottage chimney. How goodly is it to enter the door,—to look upon the great genial fire of household love from which they all were born—to watch the beaming faces round the ingle—to hear the ringing laugh of childhood, the merriment, the music, the singing. Whether at home or abroad, the wit of this man was the playful overflow of the strength given to a great lover of his kind. Bright it was, but no mere brilliance, no *feu de joie*;—it was shiningly benign, as the rocket gleaming through the sky,

whose fire-path is followed by the rope that saves a shipwrecked crew.

At Winchester School, under much misery and semi-starvation, young Sydney produced thousands of Latin verses; ripening through this wretchedness for a fellowship at New College, Oxford. His inclinations would have led him to the bar; but it had been a costly matter to provide a legal education for his clever elder brother, Robert. So Sydney, after narrowly escaping being sent as supercargo to China, is urged by his father to enter the Church. At last he complies; and is next to be discovered, on diligent inquiry, a curate, in the midst of Salisbury Plain—a pauper pastor, horseless, bookless—nay, too often meatless, saying solitary grace over potatoes sprinkled with ketchup. Unhappy!—not for this poverty, but for the pressure which drove him to a calling for which he had no spontaneous vocation. At all events, filthy lucre did not entice him within the pale ecclesiastic. Once entered there, his duty was discharged most conscientiously, according to his views of it.

It appears to us as much a matter of course as the stopping of the heroine's runaway horse by the hero in a novel, that the squire of the parish, having ears on his head and some brains in it, should have taken a great fancy to Mr. Smith, the curate. He sends him to the Continent as tutor to his son; but war breaking out, they put into Edinburgh, 'in stress of politics.' In that 'energetic and unfragrant city,' he took two eventful steps—matrimony, the first: the second, the projection and production of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he edited the first number.

In estimating the share of Sydney Smith in a movement of such importance, it is necessary to ascertain the secret of the power possessed by that portentous creation of buff and blue which was born, ideally at least, in the ninth flat of Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh.* It was not that the writers in this periodical evinced a talent which distanced what a literature rich as that of England had hitherto produced. The real strength of the new-comer lay in the genius and the daring of those successive assaults upon political and social abuses under which we groaned, from our Dan unto our Beersheba. There were the Catholics unemancipated—blood-thirsty game-laws—Test and Corporation Acts—prisoners could have no counsel—the laws of debt and conspiracy were scandalously oppressive—terrorism and taxation made up the business of the State, and digestion seemed the chief end of the Church. All the most thorough and most telling protests against abuses such as these, which made luminous the early course of the *Review*, proceeded from the pen of Sydney

* See a full discussion of this question in No. XXXI. of this Review.

Smith. It is to his commanding genius that we must award the honour of winning a hearing for the *Edinburgh* from listless, despondent, or prejudiced auditors, on those great questions with which its deserved success must be for ever associated.

Jeffrey worked harder for the *Review* than any one else. Most praiseworthy is the steadiness with which the versatile mind, cooped up in that wiry little body, laboured at the periodical oar; and, had the *Edinburgh* existed for Scotland only, it would have needed for success nothing but what Jeffrey could have furnished. His analytical, dissecting-knife style of mind, his metaphysical acuteness, his proneness to philosophise about men as mere abstractions, his love of disquisition—all these were articles in demand north of the Tweed. The clever owner of such qualities might be pardoned, on their account, his flippancy, his critical destructiveness, his weary steppes, here and there, of unrelieved prosiness. As to wit, no one asked for it. Sydney Smith used to say that it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. But in England humour is native and of high account. We do not think a man the less in earnest for his jest by the way, for an extravaganza now and then. With all our practicality, we love a playful fancy, quaint indirectnesses, grotesque collocations, sudden turns, gravely comic ironies. We do not always speak upon the square; we are not ashamed of having been known to utter an impracticable wish. Caledonia has given us some humorists of note, but they have always been formed by the culture and the society of England. Jeffrey, as Smith jocularly told him, was brimful at any time of arguments on every imaginable question; but Sydney alone could render the arguments he urged irresistible from laughter as well as logic. It is not too much to say that to his mind, more than to any other, was the *Edinburgh* indebted for the vigorous hold it took upon the public feeling of that time. His own modest estimate of his share in the work is thus expressed in one of his letters to Jeffrey:—

‘You must consider that Edinburgh is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal of the extreme dulness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the *Review*, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. I am a very ignorant, frivolous, half-inch person; but, such as I am, I am sure I have done your *Review* good, and contributed to bring it into notice. Such as I am, I shall be, and cannot promise to

alter. Such is my opinion of the effect of my articles. Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the *Review* would have written a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the game-laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay upon such a subject; and I am equally certain that the principles are *right*, and that there is no lack of sense in it.—Vol. ii., p. 181.

After a residence of five years in Edinburgh, Sydney Smith removed to London, straitened in means, too liberal in his views to hope for much beyond merest journeyman's wages from his Church, but consoled by the *entrée* of Holland House, by an increasing circle of friends, and by signal popularity as a preacher. Lapguird West-Endians crowded to hear a man who preached in the every-day speech of good society, who was earnest, practical, intelligible, even interesting, in the pulpit, and under whom they almost forgot to yawn. The lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, added deservedly to his fame and funds, and blocked up with equipages the streets which are named after Albemarle and Grafton.

In 1809 preferment came, through Lord and Lady Holland, in the shape of a small living at Foston le Clay, in Yorkshire. A change in the law made residence and building compulsory, and Sydney Smith must atone in his own person for the ecclesiastical negligence and abuse of a hundred and fifty years.

Had he been the feather-brained, popularity-hunting fashionable which John Foster chose wrathfully to fancy him, he must have perished for lack of ices, champagne, and small-talk. He must have lost at least one pair of boots and all his peace of mind in the stiff clay of Foston. Nor would he have been the first London parson who has all but died of a living in Yorkshire. 'Muster Smith,' said the octogenarian clerk of Foston, on his first appearance, 'it often stroikes my moind, that people as comes from London is such *fools*.' Clerk and people straightway discover that their new pastor is no fool. He adapts himself to the situation with a facility that would have been amazing in any one except himself and Alcibiades. At London or at Foston, at Susa or at Sparta, your true lord of circumstance is equally at home. In the twinkling of an eye Sydney Smith has grown bucolic. His ignorance of agriculture is vanishing every day. He dines with the farmers, he sets on foot gardens for the poor, he doctors peasants or cattle, as the case may be (for he heard medical lectures at Edinburgh), he takes an absorbing interest in the diet and gestation of sheep and kine, and can find amusement in the trifles which constitute the events of a hamlet, so

sparsely peopled, 'that you never for years see so many as four people all together except on a very fine Sunday at church.'

Nine months of cheerful untiring energy sufficed to build the new parsonage-house which was to replace the crumbling hovel formerly so called. He says:—

'It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

'I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson), with a face like a full moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furnish my house.' You see the result!'—Vol. i., p. 159.

Appropos of 'Bunch,' Mrs. Marcet records an amusing scene which she witnessed on a visit to Foston.

'I was coming downstairs the next morning, when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who was passing, 'Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?' Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'Roast duck, please sir,' and disappeared. I laughed. 'You may laugh,' said he, 'but you have no idea of the labour it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sur ai don't knaw, sir;' but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. 'Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes?' She has them by heart, and repeats them every day. 'Come here, Bunch!' (calling out to her), 'come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet,' and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—'Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir.' 'And what is curtsy-bobbing?' 'Curtsying to the centre of the earth, please sir.' 'Good girl! now you may go.' She makes a capital waiter, I assure you. On state occasions, Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well; but he sometimes naturally makes

a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork.—
Vol. i., p. 186.

Here is another illustration of the man from the same pen:—

‘But I came up to speak to Annie Kay. Where is Annie Kay? Ring the bell for Annie Kay.’ Kay appeared. ‘Bring me my medicine-book, Annie Kay. Kay is my apothecary’s boy, and makes up my medicines.’ Kay appears with the book. ‘I am a great doctor; would you like to hear some of my medicines?’ ‘Oh yes, Mr. Sydney.’ ‘There is the gentle-jog, a pleasure to take it; the bull-dog, for more serious cases; Peter’s puke; heart’s delight, the comfort of all the old women in the village; rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation; dead-stop, settles the matter at once; up-with-it-then, needs no explanation; and so on. Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs. Spratt a bottle of rub-a-dub; and to Mr. Coles, a dose of dead-stop and twenty drops of laudanum. This is the house to be ill in (turning to us); indeed, everybody who comes is expected to take a little something; I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness here. We have contrivances for everything. Have you seen my patent armour? No? Annie Kay, bring my patent armour. Now, look here: if you have a stiff neck or swelled face, here is this sweet case of tin filled with hot water, and covered with flannel, to put round your neck, and you are well directly. Likewise, a patent tin shoulder, in case of rheumatism. There you see a stomach-tin, the greatest comfort in life; and lastly, here is a tin slipper, to be filled with hot water, which you can sit with in the drawing-room, should you come in chilled, without wetting your feet. Come and see my apothecary’s shop.’ We all went downstairs, and entered a room filled entirely on one side with medicines, and on the other with every description of groceries and household or agricultural necessities; in the centre, a large chest, forming a table, and divided into compartments for soap, candles, salt, and sugar.

‘Here you see,’ said he, ‘every human want before you:—

‘Man wants but little here below,
As beef, veal, mutton, pork, lamb, venison show,’

spreading out his arms to exhibit everything, and laughing. ‘Life is a difficult thing in the country, I assure you, and it requires a good deal of forethought to steer the ship, when you live twelve miles from a lemon. By-the-by, that reminds me of one of our greatest domestic triumphs. Some years ago, my friend C——, the arch-epicure of the Northern Circuit, was dining with me in the country. On sitting down to dinner, he turned round to the servant, and desired him to look in his great-coat pocket, and he would find a lemon; ‘for,’ he said, ‘I thought it likely you might have duck and green peas for dinner, and therefore thought it prudent, at this distance from a town, to provide a lemon.’ I turned round, and exclaimed indignantly, ‘Bunch, bring in the lemon-bag!’ and Bunch appeared with a bag containing a dozen lemons. He respected us wonderfully after that.

Oh, it is reported that he goes to bed with concentrated lozenges of wild-duck, so as to have the taste constantly in his mouth when he wakes in the night.'—Vol. i., p. 355.

Nor was this gaiety in any measure the result of mere heedlessness or insensibility. His strong affections gave poignancy to all that was trying in his lot. But the sense of duty, the spirit of love, the manly resolve to make the best of whatever might befall, bore him bravely up till better days.

'I have not unfrequently seen him in an evening,' says Lady Holland, 'when bill after bill poured in, as he was sitting at his desk (carefully examining them, and gradually paying them off) quite overcome by the feeling of the debt hanging over him, cover his face in his hands, and exclaim, 'Ah! I see I shall end my old age in a gaol!' This was the more striking from one the buoyancy of whose spirits usually rose above all difficulties. It made a deep impression upon us; and I remember many little family councils, to see if it were not possible to economize in something more, and lessen our daily expenses to assist him.'

Meanwhile he was a diligent contributor to the *Edinburgh*. He was never without some subject in hand for investigation. He was a very rapid reader, nimbly 'tearing out the bowels of a book,' seizing and estimating general results. His memory was not remarkably retentive. In gaining the fullest and most accurate information, written or oral, on any topic he was about to handle, he was most scrupulous and indefatigable. The necessary data once collected and arranged, he wrote swiftly, with all his heart and soul; never pausing for polish or effect, rarely altering or correcting what he had written. His power of abstraction was great. With admirable agility he could transfer, in a moment, his whole mind from one subject to another. From the dry drudgery of bills and business papers he could turn instantly to the composition of an essay or a sermon, and write with rapid ease, unhindered by surrounding conversation or music, unvexed by interruptions. A certain mental restlessness rendered that necessary interchange of business and study, which would have fretted most literary men, a positive advantage to him. Ever eager to see and hear, he liked first impressions; he would never dwell more than ten minutes together on the same scene or picture. When no interruption came from without, he would make one; and presently return to his desk, enlivened by a turn in the garden, by play with a child, or attention to some domestic concern. In fact, his capacity for business and for letters was alike extraordinary. He could plod and plan, scrutinise and calculate, as though he had never in his life conceived a fancy, said

a good thing, or written a wise one. When made, at last, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, how did he electrify the officers of the Chapter! He was the impersonation of Administrative Reform. Here was a man who would not run in the routine groove—who would take nothing for granted—who would sleepily confide in no person merely because it had been usual to trust him with everything—who insisted on examining everything and everybody for himself—who taxed the bills (the wretch!)—who somehow had come to know, as well as the builders (the monster!) all about putty, white lead, and Portland stone: Would that we had more such men to manage all our affairs, secular and religious, men brave and true enough to sacrifice peace at first for purity and safety afterwards. 'I find traces of him,' says his old friend the Dean of St. Paul's, 'in every particular of Chapter affairs; and on every occasion where his hand appears, I find stronger reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship.'

But we anticipate his history. In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst courageously offered him a stall vacant at Bristol. Thither he repaired, not to a larger, but a more secure source of income; and, on the 5th of November, preached a sermon before the mayor and corporation so intolerably tolerant, that they 'could scarcely keep the turtle on their stomachs.' The kindness of Lord Lyndhurst enabled him to exchange Foston for the beautifully-situated living of Combe Florey, near Taunton.

And now, in the ebb and flow of politics, the Whigs come into power. Lord Melbourne expressed his regret in after years that he had not made Sydney Smith a bishop. Considering, not the ideal, but the actual, Church of England, never had man better claim. He had fought on the Liberal side, when every blow he struck demolished a hope of preferment. He had stood alone in his profession, aiding with his pen the Whig cause, as not another man in England could, when Whiggism was outcast and empty-handed. A bishopric, he was well aware, would not have increased his happiness—it would have been refused if offered; but whether such return came or not, his heart was no less true to the cause he had embraced. It was not for place that he had wrought and endured so much. But at all events Lord Grey will appoint him to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's; some years after, his brother leaves him his property; and behold him in easy circumstances for the rest of his days. In his first letter to Archdeacon Singleton, he is provoked to sum up his receipts from the Establishment as follows:—

- 'You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown church-

man; be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now, I have had my full share of the blanks in the lottery as well as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the church; then 50*l.* per annum for two years; then nothing for ten years; then 500*l.* per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l.*, till, in my grand climacteric, I was made Canon of St. Paul's; and before that period, I had built a parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4000*l.*, and had reclaimed another from ruins at the expense of 2000*l.* A lawyer, or a physician in good practice, would smile at this picture of great ecclesiastical wealth; and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of ecclesiastical prosperity.

Let sanguine mediocrity, seeking refuge in the Church of England from Dissent, consider this career. Grievous are the blanks indeed, and sure, to unpatronized independence of thought. It is said that under popular church government, the minister of religion dares not speak according to his convictions. What heroism was requisite in Sydney Smith to avow his! O Neophyte! about to enter holy orders for respectability's sake and the morsel of bread, learn thy first lesson from the sagacious Canon of St. Paul's. He tells you, 'What bishops like to see in the inferior clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner.' Go! buy thee a full-length mirror, and practise it all day long!

Now, reader, we ring the bell and order you refreshments; here are some fragments of Smith's conversation—

'It is a great proof of shyness to crumble bread at dinner. 'Oh! I see you are afraid of me,' (turning to a young lady who sat by him) 'you crumble your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop.'

'Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen.'

'Yes! you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence.'

'There is a New Zealand attorney arrived in London, with 6*s.* 8*d.* tattooed all over his face.'

'An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.'

'When so showy a woman as Mrs. — appears at a place, though there is no garish within twelve miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors.'

'At Mr. Romilly's there arose a discussion on the *Inferno* of Dante, and the tortures he had invented. 'He may be a great poet,'

said my father, 'but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler,—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would show you what torture, really was. For instance,' (turning merrily to his old friend, Mrs. Marcet), 'you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay, let me consider?—oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence.' 'And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sydney?' said a young mother. 'Why, you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?'

'Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.'

'When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud, that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation.'

'Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. 'Heat, ma'am!' I said, 'it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time.' But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.'—Vol. i. p. 266.

Lady Holland has summoned to the witness-box some of those best qualified to testify, who with one voice aver, not only that grave truth was often couched in Sydney's wildest witticisms, so that taste and principle always redeemed them from buffoonery, but that many who best knew him admired his wisdom even more than his wit. 'His reputation,' says an accomplished lady, 'has been much founded on his powers of entertaining, which are very great, indeed unrivalled; yet I prefer his serious conversation.' Mrs. Austin went to hear him, 'with some misgivings,' she says, 'as to the effect which the well-known face and voice, ever associated with wit and mirth, might have upon me, even in the sacred place. Never were misgivings more quickly and entirely dissipated. The moment he appeared in the pulpit, all the weight of his duty, all the authority of his office, were written on his countenance; and without a particle of affectation (of which he was incapable) his whole demeanour bespoke

'the gravity of his purpose.' More than once had he the satisfaction of receiving letters of gratitude, assuring him that his preaching had not been in vain, and had stopped the writer in a course of guilt and dissipation. 'The expression of my father's face,' says Lady Holland, 'when at rest, was that of sense and dignity; and this was the picture of his mind in the calmer and graver hours of life; but when he found (as we sometimes do) a passage that bore the stamp of *immortality*, his countenance in an instant changed, and lighted up, and a sublime thought, sight, or action, struck on his soul at once, and found a kindred spark within it.' In the family circle he would give expression at times to thoughtful religious feeling; but, with a taste so sensitive, and a dislike of conventional religious phrases so strong as his, we should be strangely wanting in charity were we to suppose that solemn thoughts were not more frequent with him than solemn words.

What sunny wisdom pervades remarks and maxims such as these:—

'When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect; and improve those excellences which command attention and respect.'

'Don't be too severe upon yourself and your own failings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last.'

'Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God.'

'Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that *he has done his best*!'

'Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope; why do they not dare to hope? To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair.'

'The real way to improve is not so much by varied reading, as by finding out your weak points on any subject and mastering them.'

'True, it is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, and have a right to expect from others: but it is a mistake to complain of it; for it is of no use: you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol.'

'I destroy, on principle, all letters to me, but I have no secrets myself. I should not care if almost every word I have written were published at Charing Cross. I live with open windows.'

'Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after-life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means

ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.'

'Oh! I am happy to see all who will visit me; I have lived twenty years in the country, and have never met a bore.'

The wit of Sydney Smith was always under the control of good taste and good feeling. It was never mischievous to him by any unseemliness, impertinence, or vulgarity. Throughout his writings, so remarkable for natural flow and freedom of style, so simple and so idiomatic, you search in vain for anything slipshod, for triteness or chit-chat, for a single colloquial solecism. His style, like golden-haired Pyrrha, is always *simplex munditiis*. The brilliance of his conversation owed none of its life to the glass. A thimbleful of wine destroyed his understanding, he said, and made him forget the number of the Muses. He sings the praises of water in a style that will make the floods in all teetotal stomachs to clap their hands. Far other the sparkling faculty of another wit, hectic from the ruddy wine, effervescent with champagne—poor Theodore Hook—the victim of the convivial cruelties of the great, mercilessly dined to death. Some of the happiest jests of Smith were ecclesiastical. But such sallies were too professional to be profane. They seemed to rebound upon himself, or they played about his order; they certainly scorched nothing. If there was satire in them, it was directed only at hypocrisy or corruption. If he could lightly touch the terrene and external part of religion—its secularised institutions—its drowsy dignitaries; he paid lowliest obeisance (wherever he could discern it) to its heavenly spirit. He could play with the tassel of his cushion; never with the leaves of his Bible. Assuredly, of no other wit could this be said, that many persons felt flattered rather than otherwise, when singled out by him as the objects of a conversational attack. How genial and frolicsome must that raillery have been,—irradiating, never scathing,—summer lightning, indeed,—always directed by a delicate kindness to something unlinked with the feelings or the pride—something that could be offered up—at which the owner could laugh as heartily as any one in the room, feeling as if some article of his, like a watch, or a handkerchief, was made the subject of a feat by a master of legerdemain; as though he had unawares contributed to the common delight, and turned on, with a sudden touch, the great wit-fountain—never that he was held up as a butt of scorn for the arrows of an irrepressible and universal laugh. When he was quitting London for Yorkshire, the absent and eccentric Lord Dudley said to him, 'You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to

'me that I wished unsaid.' He remarks, 'This, I confess, pleased me.' Doubtless:—rare heart and head! A wit—and yet more beloved than feared!

In attempting a summary of the characteristics belonging to such a nature, the first place is due to that piercing sagacity for which he was so remarkable,—that combination of moral qualities with intellectual acuteness which constitutes practical wisdom. His first object is to clear away encumbrances,—to make 'a naked circle' about the matter in dispute, so that there may be a clear view of it from every side. He goes at once to the core, never mistaking adjuncts for essentials, never deceived by fine phrases, by conventional solemnities or sentimentalities. 'We must get down at once,' he cries, 'to the solid rock, without heeding how we disturb the turf and the flowers above.' On the American rivers, the great logs floated down get jammed up here and there;—a man must be let down by a rope from the overhanging trees,—find, if he can, the timber which is a kind of keystone and stops the rest—detach it—he pulled up in a twinkling—and away dash the giant trunks, shooting headlong, helter-skelter, down the stream. This delicate and perilous office Sydney Smith discharged for the dead-locked questions of his day. His treatment of a half-smothered, obfuscated topic never fails to clear and freshen it for all who come after him;—it is refreshing as a shower on dusty leaves, which not only gives them moisture at the time, but, by washing clean the clogged stomata, fits the innumerable mouths on every spray for drinking in their future nourishment from the surrounding air. He drives a slippery antagonist to his last wriggle,—a pompons and windy one to his last gasp—by insisting on their saying what they mean. Whether in extracting the terror from a term meant for a bugbear, or the hue from a term designed as a cosmetic, his consummate logic is equally admirable. The rhetorician finds that his colour-box is gone; the polemic, with linstock lighted, that his powder has been damped. Sydney Smith has conquered by rendering useless weapons which had been redoubtable till he appeared. He need not himself launch a single envenomed personality, or point one deep-throated railing accusation. Those familiar with his writings will remember instances of such high service in the searching examination he institutes into the use and misuse of words like 'pedantic,' 'simplicity,' 'speculative,' 'conscience,' and many more.

Of course, such a man, all mere party cries, specious generalities, clerical flunkeyism, official cant, and owl-faced commonplaces, must be ever abominable. 'Upon religion and morals,' he writes, 'depends the happiness of mankind; but the fortune

‘of knaves and the power of fools is sometimes made to rest on the same apparent basis; and we will never (if we can help it) allow a rogue to get rich, or a blockhead to get powerful, under the sanction of these awful words.’ He tells brother Abraham, with perfect truth, ‘If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortunes upon their ruin.’ To a clerical opponent, who accused him of want of piety, he replies:—

‘Whether I have been appointed for my piety or not, must depend upon what this poor man means by piety. He means by that word, of course, a defence of all the tyrannical and oppressive abuses of the Church which have been swept away within the last fifteen or twenty years of my life: the Corporation and Test Acts; the Penal Laws against the Catholics; the Compulsory Marriages of Dissenters, and all those disabling and disqualifying laws which were the disgrace of our Church, and which he has always looked up to as the consummation of human wisdom. If piety consisted in the defence of these,—if it was unpiety to struggle for their abrogation, I have indeed led an ungodly life.’—*Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*, p. 252.

It must have been a shock indeed to every churchman who had made an adored poetical abstraction of the Church to see all the sanctimonious obscurity and lullaby landation with which he had surrounded his idol dissipated or ignored,—to be reminded that the discrepancy and contention which would be disgraceful and pernicious in worldly affairs, should, in common prudence, be avoided in the affairs of religion,—to hear plain facts simply stated by a man who could retain possession of his faculties in the presence of a bishop,—verily the Knight of La Mancha in the cave of Montesinos could not have been more amazed when his Dulcinea sent to borrow six reals on her new dimity petticoat. ‘I have but one illusion left,’ said Sydney in his mellow age, ‘and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury.’ Alas! that too must be lost by this time to many of his readers, and a wicked world has ceased to put its trust even in archbishops!

The power of Sydney Smith as a light-diffuser and fallacy-detector on the grand scale was rendered the more formidable by a comprehensiveness not inferior to his discrimination—by his moderation and self-control. He never overstates his case. The argument once demolished, he does not vindictively pursue its unhappy parent. He does not take it for granted that every advocate of what is cruel or unjust must of necessity be a brute or a rogue. It is his habit to pause, even in full career, and make due allowance on every opportunity for the influence of

education, of position, of routine. He never employs his perfect mastery of language—like the powders applied to dahlia-roots and hyacinths—to change the natural hue of the facts as they grow, and give to the resultant product an artificial colouring. Practical as he is, he is no cold-blooded utilitarian. Such men he ridicules as ligneous creatures, from whom, when bored with a gimlet, sawdust must come forth. His early days were unheated by the revolutionary fervour that kindled the contemporary youth of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; nor did his age, like theirs, forsake the liberal cause. His facts were as carefully examined and set forth—his arguments as guarded and as complete, as though his only hope had lain in diligence and logic. His witty illustration hides no weak places—it is the crest of his helmed argument—the mere pennon of his spear. The sword of this Taillefer does not deal blows less deadly because he rides out before the battle-front, tossing it in the air and catching it. So full of life is he, that when he has hewn his thoughts into serviceable shape for his purpose, they sprout forth presently into unlooked-for arborescent fancies,—are vivacious as the acacia wood, which, planed into a door-post, has been known to root again and shoot out budding boughs above the threshold. He can diverge as wondrously from the established treatment of a subject as doth the tower of Pisa from the perpendicular, yet never fall;—nay, as that tower may safely ring its peal of belis in an attitude menacing instant prostration, so can his strange faculty disport itself at will in posture the most hazardous, and peril no gravity save that belonging to his readers. Such ease and self-possession belong only to great strength. Great as might be the ardour with which he would defend a good thing or assail a bad one, vehemence never made him forget that there were other good things and other bad beside the one in question. He did not imagine that the universe hung on the particular controversy with which he might be at any time occupied; he kept his material in its place; he had no hobby; he was guiltless of a panacea.

His judgment of mankind was healthy, neither Utopian nor cynical. Unlike the Sultan Mahmoud, who, smiting the Indian idol with his mace, saw gush forth therefrom an incredible quantity of pearls and precious stones, Sydney Smith found image-breaking anything but lucrative. But neglect and misrepresentation could not sour him. He was content to take men as we find them. If the highest motive moved them not, he thought it no shame to appeal to a lower. The skilful mariner must know not merely how a ship *might* be worked in a storm, but what the particular craft he has to manage can be brought to do—how she

will 'behave,' as they say, in a certain crisis. This was the kind of knowledge by which he set most store in the management of men. He never enjoyed for its own sake the excitement of striving with his fellows. Some men, plunged into controversy, acquire fresh heat and life,—as fire-flies are said to regain their fading lustre on being immersed in hot water. Such a man was Priestley; such was not Sydney Smith. Some worthy cause must be at stake before he will vex his soul with contention. How strongly does his dignified forbearance and large-hearted love contrast with the savage Berserker fury of Swift, or the malign grin of Voltaire—to whom Ridicule and Sarcasm were Castor and Pollux, sole guiding stars across the frothy, melancholy sea of life.

Yet there was one phase of our common nature which presented to Sydney Smith a riddle he could not read. Into the heights and depths of our spiritual being he seems never to have searched. A religious enthusiast was to him as strange and incomprehensible a creature as an *ornithorynchus paradoxus*. If he sees a man profoundly oppressed by the sense of guilt, he straightway imagines him a poor dyspeptic wretch, who thinks to please God by tears and groans. He is right when he says that God is love; but how strangely wanting in discernment when he fails to see that it is this very love which deepens to such poignancy the consciousness of ingratitude. Faith appears to be understood by him in the mere ecclesiastical rather than in the scriptural sense—as the opinion of the seen, more than the power of the unseen world. He is right when he insists on the necessity of practical preaching, of searching exhortation to the moralities of daily life, but grievously in error when he looks for genuine success apart from the motives set forth in the gospel, and the regenerating influence of the Spirit of God. What measure of such truth he himself may finally have come to hold we know not: far be it from us to judge him.

The complaint we urge is simply this;—not that he was not religious just in our fashion, but that he denied sincerity or common sense to great numbers who were not religious in his. His injustice to evangelical religion is notorious. In contact with that hated thing, his love of mercy and of justice vanishes—his nobler self is gone, and he is Sydney Smith no more. True, he would persecute neither Methodist nor Catholic; but his charity and candour are pushed to the utmost for the one, his scorn and abhorrence are concentrated on the other. He is eager to believe that every evangelical cobbler deems it glorious to lie for the tabernacle. He can scarcely be persuaded that a Papist will deem it glorious to lie for the church. He is indignant

at the power of illiterate preachers over the common people. He forgets how the order of Francis has preyed upon the mob, how the order of Dominic has hounded them on. The bad taste of Methodism disgusts him. A little reading among the works of some of those whom Rome delights to honour—the visions and meditations of some illustrious saints—the foul-mouthed utterances of the French preachers of the League, would have revealed to him sanctified puerilities, holy profanities, delirious obscenities, blood-thirsty blasphemies, in comparison with which the maddest rant of an American camp-meeting is seemliness, sobriety, and sense.

As to the good taste of much that Smith saw fit to quote from the public organs and private journals of the evangelical party, we have not a word of apology to offer. With many passages citation is condemnation, and they convict themselves without a stroke from the satirist. But the sin of the assailant lay in resolving to believe, and to make others believe, that the religionists assailed were made up only of superstition and austerity—if sincere, all grimness—if hollow, all grimace—frantic with a heady proselytism, or greedy with a low-minded cunning.

To his attack on Indian missions every succeeding year brought in, and is to bring, fresh refutation. But for missionary effort Sutteeism would still have been allowed, Indian priestcraft petted, and the wheel of Juggernaut shoved onwards by the shoulder of the Honourable East India Company. He makes the difficulties encountered by missionaries his great argument against missions. Those difficulties had been largely created by the godless gainfulness which lived only to shake the pagoda-tree and gorge. Their existence only showed that brave and devoted hearts had not stirred them too soon. Quite otherwise did Sydney reason concerning the obstacles in the way of improvement among ourselves. The champion of reform in England abominates the reformers of India; and the chastiser of episcopalian Brahmins at home is the apologist of an idolatrous priesthood abroad. The reiterated publication of the article on Missions is far less excusable than its production at the first. It was not like Sydney Smith to persist against accumulating facts—to refuse to allow himself mistaken. If he had spoken a hasty word to any one in his employ, he could never be easy in his mind till, with manful kindliness, he had in some way acknowledged his fault, and healed the wound. But an evangelical dissenter was beyond the pale of courtesy or justice. Lady Holland tells us, 'Some one speaking of missions ridiculed them as inefficient. He dissented, saying that, 'Though all was not done that was projected or even boasted of, yet that much good resulted; and that wherever

'Christianity was taught, it brought with it the additional good of civilization in its train, and men became better carpenters, better cultivators, better everything.' There is his own good sense here; many reputed conversions are very questionable; many Indians have been made bad Hindoos without being made good Christians; much is still to do; but the collateral benefits of Christianity alone are an incalculable gain—underrated too often by religious impatience, eager for flattering reports. His views had evidently undergone modification; we are glad to give publicity to the change; we could wish that he himself had done so.

The position of Sydney Smith in the Church of England it is not difficult to understand. In his view, that institution meant 'a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adhesion to old moral landmarks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change.' He was grieved to see it near 'dying of dignity,' but such he knew was the chronic disorder of all establishments. The practical energetic preaching, the activity, the education he advocated, were, alas! only to be found among the evangelicals he denounced. The Puseyite attempt at revival by priestcraft, sacraments, and wax-chandlery, was quite as little to his taste. He has much reverence for principles, little for dignities. For the life of him he cannot say of his bishop, as Cob of Bobadill, 'I do honour the very flea of his dog.' To every clergyman, duly sensible of the proprieties, the very sneeze of a bishop should be like the stermutation of the King of Monopotama, which is greeted by shouts in the ante-chamber, shouts in the palace-yard, shouts in the city-streets,—announced and reverberated by a thousand loyal voices; but bold recusant Sydney Smith can watch, *rectis oculis*—without awe, and without response—the convulsion of an episcopal proboscis! This provoking Spartan calls a spade a spade, and shockingly discourses of the Church as indeed it is. They accuse him of desecrating holy things. He answers, as England did to Ireland in one of our old wars. The Irish had laid up their corn in a church, hoping that the sanctity of the building would preserve their stores. The English replied that the sacrilege lay with the enemy, in converting the holy place to such a purpose; and removed the grain as coolly as if the sanctuary had been a barn.

Sydney Smith maintains that, as there is no adequate payment for the many in the Church, there must be prizes for the few. His letters to Archdeacon Singleton are unanswerable exposures of a fallacious and unjust attempt at reform, by which the strong ecclesiastics would have pilfered from the weak, without appeasing

after all the popular dissatisfaction. Most of his ecclesiastical opponents conveniently identified the pious and the comfortable. To disturb an abuse was to assail religion. Has not Sancho the most religious objection to being drawn into discussion when guzzling among Camacho's flesh-pots? 'Good, your worship,' cries he, 'judge of your own chivalries, and meddle not with judging of other men's fears and valours; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours: and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world.'

A most felicitous allusion exhibits in a sentence the effect of his plain-speaking. 'When an argument taken from real life and the actual condition of the world is brought among the shadowy discussions of ecclesiastics, it always occasions terror and dismay; it is like Æneas stepping into Charon's boat, which carried only ghosts and spirits. *Gemuit sub pondere cymba Sutilis.*' Sydney Smith will not cloak the matter; he acknowledges that the great majority who enter the Church do so having in view the good things which that Church may bestow. Yet every one so entering professes that he is moved thereto by the Holy Ghost. The bait must be there, he contends, or capital would not flow into the establishment. But what becomes of the vows upon the threshold? Hapless dilemma!—what, indeed!

He judged of the Romish priesthood very much by himself. He imagined them scarcely more likely to violate truth, humanity, or justice for their church, than would he for his. They had come down in the world, and he pitied them. They seemed to him the feeble shadow of a bye-gone terror. They resembled in his eyes the player in the *Spectator*, who complains so bitterly that, having once done the thunder, he is now reduced to act the ghost. They had suffered adversity, and he trusted they were the better for it. The service he rendered them was a righteous one and brave, however unworthy and incurable the subjects of the benefit. With scepticism, on the other side, he was never disposed to tamper for a moment. The irreligious spirit of the *Edinburgh* awakened his grave displeasure, and drew forth strong remonstrances to Jeffrey.

As a master of English, Sydney Smith may take his place upon the highest seat. A better model of style it would be difficult to propose,—partly from his intrinsic excellence,—partly because the absence of mannerism renders mere imitation impossible. Two comprehensive attributes may suffice to characterize his composition—Simplicity and Wit.

It is too common to confound simplicity with baldness, and to challenge its excellence accordingly. A simple style must be

transparent, idiomatic, natural. Let these qualities be preserved, and a playful humour, or a rich fancy will never detract from its simplicity. The soil need not be barren, but the flowers must be spontaneous. No brushes and powders, no wires, wax, or gauze, must litter the study table—materials for an artificial flora. No pedantic theory must play the martinet with the common rank and file of speech, or drum out the attention of the reader and the thoughts of the writer in a monotonous roll of periods.

Sydney Smith thought with clearness, and therefore expressed himself clearly. We cannot believe that any man fairly understands his own meaning who is unable to convey it to the tolerably educated mind about him. The banks and shoals of the sea are the ordinary resting-place of fogs. It is so with thought and language—the cloud surely indicates the shallow. The literary criticisms of Smith betray his impatience of all artifice. He is aggrieved by the scholastic grandiosities of Parr; he exposes the pompous egotism of Rose; he rebukes, though gently, the apostrophes of Waterton. His allusions and illustrations are never too refined or recondite; requiring in the reader some unusual knowledge or peculiar point of mental view, and therefore meaningless to the many as a signal flag seen edgewise. His style acquires force as well as clearness from his Teniers-like finish and minuteness of detail—his constant preference of the concrete to the abstract. There is no question about his outline—no drapery conceals drawing careless or untrue—there are no figures half visible through mist. He is like the man of whom the Italian said, that he always spoke *in relief* (*parlava sempre scolpito*). Wherever he can make a generality special by adducing names, places, tangible objects, he always does so. If such features are not at hand, he invents them. Thus, speaking of the Bishop of Peterborough's questions, he says, 'By this new system of interrogation, a man may be admitted into orders at Barnet, rejected at Stevenage, re-admitted at Brogden, kicked out as a Calvinist at Witham Common, and hailed as an ardent Arminian on his arrival at York.' On the same principle we meet by the way with an enumeration like the following:—'Few men consider the historical view which will be taken of present events. The bubbles of last year; the fishing for half-crowns in Vigo Bay; the Milk, Muffin, and Crumpet Companies; the Apple, Pear, and Plum Associations; the National Gooseberry and Currant Company—will all be remembered as instances of that partial madness to which society is occasionally exposed,' &c. Similarly, in the speech on the Reform Bill, the stewards and

country gentlemen acquire a grotesque individuality in the fortunes of Messrs. Vellum and Plumpkin. His habit of recapitulation at the close of an article greatly intensifies the impression of the whole. In this way he not only provides against any possible misconception as to his object, but sends away the reader with a telling summary of fact and argument ringing in his ears: Thus the whole of the fallacies exposed in the article on Bentham, are gathered together at last in the Noodle's oration. In like manner, at the end of a masterly paper on the Catholic question, he winds up with a succession of spirited addresses to the several classes interested—to the No-Popery Fool—to the No-Popery Rogue—to the Honest No-Popery People—to the Catholics, &c. The final page of the paper on Female Education is an epitome of the whole, remarkable for vigorous compression. An article on America is concluded by a collection of antitheses, concentrating in a paragraph the vast advantages and little inconveniences of which that land of anomalies is made up. The ease and self-possession resulting from the consciousness of strength, preserved his simplicity inviolate, whatever might be his anxiety, his eagerness, his indignation. His steed of the pen, as the Orientals would say, never perspires. No other man has ever despatched so many questions in one irresistible, immortal sentence. He will kick out the life of a time-honoured sophism by a single foot-note. His parenthesis is terrible—a mere tap on the ear in passing, that smites like the sail of a windmill.

Barrow's celebrated enumeration of the varieties of wit might be completely illustrated with first-rate specimens from the writings of Sidney Smith alone. We have not another writer in our language who has united to a wit and humour so exuberant and multiform a treatment of his subject so comprehensive, so conscientious, so truly philosophical—not another with like measure of the perilous faculty, so completely preserved by heart and taste and judgment from ever injuring others by malice, or himself by folly.

Space would fail us to specify the many kinds of facetiousness with which his style abounds. The humorists have always claimed the privilege of word-coining, and the royal exercise of this prerogative distinguishes, while it never disfigures, the language of Sydney Smith. This kind of originality lies on the surface, and is the first to strike every eye. Sometimes he fashions strange compounds from the homely Saxon idiom; sometimes he devises bigwig classical epithets, devised with scholarlike precision, comic from their formal gravity, so dexterously misplaced. Thus he speaks of a 'lexicon-struck' boy,

of 'Malthus-proof' young people, of 'persecution-fanciers,' of 'wife and daughter bishops,' of 'butler bishops,' even of 'cook and housekeeper bishops;' he describes a measure as rejected 'with Percivalism and contempt;' and he enriches our mother-tongue with that serviceable hybrid 'Foolometer.' So when, in the academic vein, he laughs at pedants with sesquipedal words of his own, he will talk of 'frugivorous children,' and of 'mastigophorous schoolmasters;' of 'amorphous hats;' of 'fugacious' or 'plumigerous captains;' of 'lachrymal and suspicious clergymen;' of some people who are 'simious,' and others who are 'anserous;' he holds up, as 'the Anglophagi,' the placemen who prey upon the country; and designates our September sins by the awful name of 'perdricide.'

A mind of such happy vivacity will, of course, make the simile and the metaphor the frequent vehicles of fun, of satire, sometimes even of argument—fine and sharp as the Italian's 'dagger hid in a hair.' For example,—'Men of very small incomes, be it known to his Lordship, have often very acute feelings; and a curate trod on feels a pang as great as when a bishop is refuted.' Thus again, 'To be intolerably strict and harsh to a poor curate, who is trying to earn a morsel of hard bread, and then to complain of the drudgery of reading his answers, is much like knocking a man down with a bludgeon, and then abusing him for splashing you with his blood, and pestering you with his groans. It is quite monstrous that a man who inflicts eighty-seven new questions in theology upon his fellow-creatures, should talk of the drudgery of reading their answers.'

Of the pun—that Pariah among the jests—Sydney Smith furnishes but few examples, and those, with scarcely an exception, classical.

His mock-heroics are numerous, and all good. Take this sly hit *en passant* at the pompous Latinised style: 'Not only are Church, King, and State allured by this principle of vicarious labour, but the pot-boy has a lower pot-boy, who, for a small portion of the small gains of his principal, arranges, with inexhaustible sedulity, the subdivided portions of drink, and, intensely perspiring, disperses, in bright pewter, the frothy elements of joy.' Who has not been convulsed by reading Peter Plymley's flatulent description of the scheme for subduing the French by stopping their medicinal supplies? 'What a sublime thought—that no purge can be taken between the Weser and the Garonne—that the bustling pestle is still—the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude!'

A species of wit to which Sydney Smith is much addicted, we

must call, *The Particularization of the Hyperbole*. When putting something impossible, or imagining something extravagant, he generally contrives to give it, by a sudden turn, a peculiar adaptation to the case in hand. For instance, speaking of Mrs. Trimmer, the well-known writer of children's books, he does not simply say that he knows she would on no account wittingly have done such injustice to Mr. Lancaster; but, 'if she had been aware of the extent of the mischief she was doing, she would have tossed the manuscript spelling-book in which she was engaged into the fire, rather than have done it.' Thus, again, any one might write, 'Nothing can persuade me that the antiquated superstitions of Rome are likely to resume their empire over the mind of this country.' What force and freshness does our wit give to the same thought—how he makes it flash and attract all eyes by expressing it this way,—'Tell me that the world will return again under the influence of the small-pox; that Lord Castlereagh will hereafter oppose the power of the court; that Lord Howick and Mr. Grattan will do each of them a mean and dishonourable action; that anybody who has heard Lord Redesdale speak once will knowingly and willingly hear him again; that Lord Eldon has assented to the fact of two and two making four, without shedding tears or expressing the smallest doubt or scruple; tell me any other thing absurd or incredible, but, for the love of common sense, let me hear no more of the danger to be apprehended from the general diffusion of Popery.'

A remarkable feature in the satire of Sydney Smith is the way in which it is wrought in his argument, description, or narrative. It diffuses itself through his style like an atmosphere. The touches are slight and incidental, as though he could not help it—he has not to stop or go out of his road for the purpose. Thomas Fuller often embroiders his history with sarcastic touches and humorous allusions; they fringe a sentence, or they slash it by a parenthesis; they glitter on it, or they wind, like a button or a braid,—but with Sydney Smith this vein of wit is as it were *shot* into the fabric—it glances at every movement in the texture itself. In this respect he bears some resemblance to Thackeray, whose satire, and whose kindness too, will come out in the most ordinary passages of a story—in the narration of the commonest incidents,—showing that this humour is no mere decoration of the structure he builds, but, in a manner, the very seasoning of its rafters. Sydney Smith and Thackeray are akin, too, in the tendency of their genius to confine itself to man and his interests. Dickens, in whom the poetical development is larger, has more sentiment and discursiveness. He will invest

natural objects with character—informs with life scenery, buildings, and very furniture. The supernatural and the mysterious steal in among the oddities and the prose of our wondrous daily life. The strange sights of foreign lands suggest to Sydney Smith not poetical or spiritual analogies, but political or ecclesiastical ones—some reality in the actual world at hand. And these very suggestions furnish illustration of the way in which he scatters satire as he goes, instinctively, almost unawares. Thus he reads in the old travels of Brocquière that the Christians at Damascus are locked up every night,—‘as they are (he remarks) in English workhouses, night and day, when they happen to be poor.’ This is his reflection on being informed of the astonishing power of the tolling note uttered by the South American campanero. ‘The campanero may be heard three miles!—this little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral ringing for a new dean—just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family!’ A description of the sloth sends his ideas home at once to his profession. ‘This animal moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.’ The boa constrictor reminds him, naturally enough, of the Court of Chancery.

How rapid and how keen are strokes like the following—the mere sparkle of his oars as they dash onwards: ‘To buy a partridge (though still considered as inferior to murder) was visited with the very heaviest infliction of the law,’ &c.—‘Even ministers (whom nothing pesters so much as the interests of humanity) are at last compelled to come forward,’ &c. ‘We curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the empty satisfaction of Mr. Percival’s head.’—‘Crying out like a school-boy or a chaplain,’ &c. ‘The sixth commandment is suspended, by one medical diploma, from the north of England to the south.’ ‘If a man finds a partridge upon his ground eating his corn in any part of Kentucky or Indiana, he may kill it, even if his father is not a Doctor of Divinity.’ ‘A good novel is a book which makes you impatient of contradiction and inattentive,—even if a bishop is making an observation, or a gentleman, lately from the Pyramids, or the Upper Cataracts, is let loose upon the drawing-room.’

That brevity is the soul of wit is an aphorism which, like many other proverbial sayings, conveys but half the truth. It is the province of wit not merely to utter the happy saying which is born and complete upon the instant, but also to pursue an idea with inexplicable nimbleness of thought, through roving, and windings, and transformations numberless, long after apprehen-

sions less brisk and agile have dropped it in exhaustion. The chase is marvellous as the conflicts of genii in *The Arabian Nights*, where the fugitive spirit transforms himself, quick as thought, into hare, or worm, or minnow; and the pursuer as swiftly hurries after in shape of hound, or bird, or pike. How long and fondly does the wit of Shakespeare buzz and hover about Bardolph's red nose; that volcanic promontory threatens to coruscate for ever; he scarce knows how to let it go. Sydney Smith is a mighty hunter of fancies in his way too; sometimes in wild fun; sometimes in earnest—that he may develop all the intrinsic absurdity of some notion which he combats. At one time he will stop and draw an imaginary picture; at another he will enter with grave irony into an arithmetical calculation. These methods are favourite weapons with Swift; but Smith is his equal in piquancy and force, and far superior in refinement both of thought and expression. Swift wields the quarter-staff; Smith draws a rapier.

A whole gallery full of pictures might be collected from his works, full of figures and of scenery selected or imagined with exquisite skill, and every touch and adjunct helping the designed effect of ridicule. Take only one, where he runs riot on the imagination of England invaded, laughably heaping together the most incongruous incidents, and pursuing his argument all the while. 'Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate.' There are besides the pictures of the bishops at their pay-table (*Works*, iii. p. 230); of the ludicrous effects of an intimation by Lord John (p. 227); of the agonized scrivener who took the archbishop's oath for him (p. 222); of the ambitious baker and young Crummet (p. 215); of the clergyman ideal and the clergyman actual (p. 250), a very striking pair; and all these are hung together in the apartment, yecept 'Letters to Archdeacon Singleton:' go, reader, and gaze upon these works of art, spirit-stirring, laughter-moving, rare as Sir Toby's catch that would 'draw three souls out of one weaver!'

'Ah, Mr. Smith!' said a Romish dignitary one day, 'you have such a way of putting things!' He had received a home-thrust. Among other 'ways,' the Canon had a habit of making speeches

for his adversaries whereby they are sorely discomfited. He does so (with aggravating truthfulness) for the justice, when pleading on behalf of untried prisoners; he delivers a legal opinion in the person of a fifth judge in the article on mantraps and spring-guns; and he annihilates Noodle by making him open his mouth.

But beyond this legitimate exercise of the dramatic faculty there is the parable or apologue, in which the humour of Smith is unrivalled. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *History of John Bull* are allegorical caricatures of great power. The satire consists in reducing party characteristics to domestic personalities; in representing the dignified procedure of war, diplomacy, and government, under the homely mask of squabbles between relatives and neighbours—the husband and the wife—the master and the servant. The idea is excellent, but the execution coarse, even for those days. Such indirectness should not be protracted. The *History of John Bull* is sustained too long, and though frequently redeemed by most felicitous invention, grows rather tiresome by requiring reference to the key at every turn. The satiric fictions of Smith are always pertinent, brief, and delicate in their handling. The story of Mrs. Partington—the convenient passage from the *Dutch Chronicle* about the Synod of Dort—the fables concerning the physician and the apothecary in the reform speeches—and the account of the dinner which opens the sixth of *Peter Plymley's Letters*—are well-known specimens.

The difference is remarkable between the humour of Smith and of Charles Lamb, simple and genial as they both are. Smith is excellent at putting together a principle or a policy in a person—an adept at the representative, concentrative process. Lamb is most fond of taking a person to pieces and unfolding a character—as great a master of the explicative art. How he peeps under foibles and oddities to look at the heart—lovingly dilates upon them—draws us near to strange bits of humanity, and holding a hand of each, makes us friends for ever! Smith does great service in bringing down to the common level some highflying pretence or title that gives itself airs, and claims to sit apart. Lamb does a service peculiar to himself in bringing some forlorn eccentricity up to the level of our ordinary sympathies. Lamb is subjective, individual—a man dreamy, whimsical, and unpractical. Smith moves in the stream of affairs, and has always work in hand. He is too intent on producing conviction to have time for the erratic quaintnesses and leisurely delights of Lamb's meditative fancy. For the same reason, and for higher yet, he can never descend to the tricks and starts, the *coups de théâtre*, the utter ribald nonsense, which offend us in Sterne. The very structure of the sentences marks the contrast—the rapid

flow of Smith's, the shortness and slight connexion of Lamb's, as though deliberately uttered at intervals, in monologue, between the whiffs of the musing pipe. Sydney Smith all minds, in their order, will more or less appreciate; the common prosaic temperament gets out of patience with Lamb, and thinks him childish. Observe how the two speak of the rising convict-colony of Sydney. Lamb writes to his friend at the antipodes, 'What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. The kangaroos—your aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by Nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *à priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony. . . . Do you grow your own hemp? What is your staple trade—exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists.' Sydney Smith expresses his fears that, in spite of the example of America, this country will attempt to retain the colony under harsh guardianship after it has come to years of discretion. If so, 'endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary* war; and Newgate, then become 'a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled.'

In conclusion, we must repeat our protest against the mistake which regards wit as the principal endowment of that powerful and noble nature—against that popular error which persists in associating brilliance with reckless superficiality. With justice has Sterne entitled this narrow and vulgar notion the Magna Charta of stupidity and dulness. An illustration, he says, is not an argument—of course not—'nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean to be a syllogism—but you all, your worships, may see the better for it.' Let that keen and massive intellect have due honour—and yet more, that brave, and tender and self-sacrificing heart. Let Sydney Smith be remembered as a man who fought in the van of reform, when reform was accounted infamous; who to his own sore loss, in a profession sadly eminent for servility and prejudice, stood forth against gigantic wrongs, and helped our country to its present home prosperity; who would put out the same energy in saving a poor village lad which he lent to aid a nation's cause; to whom vanity was a strange thing, and envy a thing impossible; and who used his dangerous and dazzling gifts never to adorn a falsehood or insult the fallen,

always to crown truth with glory and to fill the oppressed with hope. With prophetic insight, he could discern, in humane solution of the problems of the present, the established axioms of a better future,—could be sure that the novel superstructure of to-day would become the venerated foundation of to-morrow; and to the life he lived and the cause he advocated may be applied, with fullest justice, those wise words which Tacitus has placed in the mouth of Claudius:—*Inveterascet hoc quoque: et quod hodie exemplis tuemur, inter exempla erit.*

- ART. VII.—(1.) *The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East.* Fourth Edition. London: Murray. 1854.
- (2.) *Russia and Europe; or, the Probable Consequences of the Present War.* By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.
- (3.) *Russia, Poland, and Europe; or, the inevitable Consequences of the Present War.* By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. London: Chapman and Hall. 1854.
- (4.) *Opinions of Napoleon the First on Russia and Poland, expressed at St. Helena.* By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.
- (5.) *The Nation of Refugees.* A Memorial, addressed to the British and French Nations. By GENERAL L. MIEROSLAWSKI. Newcastle-on-Tyne. Published for the Foreign Affairs Committee. 1855.

IF there is any statement the truth of which is so universally admitted that it may take rank as an established historical common-place, it is the statement that Russia is an aggressive or encroaching power. Politicians like Messrs. Bright and Cobden may find it convenient to discourage this view of the subject, and to call all allusion to it declamation and clap-trap; but the deliberate denial of the statement itself is beyond the ability of these, or any other well-informed gentlemen. That Russia is an aggressive power is, indeed, nothing more than a generalized expression of the facts of Russian history during the last two hundred years.

Even at the accession of the present dynasty to the throne of Russia, in 1613, the Russian dominions were very large. They included a space of the European map larger than that possessed by any contemporary power, together with a considerable tract

of Asia, to the east of the Ural mountains. But, though thus vast superficially, their geographical position excluded them from all direct influence of a powerful kind on the civilized parts of the earth. Resting on the Arctic or Icy Sea as a basis, and possessing Archangel, in one of the western inlets of that sea, as their sole port, they constituted, in other respects, but a great inland region of the inhospitable north, shut out by other powers and populations from any of the seas which admit to the commerce of the southern and temperate climes. On the east they were separated from the Pacific by the numberless tribes and hordes of Tartars and Mongolians inhabiting the Asiatic plains to the east of the Obi and the Yenesei, which then constituted the extreme limits of the Russian power in Asia. On the west, they were debarred from the Baltic coasts by the Swedes and the Poles, Michael Romanoff having been obliged, soon after his accession, to cede to the former of these powers even those small tracts of the Baltic coast which Russia had till then claimed; while, at the same time, he withdrew farther from the southern Baltic by ceding Smolensk to Poland. Finally, on the south, though the Russian territories approached the Black Sea, they did not reach it; being separated from its northern shores by tribes of Cossacks, roaming over the country between the Dnieper and the Don, and by the Tartars of the Crimea, and the Turks. In this direction, it is true, they had already, by the conquest of Astrakhan, in the reign of Ivan the Terrible (1533—1584) extended themselves so as to touch the northern shore of the Caspian, and to command the mouths by which the great rivers Volga and Ural discharge themselves into that important inland sea. While losing others of the conquests of Ivan, the Russians had retained this one; and thus, at the accession of the present dynasty, two hundred and forty years ago, the sole bit of coast in possession of the Russians, and available for commerce, with the exception of the Polar sea of ice which formed the basis of their empire, was this northern strip of the Caspian. The commerce they were able to conduct, however, by this outlet to the south was very limited in its range; and, as we have said, Archangel, on the White Sea, was the only port through which Russia could directly hold maritime intercourse with Europe. A glance at the map will show the circuitous nature of this navigation.

From that time the history of Russia has consisted, in one unceasing progress, east, west, and south—towards every point of the compass, in short, except due north, where her back was already against a wall of ice. Her first and most rapid advance was due east, along the northern latitudes of Asia. On these

dreary regions she had already entered during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, among whose conquests that of Siberia is included; but, as we have mentioned, the Obi and the Yenesei still constituted, at the time of the accession of the Romanoffs, the real limit of the Russian rule in Asia. From this limit, however, with the town of Tomsk, on the Obi, as a point of departure, the Russians, or rather the Cossack adventurers and hordes, whose wandering and conquering propensities they used for their purposes, continued perseveringly, during the first three Romanoff reigns, to make incursions eastward among the Kirghises, the Yakutes, the Buriates, and other Siberian nations, till at last the seas of Okhotsk and Kamtchaka were reached, and, by a treaty between Russia and China, in 1689, the boundaries between these two empires were fixed as they have since remained. By this astonishing series of conquests, the rapidity of which is only to be explained by the thinly-peopled condition of the conquered regions, the whole northern zone of Asia became subject to the sway of the Romanoff czars, forming an immense comet-like appendage (1000 miles long, measured from the Ural mountains to the Pacific, and of an average breadth of 1800 miles, measured from the Arctic Ocean southwards) to the European nucleus of their empire. Meanwhile, territorial additions, far less extensive, but more immediately valuable, were being made in the west and in the south. In the reign of Alexis, the second of the Romanoffs, (1645—1676) Smolensk was recovered from the Poles, from whom were also wrested Tchernigow, Kiew, and the protectorate of the Dnieper Cossacks—acquisitions which gave the Russians the command of the course of the Dnieper, to within a short distance of the Black Sea. In the reign of the next czar, Feodor (1676—1682), took place the first war between the Russians and the Turks, the result of which was the further increase of the Russian power among the Cossacks north of the Black Sea, by the cession of the Turkish claims over the Ukraine. Again, in 1687 and 1689, while Ivan and Peter, the younger brothers of Feodor, jointly occupied the throne, under the guardianship of their sister Sophia, the aggressive tendency of Russia, in the same direction of the Black Sea, was exhibited less successfully in two attempts against the Tartar Khanate of the Crimea.

When, therefore, by the abdication of his brother, and the imprisonment of his sister, Peter I. found himself sole czar of Russia (1689), his dominions were immensely larger than those which, seventy-six years before, had come into the possession of his grandfather, Michael Romanoff. Still, with all this territorial increase, Russia, as it came into Peter's hands, was but a vast belt of circumpolar land, stretching athwart both continents, with

no port except Archangel, and no contact, to speak of, with any sea except the Polar. The entire population of the Russian empire at this time may have been about fifteen millions, of whom as many as twelve or thirteen millions must have been concentrated in its western or European portion, leaving but a scanty sprinkling of some two or three millions for its eastern or Asiatic dependencies, from the Ural mountains to the Pacific.

Inheriting this territorially huge, but otherwise, as it might have been slightly pronounced in a conclave of his brother kings, undesirable empire, Peter inherited also that spirit of aggression which had already characterized it. In him, however, this spirit of aggression was developed in such a colossal degree, and was associated with such original force of intellect, that it is usual to date the encroachments of Russia from his accession, and to attribute them to a policy begun by him and bequeathed to his successors. As it is a historical commonplace that Russia is, *par excellence*, the encroaching power of the world, so it is a historical commonplace that this character was impressed upon her by the example and prescriptions of Peter the Great. And, certainly, the progress of Russian dominion, since the time of Peter's accession, has been so steady and uniform, as to make it perfectly fair to regard it as the result of a system devised and bequeathed by him. 'History,' it has been truly said, 'furnishes 'no other example of equal pertinacity in prosecuting, *per fas et nefas*, a predetermined course of aggrandizement. The crown of 'Russia has been transferred, by open violence or by secret crime, 'from one head or one family to another; but each successive 'sovereign, with hardly an exception, has made some progress 'towards the attainment of the hereditary objects.' This remarkable identity of purpose and policy during so long a series of reigns, and under such varying circumstances, can, indeed, only be accounted for by supposing that the tendency to encroachment is, after all, the result of what may be called a physiological necessity among the Russians, which took the form of individual genius in their great sovereign Peter, and for the future action of which he prescribed rules. Nor have we far to seek, in order to see in what such a physiological necessity must consist. It is natural in men who are poor to seek to become rich; it is natural in men who inhabit the cold and barren regions of the north to press southward into the warmer lands, of whose beauties they have once had a glimpse, or whose luxuries they have once tasted. The first Napoleon—a man whose reasonings on this whole subject of Russia as far transcend those of our modern peace-advocates in philosophic comprehensiveness and sagacity as

they do in military knowledge—thus expressed this view of the Russian tendency to conquest as a necessary result of the conditions in which the Russians find themselves.

‘The Emperor next adverted to the superiority of Russia over the rest of Europe, in regard to the immense power she might call up for the purpose of invasion, together with the physical advantages of her situation under the pole, and backed by eternal bulwarks of ice, which, in case of need, could render her inaccessible. ‘Russia,’ he said, ‘could only be attacked during one-third or one-fourth of the year, while, on the contrary, she might, throughout the whole twelve months, maintain attacks upon us. Her assailants would encounter the rigours and privations of a frigid climate and a barren soil, while her troops pouring down upon us, would enjoy the fertility and the charms of our southern region. To these physical circumstances,’ continued the Emperor, ‘may be added the advantages of an immense population, brave, hardy, devoted, and passive, including those numerous uncivilized hordes to whom privation and wandering are the natural state of existence. Who can avoid shuddering,’ said he, ‘at the thought of such a vast mass, unassailable either on the flanks or in the rear, descending upon us with impunity—if triumphant, overwhelming everything in its course; or, if defeated, retiring amid the cold and desolation, which may be called its forces of reserve, and possessing every facility for issuing forth again at a future opportunity?’—*Conversations at St. Helena: Las Cases.*

‘The Cossacks, Calmucks, and other barbarians, who have accompanied the Russians into France and other parts of Europe, having once acquired a taste for the luxuries of the south, will carry back to their deserts the remembrance of those places where they had such fine women and fine living; and not only will not themselves be able to endure their barbarous and sterile regions, but will communicate to their neighbours a desire to conquer those delicious countries. . . . What I say to you is confirmed by the history of all former ages, during which it has been invariably observed that whenever those barbarians had once got a taste of the south of Europe, they always returned to attempt new conquests and ravages, and have finally succeeded in making themselves masters of the country. It is natural to man to desire to better his condition; and those *canaille*, when they contrast their own deserts with the fine provinces they have left, will always have an itching after the latter, well knowing also that no nation will retaliate, or attempt to take those deserts from them.’—*O’Meara.*

These remarks, pointing out what may be called the geographical and physiological necessity, in virtue of which Russia must be an aggressive power, were, in many respects, even more applicable to the Russia of 1689, over which Peter became czar, than to the later and already aggrandized Russia of which Napoleon

spoke. Now what Peter did was to constitute himself the incarnation of this necessary tendency, to organize Russia in its service, to indicate the directions in which it was to be exerted, and to formulize, if we may so speak, into a fixed method, the rules for its successful action. In him, so to speak, the aggressive genius of Russia, leaning its back against that wall of circumpolar ice which formed the fixed basis beyond which it could not be pushed, first cast a deliberate eye round that belt of nations which encircled Russia, along its whole southern boundary, and at whose expense the encroachments of Russia behoved to be made, if they were to be made at all. Let us name these nations in order.

First, on the extreme west, was *Sweden*, not then, as now, confined to the western shore of the Baltic, but including the whole eastern shore of that sea from the Gulf of Riga northward, to a considerable depth inland, and entirely shutting out Russia from contact with that sea. Next was *Poland*, possessing a portion of the Baltic coast, south of the Gulf of Riga, and so helping to exclude Russia from that sea, while by the greater part of her bulk she formed a barrier between Russia and Central and Western Europe. Next, in geographical order, was the vast *Turkish empire*, which at that time completely surrounded the Black Sea, although the portions of it which were situated on the northern shores of that sea, and were therefore contiguous with the southern frontier of Russia, consisted of Cossacks, Tartars, and others, in a somewhat loose state of adhesion to the government of the Sultan, and in part subject, under it, to the Tartar Khans of the Crimea, who were vassals of the Sultan. Next, as lying to the east of the Turkish empire, was *Persia*,^{*} conterminous with Russia on the Caspian, whose western and southern shores belonged to Persia, while Russia, as we have seen, had her extreme outpost in Astrakhan on the northern coast. After Persia, stretching eastward from the Caspian into Central Asia, came the great region of *Tartary Proper*, with its numerous nations and tribes, bounding the Russian empire on the south, and forming along with Persia the barrier between it and the lands of the Indus. Lastly, to the extreme east, was the great empire of *China*, the Mongolian dependencies of which lay along the southern frontier of Russian Siberia.

Such were the powers conterminous with Russia along its whole range of frontier from west to east, and at whose expense Russia must make her encroachments, if she was to make them at all. It was Peter's part to decide against which point or which points of all this vast line of conterminous states the aggressive energy of Russia should be most perseveringly directed. What

he did in this respect will be best seen if we exhibit in a tabular form the actual enterprises of Peter during his reign—both those which succeeded and those which failed. The following is such a table:—

Encroachments of Russia during the reign of Peter I. (1689—1725).

Date.	Nature of the Enterprise.	Result.
1694—1699.	War with the <i>Turks</i> for the possession of the Sea of Azof; ended by the Treaty of Carlowitz, 1699, by which the Porte ceded Azof and its territory.	Acquisition of Azof and access for Russia to the Black Sea.
1700—1721.	War, in alliance with Poland and Denmark, against <i>Sweden</i> , during which Peter found his match in Charles XII.; many battles between the Swedes and the Russians, in which the Swedes generally beat; invasion by Russia of the Baltic provinces of Sweden during the absence of Charles in Poland; counterinvasion of Russia by Charles, whose disastrous defeat in the Battle of Pultowa left Russia master of the North (1709). War still continued, though without much spirit by the Swedes, during Charles's exile in Turkey (1709—1714), and again by Charles himself after his return till his death in 1718. Concluded by the Peace of Nystadt in 1721.	Acquisition of the Swedish Baltic provinces of Wyborg, Ingria, Carelia, <i>Eathonia</i> , and Livonia, giving Russia possession of the whole Baltic coast from the Gulf of Finland to the Dwina, with the towns of Revel, Riga, &c.; foundation of St. Petersburg in Ingria (1703), as the future capital of Russia, and acquisition of paramount influence over Poland.
1710—1711.	Episodical war with the <i>Turks</i> , arising out of the shelter afforded by the Sultan to Charles XII.; defeat of the Russians on the Pruth; Peace of Falczy (1711), disastrous to Russia.	Loss of Azof and its territory, with Taganrog.
1717.	Armed mission to the Khan of Khiva in <i>Tartary</i> , with a view to establish relations with the Tartar natives, and, if possible, to seize a fabulous gold mine in those parts. The Khivans outwitted the mission, got them to separate into parties, and cut them in pieces.	Nil.
1723—1725.	Aggressions on the Caspian provinces of <i>Persia</i> , during the convulsed state of that country, arising from the revolt of the Affghans within and the attacks of the <i>Turks</i> from without.	Temporary possession of the whole western coast of the Caspian and dismemberment of Persia.

From this table it will appear that Peter made direct attacks on four out of the six powers conterminous with Russia, namely, on Sweden, Turkey, Persia, and Tartary; and that the objects which he had immediately in view in these attacks were the opening up to Russia of the Baltic Sea, as a means of communication with Western and Northern Europe, and of the Black Sea and Caspian, as affording a route to the south and to the east. He completely succeeded in the first object, making himself master, by his war with Sweden, of a large tract of Baltic coast,

and thus dividing the possession of that sea with Sweden, Poland, Prussia, and Denmark. Archangel was no longer the sole port of Russia; Revel, Riga, and other Baltic ports, were now towns of Russia, whose new capital also, situated at the head of the Gulf of Finland, represented Russia's intentions to retain her hold of Europe by the way of the Baltic. In his attempts on the Black Sea and the Caspian, Peter had been less successful. He had only shown the way to those who were to succeed him. There is no doubt, however, that the little beginnings he made were intended as the first steps towards the accomplishment of two great designs which he had marked out prophetically for Russia—to wit, the subversion of the Turkish empire and the ultimate triumph of Russia in Constantinople itself; and the invasion of India across the body of Persia. His enterprises on the Black Sea were more particularly associated with the first design; those on the Caspian more particularly with the latter; but both designs were connected in his mind and blended vaguely the one with the other.

The successors of Peter, therefore, inherited not merely the spirit of aggression which constituted the very life and being of Russia; they inherited also a ready-made policy of aggression. Even did we not know of papers handed down in the Russian Chancery, and containing draughts of Peter's schemes and written injunctions as to the way in which they should be carried out, it is easy to see how, in a government like that of Russia, consisting really but of one family with their diplomatic servants, a fixed policy could be perpetuated. That it was perpetuated, and even consciously perpetuated, as the Czar Peter's policy, there can be no doubt. During the reigns of Peter's immediate successors, indeed—Catherine I. (1725—1727) and Peter II. (1727—1730)—scarcely any attempt was made to extend the frontiers of the empire; though, even in those reigns, the Russians did not cease to interfere in Persian affairs and to hold the Caspian provinces which Peter I. had seized. The reign of Anne (1730—1740) was more active. During this reign, Russia used the influence which she had acquired over Poland by interfering with her army in order to secure the election of Frederic-Augustus II. to the Polish throne. The Russians also continued for a time to prosecute their designs against Persia, and even came to an understanding with Turkey for the partition of the possessions of Persia lying between the Black Sea and the Caspian; but the genius of the great Nadir Shah restored the prowess of Persia, and both Turks and Russians were obliged to give up what they had seized. By a convention with Nadir Shah (1735) the Russian empress resigned all claim to the Caspian provinces of

Persia, which, accordingly, the Persians quitted, after ten years of forcible occupation. By way of compensation for this loss, Anne engaged in a new war with the Turks, in the course of which Azof was again seized from that power, together with the Crimea and Moldavia; but the necessities of Austria, the ally of Russia in this war, compelling a peace, all these conquests, with the exception of Azof, were restored by the treaty of Belgrade (1739). The reign of Anne, therefore, was, on the whole, one rather of aggressive endeavour than of actual success in aggression. Very similar was the reign of her successor, Elizabeth (1740—1762). It was during this reign that Russia first began to take a direct and leading part in the politics of Continental Europe—her armies, as auxiliaries of Austria, mingling in the strife of the Austrian succession and the subsequent Seven Years' War, and not only occupying Poland as if it had been Russian ground, but also overrunning Prussia, and holding it for a time in the teeth of the matchless Frederick himself. A short war with Sweden (1741—1743), during which part of Finland was taken from that power, likewise distinguished this reign. Peter III., the successor of Elizabeth, abandoned the Austrian alliance and made peace with Prussia; but his short reign of six months (Jan. to July, 1762) admitted of no fresh enterprises of conquest. These he bequeathed to his masculine consort and successor, the famous Catherine II.

The accession of Catherine II., as all know, forms an epoch in Russian history. To this empress belongs the glory or the infamy of having carried into practice what, in the mind of Peter I., had been but a prophetic conception or aspiration, and of having communicated to Russia that impulse which, for nearly ninety years, has been carrying her forward on her career of aggrandizement, and which is not yet exhausted. The following is a chronological list of the encroachments and acquisitions of Russia during the reigns of this empress and her three successors:—

CATHERINE II. (1762—1796):

1764. Armed interference of Russia in Poland, and election by her influence of Stanislaus Poniatowski to the Polish throne.
- 1768—1774. War with Turkey, during which Russian troops overran Crimea, Tartary, Moldavia, and Wallachia, and crossed the Danube for the first time; a Russian fleet also appearing for the first time in the Mediterranean. War concluded by the 'Peace of Kutchuk-Kainardji' (1774), by which Russia acquired from Turkey that tract of territory north of the Crimea, which lies between the Sea of Azof and the Bug; while the Crimea itself was erected into a Tartar sovereignty independent of the Sultan. By the same treaty Russia acquired the right of commercial navigation in the Black Sea and all the other Turkish seas, with the exception of the Dardanelles.

1772. First partition of *Poland*, depriving that country of 71,100 square miles of her territory, or nearly one-fourth of the whole; of which Russia took 32,000 square miles, including what are now the Russian provinces of Polotsk, Witepsk, Mohilew, and Polish Livonia—the remaining 39,100 being divided between Prussia and Austria.
- 1774—1783. Incessant intrigues among the little states and principalities south of Mount Caucasus, and in the country between the Black Sea and the Caspian, with a view to induce these states to throw off their allegiance to *Persia* and to come under the protectorate of Russia. Missions for this object, expeditions on the Caspian, subsidies of native chiefs, construction of fortresses, &c. These endeavours so far successful that in 1783, Mingrelia, Imeritia, and Georgia, submitted to the Russian protectorate, enabling Russia to dominate south of the Caucasus in the important isthmus between the two seas.
1783. Seizure of the Tartar sovereignty of the Crimea (including the country north of Circassia and east of the Sea of Azof) which had been declared independent by the Peace of Kutchuk-Kainardji, and its incorporation by a simple ukase with the Russian dominions. By this seizure the Sea of Azof became a Russian lake, and all the coast of the Black Sea from Kherson to Kertch became Russian.
- 1787—1792. War with *Turkey*, arising out of the seizure of the Crimea: sanguinary victories of Potemkin and Suwarrow. Sweden, Prussia, and Britain are alarmed at the Russian aggressions on Turkey, and interfere. War concluded by the 'Peace of Jassy' (1792), by which Russia acquired from Turkey a farther portion of the Black Sea coast, extending the Russian territory on that coast from the Bug to the Dniester, so as to include Odessa.
- 1788—1790. War with *Sweden*, in which the Swedes had the advantage, and which was terminated without any change of frontier.
1793. Second partition of *Poland*, depriving the country of 120,000 square miles of her remaining territories, of which Russia took 98,000 square miles, letting Prussia take the remaining 22,800. There then remained to Poland but 86,100 square miles, or one-third her original territories.
1795. Third partition of *Poland*, after Kosciusko's war of independence, by which Poland was completely obliterated from the European map—Russia taking 43,500 square miles, Prussia 21,700, and Austria 20,900. The effect of this obliteration of Poland from the European map was to make Prussia and Austria the contiguous states of Russia in that portion of the circuit of her boundaries which Poland had formerly occupied, between Sweden and Turkey. The partition also extended the Baltic frontier of Russia, by the addition of Courland, till then a dependency of Poland, to the Baltic provinces of Russia.
- 1795—1796. War with *Persia*, occasioned by the attempt of the Persian King, Aga Mohammed Khan, to recover Georgia and the other trans-Caucasian provinces. Russian victories in these regions, extending the Russian sway along the Caspian as far as Ghilan. War continued till the death of Catherine, when the Russian forces were recalled, and their conquests abandoned.

PAUL I. (1796—1801).

- 1798—1801. Paul at first joining the Coalition against Bonaparte (1798), the Russians take part in the great continental war, and under Suwarrow distinguish themselves in Italy and Switzerland. Afterwards (1800) Paul wheels round in favour of Bonaparte, constitutes himself the head of the northern union of states against British commercial policy, and even projects and fits out an expedition at Orenberg for an overland march to India through *Tartary* and *Persia*.

4800. Incorporation of Georgia with the Russian dominions by a ukase of Paul—the pretext being a dispute as to the succession to the 'protected' throne of Georgia.

ALEXANDER I. (1801—1825.)

- 1804—1814. Continued and desultory war with *Persia*, carried on in the trans-Caucasian provinces, and occupation of new territories in that region by the Russian generals. The war concluded, at the instance of the British, by the 'Peace of Gulistan' (1814), by which Russia retained possession of all her conquests from *Persia*, including Mingrelia, Imeritia, Georgia, Ganja, Derbend, Badkoo, Karabaugh, Sheki, Shirvan, Daghistan, and parts of Moghan and Talish. *Persia* at the same time surrendered the right of having ships of war in the Caspian. Altogether the effect of the treaty was to advance the Russian frontier along the whole Caucasian Isthmus to the most southern point of the Caspian, leaving no population in that isthmus unsubdued, except the brave Circassians inhabiting the mountains along the Black Sea from the Sea of Azof to Mingrelia.
- 1806—1812. War with *Turkey*, begun against that power as an ally of France, and, after Alexander's own alliance with Napoleon, in 1808, continued on other grounds. War protracted till 1812, when, on the rupture between Alexander and Napoleon, it was concluded, at the instance of Britain, by the 'Treaty of Bucharest.' By this treaty Russia acquired Bessarabia from *Turkey*, and so extended her frontier to the Pruth and the mouth of the Danube. She also acquired the liberty of navigating the Danube.
- 1808—1809. War with *Sweden*, as part of the general war carried on, in alliance with France, against Britain, and in order to enforce Napoleon's continental system. War concluded by the 'Treaty of Fredericksham' (1809), by which Russia acquired the whole of Finland, East Bothnia, and the Åland Isles, thus stripping *Sweden* of the last fragment of her once great territories to the East of the Baltic.
1815. Arrangement at the Congress of Vienna, by which the greater part of the 'Duchy of Warsaw,'—a state consisting of 63,000 square miles of ancient Poland, taken by Napoleon, from Prussia and Austria, and erected by him in 1807-8 into an independent Sovereignty subject to the King of Saxony—was transferred, under the name of the 'Kingdom of Poland,' to the Emperor of Russia and his heirs for ever, to be governed by them as a European State distinct from Russia, but inseparable from it. This arrangement was a compromise between the desire of Great Britain, France, and the other liberal powers of Europe to do something towards the restoration of Poland, and the determination of Alexander not to give up any part of the Polish territories appropriated by Russia in the three partitions. Alexander granted the new 'Kingdom of Poland' a constitution, and engaged to govern it as a Constitutional Sovereign, and not autocratically as he ruled in Russia.

NICHOLAS I. (1825—1855.)

- 1826—1828. War with *Persia*, arising out of disputes as to the interpretation of the treaty of Gulistan. War concluded by the 'Treaty of Turcomanchai,' (1828), by which the rich provinces of Erivan and Nukshivan were ceded to Russia, the frontier of Russia towards *Persia* being thus extended to the river Arras or Araxes, while, by keeping possession of parts of Moghan and Talish, Russia retained a portion of the Caspian coast beyond that river, thus vitiating the boundary for *Persia*.

- 1828—1829. War with *Turkey*, growing out of the interference of Russia, along with Britain and France, in the Greek war of independence. The Russian armies invade Turkey, cross the Balkan, and penetrate through Bulgaria as far as Adrianople. War ended by the 'Treaty of Adrianople,' (1829), by which Russia acquired the command of the mouths of the Danube, some fortresses on the East coast of the Black Sea, extensive privileges for her subjects in Turkey, and the protectorate of Moldavia and Wallachia.
- 1830—1831. Insurrection in the 'Kingdom of Poland,' arising out of infractions of the constitution begun by Alexander, and continued by Nicholas. The Polish patriots overcome, after a brave resistance, by the Russian armies, and the 'Kingdom of Poland' incorporated with Russia. By this acquisition, added to the parts of old Poland previously acquired by the three partitions, Russia came to possess 225,300 square miles of the original territories of ancient Poland, or more than five-sevenths of the whole—Prussia retaining about 23,000 square miles, and Austria about 29,000. The only portion of ancient Poland which then remained independent was the little city of Cracow, which the Congress of Vienna had erected into a free Republic.
1833. Interference of Russia in the quarrel between the Sultan of *Turkey*, and Mehemet Ali, the insurgent Pasha of Egypt. Under pretext of assisting the Sultan against his revolted vassal, Russia sent a fleet for the first time into the Bosphorus, and an army to Constantinople. At the conclusion of the quarrel she retired, but procured from the Sultan the 'Treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi,' (1833), by which Turkey engaged to close the Dardanelles against all foreign ships of war—an engagement which would have been but the confirmation of a right already allowed to Turkey by all the Powers, and deemed necessary for her independence, had it not been accompanied by a stipulation that, in case of need, Turkey should ask aid only from Russia, and that in return she should assist Russia when required. Thus, in point of fact, Russia acquired the power of obliging Turkey, in certain emergencies, to admit a Russian navy into the Dardanelles, while the navies of other nations were still to be excluded. This treaty, however, which gave Russia a virtual protectorate over Turkey, was modified in favour of Turkey by two subsequent treaties, concluded, after the solution of the Egyptian question in 1840, by the various powers that had taken part in that solution—the one at London, in July, 1840, to which Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey were parties; the other in July, 1841, to which France also acceded. By these conventions Turkey recovered her right to shut the Dardanelles equally against all powers in time of peace.
- 1839—1840. Expedition against Khiva in Tartary; which, however, failed.

We have taken the pains to compile and write out this chronological list of the principal aggressions and encroachments of Russia during the last hundred and fifty years, believing that the effect of such a list will be to add clearness and force to the idea involved in the vague and general phrase 'Russian aggression.' The following is a summary of the results:—

The population of Russia at the accession of Peter I. in 1689, was 15,000,000; at the accession of Catherine II. in 1762, it was 25,000,000; at her death in 1796, it was 36,000,000; at the accession of Nicholas in 1825, it was 58,000,000. The acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than what remains of that kingdom; her acquisitions from

Poland are equal to the Austrian empire; her acquisitions from *Turkey in Europe* are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces; her acquisitions from *Turkey in Asia* are nearly equal in extent to the whole of the smaller States of Germany; her acquisitions in *Persia* are equal in extent to England; her acquisitions in *Tartary* have an area not inferior to that of Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain. The acquisitions she has made within the last sixty-four years (prior to 1836) are equal in extent and importance to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time. . . . In these sixty-four years she has advanced her frontier 850 miles towards Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Paris; she has approached 450 miles nearer to Constantinople; she has possessed herself of the capital of Poland; and has advanced to within a few miles of the capital of Sweden. Since that time she has stretched herself forward about 1000 miles towards India and the same distance towards the capital of Persia (Teheran). The regiment that is now stationed at her farthest frontier post on the western shore of the Caspian has as great a distance to march back to Moscow as onward to Attock on the Indus, and is actually farther from St. Petersburg than from Lahore, the capital of the Punjab.—*The Progress of Russia in the East* (attributed to Sir John Macneill). First Edition. 1836.

It may be said that all this is true, but that Russia has not been the only aggressive power during the period in question—that Great Britain herself has immensely increased the area of her sway during the same period by conquests in India and elsewhere; that France for a while was the terror of Europe by her aggressive tendencies; and that even now the American Republic is pursuing a course of aggression in the New World not unlike that of Russia in the old. Even a cursory examination of the facts, however, will show that there is an essential difference between the case of Russia and any of the cases alleged as analogous. The increase of the Colonial empire of Britain by acquisitions in parts of the world far distant from her own boundaries is quite a different thing from the ceaseless extension of the boundaries of Russia by the incorporation of portion after portion of the earth in her vicinity. The conquests of the French empire in Europe were but a momentary coruscation, compared with the steady persevering extension of the Russian empire from its original circumpolar limits. Lastly, in the case of America, where, we admit, there is more analogy (and most happily so, we think, considering that if Russia meets with no other check, it will be well that the world should have in reserve a counter-aggressive force like that of America, against which she may ultimately clash), the difference of the 'systems' which are making the aggression is sufficient to neutralize any argument that might be derived from the analogy, even if it were stronger.

In short, Russia is not only an aggressive power; she is, to all intents and purposes, the one aggressive power of the world.

We have insisted at length on this fact in order to prepare for the assertion which, we think, ought to follow. It is this—that the true view of the present war consists in regarding it, not as a war about any mere Russo-Turkish question, or about any number of mere Russo-Turkish questions, but as a providential opportunity furnished to the powers of the world, and especially to Britain, for doing what they have never yet adequately done—namely, coming to some conclusion as to Russia's proper place in the world, and as to the means of enforcing that conclusion.

The present war, we say, is, then, only truly regarded when it is regarded as an opportunity to Britain, France, and other liberal powers for repairing their former neglects and errors, by coming to a definitive settlement with Russia. Curiously enough, during all the long series of Russia's aggressions, though some of them were so enormous as to shock contemporary opinion, no real opposition has been offered to her by the European powers. Till this present hour, Russia and Britain have never actually stood to each other in the relation of antagonists in the field; and though in 1812, France grappled with Russia in mortal strife, that was a struggle between two empires rather than an attempt to call Russia to account in the name of the world. Once or twice, indeed—as on the first and third partitions of Poland—Britain and France have remonstrated and protested; but, on the whole, Russia has chosen her time so well, and has so mingled her own designs with other interests, that her encroachments have been made in peace, and sometimes even with the concurrence and at the solicitation of the other great European powers. This has been particularly the case with her encroachments on Turkey, in which France and Great Britain have more than once backed her as a Christian power opposing a Mahomedan one. True, any time within the last sixty years there have been men among us who have been penetrated with the sense of the designs of Russia as with a revelation or an instinct, who have made enmity to Russia almost a political religion, and who have spent their energies and braved even social ridicule and martyrdom in trying to proselytize all around them to this faith.

‘Why struck ye not the giant when he reeled?’

were the words of Campbell, the poet, half a century ago, when he tried to rouse Britain by his song to a sense of Russia's wrongs done to unhappy Poland; and all his life afterwards he was true to the same passion. Others besides Campbell, and last of all,

poor Lord Dudley Stuart, have been fanatics of the same faith in the midst of sneering politicians and an unconcerned generation. But men called their enthusiasm 'Russophobia,' and thought their everlasting talk about Poland and Turkey sad sentimental stuff. What would some of these men say if they could look up from their graves now, and see that which was called in them Russophobia and sentimentalism now proclaimed universally to be true political wisdom? And such is the literal fact. Since 1853 there has been a universal awakening to the truth that Russia is the great aggressive power of the world, and that, sooner or later, the other nations must come to a reckoning with her.

That reckoning, we say, ought to be come to now. For the first time Russia has been collared, so to speak, in the very act of aggression; for the first time she finds herself under the gaze and pursued by the halloo of the other nations as she is carrying off the stolen article; she is startled and somewhat stupified at so unusual an occurrence; and it will be the fault of the nations if, now that they are aware of her character, and have an opportunity of inquiring into her past thefts, and taking precautions against any farther acts of the kind, they content themselves with simply making her drop the last stolen article, and then let her off and resume their work. Politicians have fine Latin phrases, and '*status quo*' is one of them; but the doctrine of *status quo* simply means that, if you catch a thief running off with your handkerchief, all that you are to do is to make the gentleman restore your property, and then let him retire. Now, though this may be a procedure which it may in many cases be convenient to adopt, there is certainly a pretty general feeling that it is only personal convenience that dictates it, and that both the robbed person and the bystanders have a right to some farther treatment of the detected criminal if they like to use it. They have a right to an inquiry into the past history of the light-footed Achilles thus casually introduced to them, and a right of adopting measures for insuring society against farther danger from his peculiar mode of activity. And so with pickpockets and pirates among the nations. If a fellow is caught walking off with a river, or a mountain-chain, or a Moldavia and Wallachia, or two, his detection by others in that act gives them a right to something more than requiring him to lay down the article where he found it; it gives them the right to call him to account, and to move a great many inquiries about him. The exercise of the right may be a matter of convenience; but it clearly exists. We should like to know what would be said by some of our parliamentary friends who have been talking so speciously about the duty of our not

enlarging the basis of the war with Russia beyond its original objects, if the same doctrine were applied to their own personal interests, and they were told that their sole duty or right, as against a pickpocket they were chasing, was the recovery of the pocket-handkerchief to which he had taken a fancy; or that their only proceeding against a burglar who has forced their house and carried off much of the furniture and damaged the rest, should be to require that he should leave the premises after putting things back into their places.

Metaphor apart, there are but three suppositions on which Great Britain can be justified in forbearing to make the present war an occasion for a decisive reckoning with Russia, and for adopting measures so as to cripple her aggressive tendency. These are—the supposition that the aggressive impulse of Russia is exhausted, so that the world has nothing farther to fear from her on that score; or the supposition that what is called Russian aggression, so far from being analogous to robbery, is in reality an agency of a beneficent kind, promoting the interests of humanity at large, and therefore to be wished well to rather than checked; or the supposition that, even if Russia is still aggressive, and her aggressions are injurious to humanity, yet there is not sufficient reason of expediency why Britain should burden herself with the toil of interference. Let us say a word or two on each of these suppositions.

Is the aggressive tendency of Russia exhausted? Has Russia reached the utmost limits of her spontaneous expansion; and is there reason to believe that if we let her off this time, we shall hear of no more encroachments by her on contiguous states and nations? The man is absolutely fatuous who will say so. Russia is at present more aggressive, more voracious than ever. That process by which Russia has hitherto pushed her influence beyond her own frontier into states and countries adjacent to it, so as ultimately to fit them for being absorbed into her body, is still in operation everywhere along the vast line of her possessions. As the boa-constrictor first crushes his prey and then lubricates it, previous to the final act of swallowing it, so Russia always performs on the countries she has marked out for her victims certain preparatory operations to facilitate their incorporation with her empire. The following passage from Sir John Macneill's *Progress of Russia in the East* is worth being attended to:—

"Not less remarkable than the pertinacity and caution of Russia has been the uniformity of the means by which her acquisitions have been obtained. The process has almost been reduced to a regular formula. It invariably commences with *disorganization*, by means of corruption:

and secret agency, pushed to the extent of disorder and civil contention. Next in order comes *military occupation* to restore tranquillity; and in every instance the result has been *protection*, followed by *incorporation*. Such have been the means by which Poland, the two Kabardas, the Crimea, Georgia, Imeritia, and Mingrelia, have been added to the Russian dominions.

Now, along the whole line of the present frontier of the Russian dominions, and even beyond that line, we find this preliminary process of disorganization and lubrication going on by which it is indicated that Russia has marked out more and still more victims to be devoured. (1.) In the Scandinavian states of *Sweden* and *Denmark*, and more particularly in Denmark, Russian influence has been long at work, overawing all independent action on the part of these powers, corrupting their politicians, stimulating internal causes of discontent, and establishing a virtual Russian protectorate. The Baltic Sea, on which the fleets of Britain and France have so recently entered, was fast becoming, as the phrase is, 'a Russian lake;' and it depends on what they shall accomplish before quitting those waters, whether Sweden and Denmark will recover force enough to dispute the farther efforts of Russia towards the same result. (2.) Next, in *Germany*, we find the means of Russian ascendancy positively *infiltrated* (no other word will describe the fact so well) through the entire body of the Confederated States. The process began in 1815, when the Emperor Alexander of Russia became the demi-god of absolutism over the European Continent, and it has been going on ever since. There is not a small German court at which Russian princes and diplomatists do not reside, and which is not connected by intermarriages with the Russian court and nobility; the relation of Prussia to Russia is indicated by the very sound of the two names, and by the fact that the present King of Prussia was the brother-in-law and serf of Nicholas; and over Austria itself, notwithstanding its apparent co-equality of power and dimensions, Russia exercises an influence compounded of various causes—the natural ascendancy of a firm and consolidated despotism over one perpetually struggling with its subjects; the ability to disorganize Austria by the promulgation of Pan-Slavic theories among the Slavonian populations which form half her entire empire; and the title to gratitude, on the one hand, and cause for hatred on the other, established by the interference of Russian armies in 1849 to put down the Hungarian insurrection. The whole conduct of this last enterprise by Russia was cunning in the extreme. The Russian armies which invaded Hungary did all they could to win the goodwill of the very people they were helping to crush, and, just before

Georgei surrendered, an understanding was diligently propagated among the Hungarian officers and soldiers by the Russians who were advancing against them that the ultimate intention of Russia was not to restore Hungary to Austria, but to erect it into an independent European state, under the protection of Russia, with one of the Russian grand dukes for its king. It is in the power of Russia at any time, by hoisting the Pan-Slavic flag among the Slavonian populations of the Austrian empire, and by availing herself of the trains she has laid among its Hungarian subjects, to make that empire tumble into ruins. The whole policy of Austria in the present war is founded on a consciousness of this.

(3.) It is almost needless to advert to the policy of Russia in disorganizing *Turkey*. Not content with her already great acquisitions from this empire on the northern coasts of the Black Sea, but still pressing on to Constantinople, Russia has directed her energies against this portion of the earth with a pertinacity and a boldness which show that she had made up her mind to make it her next prey. Her agencies in the work of disorganizing Turkey have been partly the same theories of Pan-Slavism which she holds in terror over Austria—theories which enable her to agitate the greater part of the populations of European Turkey and carry her almost to the gates of Constantinople; and partly the claims which she advances as the protector of the Greek Christians—claims which not only assist her appeals to Slavonian nationality in European Turkey, but also enable her to intrigue among the more distant populations of Asiatic Turkey as far as Syria and the Tigris. To what an extent, in her own opinion, she had succeeded by means of these agencies in introducing dissolution into the whole fabric of the Turkish empire, may be judged from the fact that, in 1853, the Russian Emperor deemed the time ripe for ceasing the lubricating process altogether, and beginning the process of actual appropriation. When Nicholas discoursed with Sir Hamilton Seymour respecting the reversion of the property of 'the sick man,' it was an announcement to Europe that Russia meant to burst the frontier of the Pruth, and extend her map over as much of European Turkey as the Powers of Europe would allow her to take. Probably the only miscalculation which Russia made was that arising from the unforeseen accident of an alliance at such a juncture between Great Britain and France.

(4.) *Poor Greece*, with her Bavarian King and court, is, as all know, a mere vassal of Russia—her native aspirations after a resuscitation of Hellenic nationality in the *Ægean* being barbarized, in spite of herself, by Muscovite intrigues.

(5.) Passing to *Persia*, we find Russian influence paramount there. Since the Peace of *Turkomanchai* in 1828,

there had been no war between Russia and Persia; but it was not till 1835 that Persia so far forgave Russia for her past territorial appropriations as to yield to her insidious diplomacy. In that year the Russian ambassador at the court of the Shah acquired a complete control over the policy of Persia, which ever since has been hostile to Great Britain. The evident design of Russia is, to overrun and conquer Persia; and, meantime, she uses Persia as her catspaw in working forward through Afghanistan towards India. It was under the inspiration of Russia that the Shah acted in undertaking his expeditions against Herat in 1836 and 1837. The Russian Minister in Persia himself accompanied the expeditions and dictated the arrangements connected with them; and although, after their failure, the Russian Government attempted to disown all connexion with them, there is no doubt that at the present moment Persia, already so pervaded by Russian agency as in reality to be but an attenuated prolongation of Russia, is ready, unless the disasters of her patron shake her allegiance, to let loose her armies, officered by Russians, either again eastward against Afghanistan as the barrier of India, or else westward against her old enemies the Turks, according as she receives orders. The envoy sent the other day by the British Government to Persia found his mission perfectly vain. (6.) The intrigues of Russia among the nations of *Tartary* east of the Caspian and south of the Sea of Aral are preparing these nations to serve as her auxiliaries in any future enterprise in the East, if indeed they do not first become her subjects; so as to serve her in that capacity. (7.) Russian agency has long been on the increase among the nations north of the Himalayas dependent on *China*, so that European travellers who penetrate these distant regions find the envoys of the Court of St. Petersburg often more influential there than the representatives of the Peking Emperor. Although no change has taken place in the relative limits of the Russian and Chinese empires in Asia since 1689, Russia has been diligently watching the course of affairs among the Celestials, and has not been indifferent to the possibility involved in the process of disorganization which has recently become visible there. It has been publicly stated that, on the outbreak of the insurrection now convulsing China, an offer was made on the part of Russia to the Emperor of China, to assist him against the insurgents, on condition of his ceding Little Thibet—a territory which is within twenty days' march of Calcutta.

In this survey we have attended only to those parts of the earth which more immediately fringe the Russian empire, and are therefore exposed to her actual aggressions. But Russian

diplomacy, as is well known, encircles our planet, and is at work, more or less, in every inhabited spot of its superficies, so as really, if we may so speak, to impart a peculiar tang and aroma, like that of leather in wine, to this current era of the existence of humanity as a whole. Already continuous territorially over three quarters of the earth, it seems first to have dawned on Russia as a possibility that, some day or other, one system of material sway, emanating from one capital, may extend without break round and round the globe. This notion, which has been within the grasp of the poetic imagination since the fact of the globosity of the earth and of its limited dimensions was first demonstrated, has recently been brought within the narrower compass of actual political possibility by the progress of steam-power and the invention of railways and telegraphs. The earth is now actually of manageable dimensions as a whole; and it is within the range of conceivable probability that, ere long, the mere touch of a bell-pull at St. Petersburg may send to the scaffold within ten minutes a criminal waiting his doom in Sicily or in the interior of Paraguay. The Russians seem to have the instinct of this, and to have determined that the bell-pull *shall* be in St. Petersburg. Or if they foresee that the struggle will ultimately be between them and America, they seem at least to have fancied that, while the Americans are expatiating over the one hemisphere of the world, they may have the other provisionally, until it shall be time for the two systems to come to a settlement with each other. Hence the only power which Russian Absolutism respects and abstains from provoking is American Republicanism.

Well, but why should it not be so? May it not be for the interests of humanity at large that Russia should go on enlarging her empire, and absorbing into it ever new and new populations, so as, in the end, to incorporate as large a space of the earth as possible into one Russian body politic? To this we have to reply, that in any other sense than that wide transcendental one, in which everything whatever may be said to be well—in which it is well that there should be cholera, and well that there should be murder, and well that every form of physical or moral fury should do its utmost on our earth—in any other sense than this, the acceptance of which makes nonsense of all human activity whatever, and would cause the whole universe to fold its hands and take what comes, it is *not* well that Russia should have the political domination over more of the globe than she now possesses, or over nearly so much. It is not well that the bell-pull which can issue orders as to what is to be done, and which can hang men, or imprison men, over a fifth or sixth part of the

earth, should be in St. Petersburg. Can it be necessary, in a country like ours, reposing on such a historical past, and inheriting from that past such laws, and beliefs, and institutions as those amidst which we live, to say aught in proof of this? What is all our talk about Magna Charta, British freedom, constitutional government, liberty of speech and conscience, and improvement of our domestic institutions, but meaningless and hypocritical cant, if at this time of day we can apologise for the Russian system of rule, or find in it, even with all allowance for the different social necessities of different parts of the world, anything else than the incarnation of the worst forms of political evil by which humanity has ever been grieved and wronged? If that is a good system, under which no noble thought can be expressed; under which every manifestation of what is above physical want in human nature is repressed and punished; under which every man must think, if he thinks at all, and speak, if he speaks at all, with a policeman by his side—then, only then, can the Russian system be called a good one. It is our firm belief that an investigation of the Russian system in all its parts and features would prove it to be without even that relative degree of endurance which is sometimes claimed for it as a system adapted for Slavonians, Tartars, Fins, Mongolians, and other such yet rude and undeveloped nations. We believe that Mr. Howe's striking saying, in the recent war debate, that the Russian system of rule is so bad, even in material respects, that it might seem to have been framed on a maxim the reverse of Bentham's,—namely, that of ensuring 'the greatest misery of the greatest number'—would be found, on the strictest investigation, to be substantially accurate. We believe that that Russian Church, albeit it calls itself the Orthodox Church of Christendom, in the name of which Russia claims a kind of sanctity for her aggressions, would be found, on investigation, to be a system more paralyzing to the human spirit—more adverse to everything beautiful, progressive, or manly, than even the Papal despotism which it has vowed to supersede. The true Church of the East must ever be venerable to Christian theology; but woe to the world when Moscow becomes the seat of a new papacy, and the Muscovite Emperor shall himself be the Muscovite Hildebrand! But, surely, it is said, however plainly the Russian system, political, or ecclesiastical, would be a change for the worse if introduced into the civilized parts of the earth, there are parts of the earth where, as plainly, it would be a change for the better. Might not Britain and the world view with satisfaction the extension of such a system at least eastward into the Asiatic chaos of Buddhist nations, and southwards among the Mahomedans of

Turkey and Persia? Even this, we believe, must be denied. The prospects even of those parts of the earth, we believe, both as regards their material well-being and as regards their spiritual enlightenment, would be injured, rather than improved, by handing them over to the stewardship of Russia; and surely our civilization has come to a pretty pass, if it is pretended that it cannot undertake this kind of work itself, and that, consequently, these backward parts of the earth must either be surrendered to a power like Russia, or remain as they are. In the matter of mere material well-being, the following passage may help to suggest the kind of influence which Russia is likely to carry with her. The passage refers to Bulgaria,—one of those parts of the earth in which, as being only Slavonian and subject to Turkey, a certain class of philanthropists would willingly enough see Russia seizing the mastery; and in which, from its geographical position, that mastery might be established as soon as anywhere else.

‘Bulgaria, stretching along the southern banks of the Danube, from above Widdin to the Euxine, for nearly 400 miles, and with a sea-coast of nearly 200, occupies an area of about 30,000 square miles. The range of the Balkan, which forms its southern boundary, sends down towards the Danube numerous parallel ranges of hills, diminishing in height as they descend, till they sink into slight undulations in the plains. Between these ranges lie a succession of beautiful valleys of great fertility, each watered by its own stream, and widening till it expands into the great alluvial plain that occupies the basin of the Danube. The uplands and sides of these valleys are clothed or sprinkled with wood,—on the slopes hang orchards, and vineyards, and mulberry-groves for the silkworm,—the lower grounds wave with corn. The choicest flowers of our gardens are scattered profusely over hill and dale,—the hum of bees is incessant, for every house has its hives. Herds of buffaloes and cattle, and of sheep little inferior to the merino of Spain, and of horses highly esteemed in those countries of horsemen, cover the pastures. The rich and beautiful scenery is inhabited by about 2,000,000 of Bulgarians, Slavonians, and Turks, of whom more than one-half are Mahomedans. Besides its corn, and wine, its wool and silk, wax and honey, cattle, sheep, and horses, tallow, hides, and timber, all of which it exports to a large or a considerable amount, it has iron mines of great value, which for centuries have been successfully worked, and manufactories of iron and leather, which supply the neighbouring countries. In the principal town, Sophia, the clang of the hammer is incessant. The peasant population, industrious, cleanly, and prosperous, is better dressed, better housed, and in easier circumstances than the agricultural population of most of the other countries in Europe. Unquestionably, there is not anywhere, except in Turkey, a Slavonic peasant population of nearly equal amount that in these respects can bear comparison with the peasants’

of Bulgaria, which has been subject to the Turks for 500 years. In Russia, there is nowhere a body of peasants, bond or free, Greek, Latin, or Lutheran, who in their most ambitious dreams could have imagined, far less aspired to, the material welfare of the Bulgarian.—*Progress of Russia in the East*, pp. 140, 141.

Oh, but the laws of nature and history provide for such cases, and Russia will not conquer except where she deserves to conquer; and where she does conquer, it shows that the right to conquer was hers! This philosophy requires a good deal of clearing up. We cannot attempt to do so here, but will only suggest that just as the consolidated condition of the present Russian Empire, and the fanaticism and pride of the Russian in being a Russian, depend on far other causes than the good deserts of the Russian Government towards either the material or the intellectual interests of those within its bounds, so Russia may have the power to conquer even where she can bring only ruin and misery. All history shows that it is possible for a system of military sway to have both a geographical and moral centre different from that which a consideration of the real interests of humanity would have suggested as the right one.

Well, but is Great Britain called upon to interfere? All considerations of philanthropy and political duty apart, we have already answered this question on the ground of expediency and self-interest. The extension of Russian ascendancy beyond its present limits cannot take place without an immediate effect on the British Empire; and there is a conceivable point not very far distant at which the progress of that ascendancy will involve the positive destruction of the British Empire and its obliteration from the list of existing things. Let Russia once hold Denmark so as to command the entrance to the Baltic, and let her hold Constantinople so as to command the passage from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean; and she will become politically what she already seems to be in the configuration of the European map—the palm of the hand to which all the other countries of Europe are but as the fingers. As the palm can double up the fingers into itself, so Russia will be able to dominate all Europe, Britain included. It is easy for the self-taught strategists of Manchester to laugh at the notion of an invasion of Britain, and at the picture of Cossacks watering their horses in the Thames; but if, on the one hand, a Wellington declared it to be perfectly possible that Great Britain might be invaded by any general who chose to make the attempt with 50,000 men, and if, on the other hand, we have the authority of a Napoleon for believing that Russia may successfully overrun all Europe—we do not see how on these points there is any necessity for calling in other advice.

What Wellington and Napoleon said on such points it will be judicious to assume as most probably correct, even though Mr. Cobden inclines to a contrary opinion. Now Wellington died in the belief that Britain might see a foreign army on her shores, if a foreign army chose to come; and Napoleon died in doubt whether it was any longer possible by any effort or efforts that Britain, France, and Germany, singly, or in union, could make, to prevent Europe from becoming entirely Cossack. Here are his words:—

‘Should there arise an Emperor of Russia, valiant, impetuous, and intelligent—in a word, a Czar with a beard on his chin’ (this he pronounced very emphatically) ‘Europe is his own. He may commence his operations on the German territory, at one hundred leagues from the two capitals, Berlin and Vienna, whose sovereigns are his only obstacles. He secures the alliance of one by force, and with his aid subdues the other by a single stroke. He then finds himself in the heart of Germany, amidst the princes of the second rank, most of whom are either his relations or dependents. In the meantime, he may, should he think it necessary, throw a few firebrands across the Alps, on the soil of Italy, ripe for explosion; and he may then triumphantly march to Paris to proclaim himself a new liberator. I know, if I were in such a situation, I would undertake to reach Calais in a given time and by regular marching stages, there to become the master and arbiter of Europe.’—*Las Cases*.

But, assuming all such suppositions about Europe to be chimerical, there is still the possibility of a Russian invasion of India. Here, too, Messrs. Bright and Cobden are wont to be dogmatic. The notion of a Russian invasion of India they treat as sheer humbug. Positively, however, with all respect for these gentlemen, Napoleon knew a little more about such matters than they do; and Napoleon pronounced a Russian invasion of India to be not only practicable but almost inevitable. Here are his words to O’Meara at St. Helena in 1817:—

‘I do not think that I shall live to see it, but you may. You are in the flower of your age and may expect to live thirty-five years longer. I think that you will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe with 400,000 Cossacks and other inhabitants of the desert, and 200,000 real Russians. When Paul was so violent against you English (in 1800-1) he sent to me for a plan to invade India. I sent one with instructions in detail. From a point on the Caspian Sea, he was to have marched on India.’ . . . O’Meara observed to Napoleon that the distance to India was great, and that the Russians had not money enough for such a grand undertaking; but he answered, ‘The distance is nothing; supplies can be easily carried on camels, and the Cossacks will always secure a sufficiency of them. Money they will find, when they arrive there. The hope of

conquest would immediately invite armies of Cossacks and Calmucks without expense. Hold out to them the plunder of some rich cities as a lure, and thousands would flock to their banners.'

Even on this side of the actual invasion of India, however, and should such an enterprise be pronounced impracticable, Russia has it in her power to cause infinite trouble and expense to Britain by the extension of her sway in the East. The following is Sir John Macneil's warning on this subject:—

'The invasion of India by the army of Russia, setting out from her present frontier to force a passage to the Indus, and overturn our Empire by a *coup de main* may be assumed to be impracticable, or at least to demand so large an expenditure and so vast a preparation as to put the attempt beyond all probability. But the difficulties of the enterprise arise chiefly from the distance between the frontier and ours, the facility with which we could multiply impediments on so long and difficult a line, and our power to throw troops into India by sea in a shorter time than Russia could march them by land. Every approach of Russia towards the south is therefore an approach towards removing these difficulties; and as soon as the resources of Persia shall have been placed at her disposal, and Herat shall thereby have become the southern frontier, there will no longer be any insuperable impediment to the invasion of India. . . . From the moment that she occupies this position, it will become necessary so to augment our army in India, especially the European part of it, as to be prepared for the contingencies that may arise out of her proximity. This would be a large addition to our national expenditure, which would become permanent; because, if Russia were at Herat, we could no longer send out troops by sea as quickly as she could march them by land. . . . Were Russia established at Herat, the influence she would exert in India, even in time of peace, would be such as to render the government of that country much more delicate and difficult than it now is. Those who know India, not merely the presidencies but the provinces, will comprehend the change that would be effected in our position there by the presence, within such a distance as to make a collision probable, of any power equal to our own. Rebellions would become more frequent and more formidable. The revenue would in many places be collected with difficulty, and in some the full amount would not be paid. The minds of all men would be unsettled, and every disturbance in the north-western provinces, every movement on the Indus or beyond it, would assume a new character, from the connexion it would or might have with the new and powerful neighbour to whom all the disaffected would have recourse. If our financial embarrassments in India are even now a source of abundant anxiety, what would be our situation when our revenue would be diminished and our expenditure increased by some millions annually?'—*Progress of Russia in the East*, pp. 103-105.

It may be assumed, therefore, apart from all considerations of

philanthropy or of duty to the rest of the world, that Britain has a direct interest in preventing the further increase of Russian ascendancy, whether in the West or in the East. Possibly a million pounds a league would be a low estimate of the ultimate cost to Britain of any future advance of Russia in either direction.

Now what is the application of all this? What else than that, as we said at the outset, all British statesmanship which is not based on this belief in Russian aggression as its fundamental doctrine, is, in foreign matters, worthless and absurd; and that all conduct of the present war which treats it as a mere dispute on a Russo-Turkish question, and does not regard it as an opportunity afforded to Britain and the world for coming to a conclusive settlement with Russia, so as to cripple her and drive her back, and make her influence small and beautifully less to all future time, is but folly, infatuation, and a waste of blood and money. Alas! we have but to look about us and to listen to the nightly oratory of our Parliament, to see that British statesmanship does not come up to the height of the emergency. It is sickening; it is atrocious! Here is a nation right at heart, full to the brim of the just instinct, calling out for action to the uttermost against Russia, bleeding its best blood, yielding without stint or complaint its treasure, and only asking that the blood and the treasure be applied to a noble end. Never on earth had any government such a nation to lead to war. And yet, in the midst of this nation, the thousand gentlemen or so who constitute its government are the very men who seem least imbued with its spirit. How filtered and diluted and robbed of its strength and energy comes forth from our Parliament and Cabinet that war-feeling with which the nation charges its representatives. Read the weary war-debates at the beginning of last month. What a third dilution of the spirit raging and reigning among the British people without! Here and there from a Lowe, a Layard, or a Roebuck, there is a flash of the true fire; but, in the main, it is all heartlessness, and complacent uninformed sentence-making, and miserable party stratagem of Whigs, Peelites, and Derbyites, and fallacy and obstinacy more or less robust. So far as we have been able to observe, there has been no real parliamentary demonstration in connexion with the war which has not emanated from one or other of the classes we shall now mention.

First, there are the peace-at-any-price fanatics, who regret that we have gone to war at all, and would have let Russia take Turkey, or, in fact, anything lying beyond high-water mark of the actual British dominions, rather than draw the sword. The policy of this class of our statesmen in regard to the war is simply to get out of it as fast as we can and by any means that

we can. It is a confusing circumstance with respect to this class of politicians, that their reasons do not reveal their real principles. Were any man to arise who should boldly take his stand on the principle of Quakerism, pure and simple, and should make a thorough-going application of that principle to the duty of Britain in the present crisis—in other words, should any man arise avowing the principle that the necessity of going to war in behalf of any cause was to be accepted as a divine intimation that that cause ought then, and without farther inquiry, to be abandoned—we should admire such a man, and know his logic. His principle might seem to us most absurd in its consequences, but we could understand his holding it, and see how to debate it with him. But when a man, with this principle really lurking in his mind, never articulately expresses it, but comes forward in the midst of other politicians, and argues against a war solely on the ground that he does not perceive its necessity, all counter argument with such a man is like beating against a mask. In the present case, for example, one may refer Mr. Bright or any other of the extreme peace men to the whole past history of Russia in proof of her aggressive tendencies: one may speak of her doings in Persia and the East, and point out the consequences of her taking Constantinople; one may bring in the analogy of past barbaric conquests—and yet all in vain. The battle may take place on those points, and, as it is easy for clever men to prolong a battle on any points whatever, Mr. Bright and his adherents may redargue Russian history with their opponents, and show an extensive knowledge of it, and pooh-pooh Napoleon's opinions and the analogy of the past with much confidence and momentary success. In reality, however, even if they could be driven entirely from this field of argument with shut mouths, they would not the less continue their opposition to the war, seeing that what lies at the back of their minds as the source of their obstinacy, is an *a priori* conclusion against war in any circumstances, a pre-determination that in no possible conjuncture would war be right. Mr. Cobden, indeed, would have it believed that he separates from Mr. Bright at this point—that he opposes the present war on its own merits, and that there are certain conceivable circumstances in which he would be as ready to fight as anybody. When a foreign enemy attempts a landing in England, Mr. Cobden will be found either handling a ramrod on the ramparts at Portsmouth, or lying wounded in the hospital. Ah! it is the old story of the Athenian peace-party in the days of Demosthenes. ‘When will you consider that Philip is at war with you? At how many miles off will you regard his movements as hostile to yourselves? Will it do if you see him in

Bœotia, or must he be attacking the Piræus, or must he be actually battering at your gates?' So asked Demosthenes of the Brights and Cobdens of his day; concluding with a saying after his own magnificent style, to this effect:—'That man, O Athenians, I consider my enemy, whose whole course of activity is directed against me, who manifestly meditates and schemes my ruin, even though he has never once been in my presence or struck me a single blow.' Mr. Cobden clearly thinks that the line which separates Great Britain from the world, and within which an enemy must come before he can be said to be an enemy, is the high-water mark which surrounds her shores.

Next, there are the *status quo* idiots, who think that the sole end of the war with Russia was to drive her back out of the Principalities, and otherwise to restore matters between her and Turkey to the footing on which they were before the invasion. The number of such persons, however, is now few—the war having already passed far beyond the point at which a *status quo* treaty would for a moment be anywhere entertained. But though the number of persons are few who have any express opinion in favour of a *status quo* treaty as the sole appropriate conclusion of the war, there can be no doubt that, for other reasons, the men of the Peace-party could join a *status quo* movement, if it existed. Next best, in their eyes, to letting Russia have Turkey, would be an arrangement maintaining Russia and Turkey precisely as they were. It is needless to say that such an arrangement, from any other than the point of view of the Peace-party, would be absolutely idiotic. Intended as a simple arrangement for ending the war in the mean time, so as to reserve for Russia the power of repeating her aggression at a more convenient season, it would be very well: but, proposed with any other intention, it does not merit serious notice.

Next and most numerous are the 'Four Points' politicians. In this class are included the present Government and their supporters, and, we also believe (spurts of party animosity allowed for), nearly the whole body of their parliamentary opponents. The war having passed that point at which the *status quo* solution could be entertained as feasible by any rational man; the Crimea having been invaded, several battles fought, Sebastopol besieged, and the Baltic and Black Seas swept of the Russians; it was the splendid conception of the statesmanship of Britain and France, working under the conditions of the Austrian alliance, that if Russia could be got to agree to four specified points, the war might terminate, the fleets and armies might be recalled, and the world might resume its ordinary quiet course. And what were these notable 'four points'? They were—that Russia should

abandon her claims to any protectorate in the Danubian principalities, which should be restored to the sway of the Sultan, with certain guarantees for their future good government; that the navigation of the Danube should be freed from the control of the Russians, who were fast ruining it by blocking up the mouths of the river, and be placed under a syndicate authority of the European powers; that the last treaties between Russia and Turkey relative to the Black Sea should be revised, with a view to reduce the preponderance of Russia in that sea; and that means should be taken to place the interests of the Christian subjects of Turkey under a joint protectorate of the European powers, so as to put an end to the interferences of Russia in the * internal affairs of the Turkish empire grounded on her claim to an exclusive protectorate of certain bodies of those Christians. Now, while it was universally admitted that a treaty constituted on the basis of these four points would constitute an attempt to attain the true end of the war, by administering a check to Russia, it was also universally felt among the British people that such a treaty, if the best to be expected from the hands of our rulers, would be miserably inadequate. It was felt, moreover, that there was room in the negotiation of the treaty for all kinds of chicane and cunning on the part of the Russian and Austrian diplomatists, so as to make the treaty turn out less efficacious than it might at first appear. It was felt, also, that, even were the treaty safely carried through the preliminary negotiations in an effective form, it would be found probably to contain in it the seeds of future confusion and war, so as in reality to devolve on a future day, and that perhaps an early one, a European imbroglio much more inextricable than the present. For all these reasons, when the Vienna conferences were being held, the anxiety of the public was intense. It was a relief, and a cause for joy to the nation when they came to nothing.

The poor nation, in what a predicament it stands! Itself clear, consistent, and unanimous in its views as to what the course and end of the war should be, and yet condemned to sit anxiously by, and almost pray for external accidents to drive its government into that track in which it, the master, has no power to make them go—nay, told by its premier that it has no business whatever with questions of peace and war and negotiation, that the Crown alone has the prerogative in these things, and that all that the nation has to do is to advance the cash! The poor nation! maligned, too, by the very men who are creatures of its breath, and who, when it and they were agreed, knew well how to fawn upon it! 'The populace,' 'the pot-house politicians!'—there was a time when 'vox populi, vox Dei' was the professed belief

of those who now use these phrases; there was a time when, in their anxiety for popular support, Anti-Corn-Law League lecturers did not disdain to carry their discussions into London back parlours, and to become familiar with beer and with clay pipes! But *tempora mutantur!*

Depending on external accidents on the impulse of which Government may drift into that course into which itself, in these days of mock Parliaments, has no power to compel them, the patient people of Britain have fortunately so far had accidents on their side. The obstinacy of the Russian diplomatists themselves saved Britain from the mischiefs and disgrace of the proposed settlement of the Four Points. True, certain additional manifestations of the pusillanimity of our statesmen have followed this accident and grown out of it. Statesmen who had till then advocated the war and participated in its conduct, and who were supposed to be sound anti-Russians at least to the full extent of a Four-Points Treaty, suddenly revealed themselves in a new light—blaming the existing Government for not being deferential enough to the Russian proposals on one of these points, and speaking solemnly as if, by this difference of opinion on one point out of four, a war till then great and just, had suddenly become horrible and criminal. Combining with these sudden seceders from the ‘Four Points’ phalanx, the peace politicians and the *status quo* men strove to get up in the House a demonstration powerful enough to arrest the war-policy of the Government altogether. Nay, at the same time it was rumoured, and with too much appearance of truth, that there was a rupture in the Cabinet itself on the question of the possibility of renewing the negotiations, and that the very man who had acted as our plenipotentiary at the conferences, and who had there declared his instructions to be exhausted, was, at the head of the more timorous party. The country, at least, had the mortification and disgust of hearing from the lips of that noble lord the statement, that in all that he had done as plenipotentiary of Britain, and, indeed, in all that from first to last he had wished or proposed in relation to the war, he had been actuated by a conviction that the best settlement would be one in which care should be taken, as far as possible, to ‘secure the honour of Russia.’ Well might the country be in trepidation at such a conjunction of evil omens. Britain was never nearer to an act of political suicide. But, fortunately, at this moment external causes again intervened. A change in the French command in the Crimea had been followed by an immediate increase of activity in the operations of the allied fleets and forces in the East; and into the very midst of our wearisome and pusillanimous debates, when everybody seemed to vie with everybody else in

losing heart, the telegraph flashed its succession of rousing messages—new successes before Sebastopol, expedition to Kertch, occupation of the whole Sea of Azof, capture of Russian towns, and destruction of Russian ships and stores. Pusillanimity was vanquished for the moment, and simply because it was known that the war *was* going on, there was a parliamentary triumph for those who argued that it *ought* to go on. It was the telegraph and nothing else that broke up the ominous conjunction which Messrs. Bright and Gladstone and Sir James Graham were forming without the Cabinet, and which Lord John Russell was serving within it.

The war, then, goes on. That is determined; and we are now swept past the possibility of any 'Four Points' solution. So far, good; but the question is, what new solutions shall we have to entertain?

To say with anything like certainty what the plan of the British and French Governments is with respect to the war, is, of course, impossible. They have no fixed policy; they acknowledge no principles on which it would be possible to base a policy; they are at the mercy of events. So far as shrewd men, however, are able to forecast the war as it is likely to turn out, if its management remains in the hands of Louis Napoleon and the present or any similar British Government, something like the following is expected:—The allied armies will continue their operations in the Crimea till Sebastopol falls, and till, by farther action in the field, the whole peninsula is cleared of the Russians. At the same time the fleets will continue their operations in the Black Sea, not only finishing what they have begun in the Sea of Azof, and on the Circassian coast to the east of the Crimea, but also, most probably, doing something effective at Odessa, so as to assert and maintain the ascendancy of the Allies over all the Russian coast on the western part of the Black Sea, between the Crimea and the Danube. Simultaneously with this course of action in the Black Sea, there will be a vigorous action to the same effect in the Baltic—descents on points of the Russian coast there, and, perhaps, if possible, some brilliant strokes in the Gulf of Finland. When all this has been achieved—which may be before the present year is over—provided Russia does not find it her interest to make overtures of peace, and so to wheedle the Allies into some 'Five Points' or 'Six Points' negotiation in lieu of the abandoned 'Four Points' one—then the Allied Governments will consider that they have done enough, and they will convert the active war into a mere blockade. That is, being masters of the Black Sea and the Baltic, and having points of the Russian coasts of these seas in their possession, they will next year have

no real campaign at all, but will wait to see the effects upon Russia of the 'starving-out' policy which they have adopted. In this way, they think, Russia thrown back upon herself, with her commerce ruined, her nobles impoverished, her whole internal system deranged, and her government left to contend with all the smouldering forms of discontentment that will burst forth around it, will be forced to sue for peace; and the peace granted may be such as the Allies will choose to dictate, Lord John Russell's magnanimous desire to 'consult the honour of Russia' coming in with effect or not as the case may be.

Now, if it be true that this is the policy of the Allied Governments, it is a poor and short-sighted policy, and will end in evils manifold. If any of our readers doubt this, let them bear with us to the end. Russia may be injured by such means; her material interests may be made to suffer greatly for a while by the blockade proposed; the disorganization of her system may even lead to revolution; but the Russia which will be so injured will be but a fleeting phase of Russia, and the real Russia whose aggressions menace liberty and civilization will remain intact, still to threaten and terrify the world. Thrown back upon herself for a time, she will develop internal resources for the supply of wants to which the rest of the world has hitherto ministered; and, as has often happened before to other countries, what was intended as punishment will be but a discipline for future and more resistless activity. Besides, the success of any such policy, even for the purposes contemplated, pre-supposes the continuance of the existing European combination against Russia by which the war is managed. But that combination, consisting as it does in the casual co-operation of one man, whose tenure of power at the head of one nation is extremely uncertain, with the existing government of another nation whose governments are often changed, is by no means sure of continuance. There are fifty conceivable accidents, any one of which would entirely alter the arrangements by which Russia is now beleaguered. Russia knows this, and, if she is shut up within herself, she will keep a diligent watch from her windows for the appearance of such accidents of derangement, and may even find means, through her German friends outside, to stir up such accidents. Thus, in the end, the peace she may obtain may be very much to Lord John Russell's taste—extremely satisfactory, indeed, to 'her honour.' But, lastly, even supposing that by some miracle the peculiar diplomatic combination now existing among the belligerent powers continues unchanged, the passive policy of mere blockade against Russia will be one in its own nature dispiriting, and likely to blunt the perceptions of the belligerent nations as to the necessary elements

of a true peace. The interest in the war will flag; people will get weary of the mere petty news incident to a continuous blockade; attention will be diverted to other business; and it will become a matter of comparative indifference on what terms European peace is at length restored. Nor will Russia alone have the benefit of this somnolence. Austria, cunning Austria, will turn it to advantage. Already, as we know, Austria, without striking a blow, or spending a shilling, has reaped hitherto the sole positive advantage of the war. By skilful management, she, the most rotten power in Europe—a power on the eve of bankruptcy and dissolution when the war began—has contrived to make the war her saviour; she is now the president in its diplomacy—the power whose motions to this or that side of the beam turn the scale; and she is mistress of the Principalities. If, at this moment, however, it were proposed that she should keep the Principalities, the outcry would be universal. But, after a year or two of a mere war of blockade, it will be so no longer. By that time people will be accustomed to Austrian possession of the Principalities; and if it is proposed, as an element in a European peace, to extend the Austrian map over these lands, Europe will be too sleepy to care much about it. In short, a policy of mere blockade against Russia is the one best calculated to promote the interests of Austria, and to save her all trouble by permitting her, as hitherto, to remain neutral.

From every point of view, therefore, it appears that the true policy against Russia is that which all those who have considered the problem of Russian aggression most deeply have recommended from the beginning—to wit, that the war should be actively continued until a sufficient basis of conquered Russian territory has been obtained, on which the allies and their auxiliaries may stand while they come to a conclusive settlement of the too long adjourned question of Russia's legitimate place in the world, and of the means of restricting her to it; on both of which points, we may add, all accurate and profound statesmanship has already pronounced itself so distinctly that the plan might be published beforehand. Let us see what this involves.

The present theatres of the war are the Black Sea and the Baltic. I. *The Black Sea*. Here the amount of our successes hitherto has consisted in sweeping the Russians from the sea into their own harbours, in a very successful invasion of the Crimea, which is still in progress, and in the occupation of the Sea of Azof. Supposing the war to be conducted with energy and ability, we may expect that soon, by the fall of Sebastopol, and by subsequent action in the open interior and at Perekop,

the whole Crimea will come into the possession of the Allies. This being done, and the Sea of Azof being still in our possession, it may be possible to operate right and left of that sea so as virtually to deprive Russia of a great portion of those territories on the right and left of that sea, which she seized by the treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji, in 1774, and by her subsequent ukase of 1783, when she appropriated the Crimea. Let us suppose still farther action—action to the west of the Crimea, by means of an expedition to Odessa, operations in Bessarabia, &c.; and action on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, in co-operation with the Circassians, among the trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia—and it is possible to conceive that Russia might be virtually shorn of her acquisitions from Turkey in the Black Sea by the treaty of Jassy in 1792, and that of Bucharest in 1812, and also of part of her acquisitions from Persia by the treaty of Gulistan in 1814. All this being done, Russia would in reality be stripped of all those portions of the margin of the Black Sea which she has made her own within the last eighty years; and she could have no outlet into that sea except from the northernmost corner of the Sea of Azof, and with permission of the conquering powers.

II. *The Baltic.* Here, by a similar course of energetic action, it is possible to conceive Russia dispossessed of Finland, which she acquired from Sweden in 1809, and also, perhaps, of some portions of the Southern Baltic provinces which she acquired in the previous century—such as Courland, which became hers by the third partition of Poland in 1795. Thus her coast towards the Baltic would be greatly contracted, and her maritime power in that sea proportionately diminished. Cronstadt and St. Petersburg itself might even be bombarded during the progress of such a war.

It is for strategists and naval men to say whether all this could be done, what time it would take, and what expenditure of force it would require; but it is for another class of men also—namely, politicians—to say of what *value* it would all be, supposing it were accomplished, as a means of attaining the true ends of the war. Now, on this point, we believe all sound and comprehensive politicians throughout Europe are of the opinion thus expressed by Count Krasinski.

‘Supposing Russia, being compelled thereto by the alliance of the principal powers of Europe, to sue for peace, and obtain it on the terms to which I have alluded—*i.e.*, the resignation of the trans-Caucasian provinces, the Crimea, Bessarabia, and Finland, with the Aaland islands, and the payment besides of an indemnity for the expenses of the war amounting to a very considerable sum, say one thousand millions of francs, or forty millions sterling,—which is by

no means a moderate supposition—whilst her navy would be entirely lost, her maritime strongholds destroyed, and even her modern capital, St. Petersburg, converted into a heap of ruins—heavy and humiliating as such losses would be to Russia, they might be soon repaired, because they would by no means affect her real strength, if she were allowed to retain all her remaining territory, and particularly her western provinces.’

Count Krasinski goes on to demonstrate how this would be the case; but it is not necessary to follow him in his demonstration to be convinced of this proposition, the most important that can be laid down in connexion with the policy of the war—to wit, that no possible amount of action against Russia merely in the Black and Baltic Seas, and no possible amount of result from such action, can accomplish the true design of the war, which is the liberation of Europe from all future danger from the aggressions of Russia.

The truth of this proposition will be evident if these two preliminary and obvious propositions are admitted—first, that to cripple a power, it must be attacked in that which constitutes its strength; and secondly, that the best kind of war is that which regards itself as having wholly fulfilled its end, when it has prepared the way for new political combinations of a positive character, which by their own self-supporting action will permanently solve the problem in view, without the necessity of farther war, at the same time that collaterally they will subserve the other interests of civilization, and the general good of the race. In other words, if it is admitted that Russia can only be effectually beaten by attacking her in her vitals, and if it is also admitted that the objects of the war will be best and most humanely and usefully fulfilled by a plan which shall devolve all future trouble in checking Russia and keeping her within bounds, on certain permanent political arrangements, in themselves just and honourable and loudly called for by millions of human beings, and tending to the simplification of present political difficulties and to the commercial and intellectual and social well-being of the whole body of nations,—then, it must be admitted, that mere action against Russia upon her Baltic and Black Sea borders, though it may contribute powerfully to the desired settlement, will not of itself afford an adequate basis for it.

(1.) *The Black Sea and Baltic provinces are not the strength of Russia, nor does her immediate strength lie in her access to the two seas.* On this point, we cannot do better than extract a passage from the pamphlet of General Mieroslawski—a pamphlet which we regard as one of the ablest and most striking contributions that have been made to the discussion of the Russian

question, and which we earnestly recommend to our readers. General Microslawski says:—

‘Before taking up arms, the Western Powers seem to have purposely closed their eyes and refused to be enlightened as to the real character of the Russian empire. They set up a conventional Russia, in order to attack her in her invulnerable points, and with weapons which, various and formidable though they seem, have, to the great astonishment of the cleverest statesmen and generals of Europe, been found quite powerless. Russia is not a nation like Poland, nor a conventional state like Prussia, nor an old dynastic aggregation like Austria, nor a colonial power like England, nor a voluntary association like America, nor a compact and finished centralization like France. Russia is a *vast absorbing machine*, destined to assimilate all the Slavonic nationalities, and thus acquire the means, on the decline of the Western nations, for overwhelming Europe and the whole world. She is, therefore, above all, a continental power; and, if she already seeks to obtain a footing on the Black Sea and the Baltic, it is prematurely, through schoolboy impatience, and only with the excess of her organic resources. Her gigantic but delusive naval constructions have acquired no real maritime character. They can aspire to that character only when masters by means of their land forces, or political superiority, of the whole shores of the Black Sea and Baltic, the Tzars can dispose of the Greek and Scandinavian marine. But these objects are to be attained by land and not by sea, if they are to be attained at all; by land alone the Tzar could ever bring the Bosphorus within his grasp. Until then, he may have pontoons, amphibious batteries, and a floating bridge from Cape Chersonesus to the Golden Horn, to second the operations of an army which shall have already crossed the Balkans; he may have another floating bridge to aid the movements of an army marching to set right the succession of Denmark for Holstein-Göttorp; but there is not even a shadow of naval squadron worthy of your being uneasy about. If, then, you desire to prevent his ever having a navy, it is not his pontoons and the batteries behind which he hides them that must be destroyed, but the vast laboratory of these continental crimes itself, which will to-morrow supply him with four times the amount you may burn to-day, and also with the keys of the two snares into which the charms of Sebastopol and Cronstadt are drawing you.’

(2) *The regions of the Black Sea and the Baltic are, from their circumstances, such as hardly, by any ingenuity, following up any amount of military conquest, to admit of being made the theatre of permanent political combinations of a natural, or self-supporting character, on which Europe could devolve the future care of providing against Russian encroachments.* What could be done in this respect? First take the *Black Sea*. The allies might keep the Crimea for themselves, if they could agree about it, and fortify and garrison and colonize it; or they might give it back to the

Turks ; or they might make an independent or protected Khanate of it, as it was when Russia seized it. Would either solution be permanent, cheap, effective, or collaterally useful ? Having disposed of the Crimea as the central conquest, they might arrange with Turkey or Austria about the conquests from Russia, west of the Crimea, such as Bessarabia, &c. ; and they might in a similar way arrange with the Circassians, the Turks, and the Persians, respecting the countries on the east of the Black Sea, north and south of the Caucasus—giving back to Persia, suppose, the Transcaucasian provinces wrested from her by the Treaty of Gulistan ; and taking the opportunity for ousting Russian influence from Persia, and renewing British diplomatic activity there, with a view to the safety of the British Empire in India. Would such a set of arrangements be easy, would they cost little trouble, would they be beneficial to the populations interested, or would they be durable ? Then, again, take the *Baltic*. Here Finland and the Aaland isles might be given back to Sweden ; and that respectable power, with its neighbour Denmark, might be charged, under western superintendence, with the task of de-Russianizing other portions of the Baltic coast. Such an arrangement would have much to recommend it ; and, indeed, some part of it ought, by general consent, to be embodied in any final settlement with Russia ; but, standing alone, would it be durable or adequate ?

And thus we are brought to the inevitable and, indeed, universally anticipated, conclusion—that all action, and all arrangement, however just and ingenious, against Russia in the Baltic and Black Seas will only be effective in so far as they lead to, or are accompanied by bold and wise action against Russia also in that great continental isthmus which lies between the two seas, and which, in the former system of Europe, constituted the great independent kingdom of Poland.

Yes, delay as we like, reason as we like, amuse ourselves as we like with all sorts of inferior and intermediate schemes, the reconstruction of the Polish nation, under new conditions and with new adjuncts, as part of the European system, is the conclusion to which we must come at last, unless we are to give up the problem as altogether insoluble, and to regard the continual extension and aggrandizement of Russia as a law of history to which we must all succumb. Since first Russia began to alarm the nations by her enlarged dimensions, every European statesman of any range of speculative foresight has seen this and proclaimed it. Napoleon the First saw it. Again and again at St. Helena he declared that the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland was the one and only device by which Europe could be

saved from the approaching universal despotism which would have its centre at St. Petersburg. Again and again he protested that such had been his own ultimate intention had his European career been prolonged; and that his small and experimental Polish Duchy of Warsaw created out of the Prussian and Austrian fragments of old Poland had been, so to speak, but an experimental study towards this end—the end itself being reserved for final and full attainment when he should have conquered Russia, and so had all Poland under his control. His words on this subject are sometimes most striking. Here is a passage at which Mr. Bright would laugh, but in which we, who think that Napoleon's brain had more phosphorus in it than Mr. Bright's, and could generalize farther on all subjects, see prophetic sense.

‘I see into futurity farther than other men, and I wanted to erect a barrier against these barbarians by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king; but your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded, and Europe, but especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overrun, and a prey to these northern barbarians, they will say ‘Napoleon was right.’

Unfortunately Napoleon's schemes respecting Poland proceeded on the idea that she might be treated as an inanimate mass, to be set up bit by bit, as more and more of her came into his power, and even then to be shaped by him so as to answer his diplomatic purposes. It was under a similar error that the statesmen at the Congress of Vienna acted. They too—and not only the British and the French, but even the Austrian statesmen—regarded a Poland of some sort as a necessity of the European system, in order to preserve the equilibrium against Russia; but they were scared and confused by the haughty insolence of Alexander, who overbore the Congress by his threat of plunging Europe again into war if Poland was not made over to Russia; and the consequence was that the Poland they did set up was no better than a mock-Poland, governed by the Czars from the first, as a kind of outfield of their empire, and soon included within it without fence or distinction. Since the Polish insurrection of 1830-31, this blunder of the Congress of Vienna has been patent to all the world; and the only question has been whether an opportunity would ever occur for repairing it. That opportunity has now arrived. That particular European combination which alone, according to Napoleon, could give the world a chance against Russia—and he thought it but a chance—has now arrived; and Great Britain and France are at the head of an anti-Russian alliance. It is to be seen whether the opportunity will be thrown

away. It is the thirdrd visit of the sibyl; we may purchase her remaining books, but it will be at the price of which at first all might have been ours.

Action in Russian Poland, with a view to the re-establishment of Poland as a great independent state in the European map,—such is the pressing duty of European statesmanship at the present moment. Poland is the strength of Russia, the real source of her most formidable power. *Geographically* it is so; for it is by possessing this great continental isthmus between the two seas, that Russia is able to push her armies forward, on her own territories, into the very heart of Europe; so that in a few days she may be finishing a war at the two German capitals, while her own capital can only be reached thence by months of marching. *Economically*, it is so; for not only are the fifteen governments which form Russian Poland by far the most populous and productive parts of the Russian empire, whence she derives her largest supplies and revenues, but it is from among the 16,000,000 Poles that inhabit these governments that she derives, by her conscriptions, at least *four-sevenths* of her 'grand active army' of 700,000 men, on which she mainly depends—her remaining forces consisting of 315,000 Russians and others, forming 'the army of the interior,' and an 'irregular army' of 126,000 Cossacks. And, finally, *politically*, it is so; for it is by her partnership with Prussia and Austria in the crime and in the possession of this stolen property (she possessing four-fifths of the whole, and they the remaining fifth between them) that she dominates over these neighbouring Powers, bends them to her counsels, renders them incapable of honest action, and also renders it impossible for other nations to act against her without getting into difficulties with them. Assail Russian Poland, therefore, break the continuity between Russia and this part of her empire, and Russia loses that by which, geographically, economically, and politically, she domineers over Europe. Nor, if this is once accomplished, will there be any occasion for continued military occupation to secure what has been done. Poland, once liberated from Russia, is, by the very necessities of her being, de-Russianized for ever. Now the strength of Russia, she will then be, *par excellence*, the natural anti-Russian power of Europe—a self-supporting protection to the Western States against future Russian aggression, maintaining a European existence only on the condition of discharging that duty. As subsidiary to such a great self-supporting political construction against Russia in the isthmus between the two seas, there may, of course, be, and there ought to be, minor political constructions and combinations along the coasts of the seas themselves,

—an enlargement of Swedish power in the Baltic, so as to foster the growth of an independent Scandinavian organism in the North; and certain arrangements with the Turks and Circassians so as to abate Russian preponderance in the Black Sea, and with the Persians so as to de-Russianize the country between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and free Persia from the Russian protectorate. But all these arrangements and combinations will be nothing without Poland, and will be of use only as they flank it and strengthen it.

Not only is the re-construction of Poland the only solution that answers the conditions of the great immediate problem of the war; it is a policy recommended by a thousand collateral considerations of justice, European interest, and philanthropy. It will be the tardy, yet noble, atonement for a great European sin. It will be an honourable redemption by Great Britain and France, in particular, of many promises and protests spontaneously made by both since that sin was committed. It will be the restoration of liberty and self-government to a nation of 20,000,000 now groaning in bondage under the most brutal and barbaric system of rule which Europe knows. It will be an immediate and immense benefit to the cause of international communication and commerce. Only glance at the map, and fancy what Poland might be if free, and with one longitudinal and a few cross railways. Finally, it will be the commencement of a new and healthier system of European national equilibrium. At present the sole scientific justification of Russia in her aggressions is, that, barbaric as she is, and material and cruel as are her forces, she undertakes a work of organization which must be performed. Eastern Europe is at present a chaos, and the Czars are great, because they offer the elements of this chaos a centre round which they may consolidate themselves. Say what we like, there are movements among the heterogeneous populations of Turkey and Austria which will not end till the map of Eastern Europe is readjusted. Russia proposes to effect what is wanted by aggregating all the fermenting populations into one Panslavic empire, with foreign admixtures and dependencies. There is but one other plan—the formation, on the bases furnished by race, tradition, and tendency, of a cluster of independent, and nearly equipollent, national masses. A reconstruction of Poland would initiate a natural process towards the consummation of such a plan. The independence of Hungary would naturally follow; more gradually the Czeckish populations attached to Austria would group themselves round the Bohemian centre; and, finally, being in contact with three such already completed consolidations, the Slavonians, the Wallachians, and the Greeks of

European Turkey would be able, without the vitiating interference of Russia, which then could not reach them, to find out what were their real capabilities and rights.

The objections to a war-policy involving Poland are many and various. One of these may be called the objection of prejudice. The Poles are not favourites with a certain class of our citizens. 'They were always a wretched, wrangling people, who, when they were a nation, and had that continental isthmus you speak of all to themselves, made a precious mess of it, with their Diets, their Vetos, their Confederations, their Dissidents, and what not! They could not retain their freedom when they had it; and nothing good would come of trying to bolster them up again!' Such is a very common mode of talking. True, those who talk so say very much the same about the Italians, and about other oppressed nations. Still the Poles have the worst of it. Now we are not going to argue, either historically or by reference to contemporary facts, this question of the worth of Polish manhood, or of the national capabilities of the Poles. It is our firm belief that the Poles are grossly misrepresented; and that, as there has been no want among them and is no want among them of men exhibiting the peculiar Polish idiosyncrasy in connexion with the highest normal endowments of humanity in general, so Polish history shows that they *have* been great as a nation, and that, dating from 1773 at least, it is not entirely their fault that they are not a very respectable nation now. But we will not argue this belief. It is unnecessary. Whether the Poles are bad or good human material, they exist: they cannot be swept off the face of the earth; and the only question is whether they are to be in or out of Russia—whether Russia is to have the management of them or not? If, for any reason, it is deemed better for the rest of the world that they should be out of Russia, surely it is within the compass of political science to devise a means of managing them at least as well as Russia does. Russia, it appears, turns the Poles to splendid account for her purposes; why not we for ours?

'Well but,' it is next objected, 'the Poles seem contented to be Russians; they do not stir now; what evidence have we that they want to be a nation?' To this argument, unless its very heartlessness proves it false, only a Pole who knows his country is entitled to reply. We therefore quote the words of General Microslawski:—

'Poland will not rise in insurrection spontaneously, because her social and national organism is at this moment decomposed, at least materially. Her provinces are, so to speak, disarticulated, and guarded carefully by her three partitioners. Her population is likewise dis-

membered—divided into passive instruments of tyranny, in patriots banished, enchained, or disarmed, and in economical slaves whose lives and labour only fatten conquest. The whole of the male military population is embodied in the three armies of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; 300,000 in the first; 100,000 in the second; and 60,000 in the third. It is from these depôts of stolen goods that you must obtain the 460,000 soldiers of the future Polish army. The 150,000 additional pairs of arms which could be taken from the plough in Poland without causing the army to perish of hunger in six months will also rise; but they will not rise of their own accord, kept in mental darkness, scattered and crushed as they now are beneath a double oppression, social and political. In place of that half million of Poles carried off or paralysed during the last two years, so foolishly expended by you, there has been crowded on that great battle-field of humanity half a million of grave watchers who, until the cemeteries of Poland open beneath their feet, will form one single army. These are, be assured, the picked troops of this moral empire. While you seek them at the extremities of Russia, and in the several camps, they remain silent and motionless at the centre of Europe, relieving each other on guard at that overthrown altar whereon they have sworn their oath of eternal alliance. 'This is why this altar cannot at this moment rise up again of its own accord.'

What is necessary, according to General Mikroslawski, is that the Allies should arm legions of the Polish refugees, land them at Riga and Odessa, and clear the way for them into the interior of Poland. Were this done, Poland would be fired, so to speak, at both ends; the smouldering national element would blaze forth in one vast insurrection; the Russian army collected in Poland would be overwhelmed; and the other Russian armies now acting against the Allies at the extremities of the empire would be dissolved by the instant desertion of the Poles who form their strength.

After all, the real objection of our statesmen to an appeal to Polish nationality is the large issues to which it will lead, by letting loose popular forces of change now dormant, and which would immediately affect not Russia alone, but at least also two of the great German powers. Lord John Russell is generous enough to be concerned at the effects which any such appeal would have on the 'honour and dignity' even of our great enemy; and we fear there are too many of our statesmen who share his sentiment, and think it statesmanlike to do so. There are others, however, who, caring perhaps less for the 'honour' of Russia, are similarly considerate for Prussia and Austria. The consequences to Prussia of an appeal to Poland they might, in their present indignation against Prussia, allow themselves to be indifferent to; but the consequences to an ally, such as Austria!

Here, also, as in everything else, the Austrian alliance has been the millstone about our necks. But are we to be fools for ever? Better, surely, lose the Austrian alliance than lose that to which the alliance was to be a means. If the reconstruction of Poland is necessary to save Europe from Russian domination, it is no time for consulting interested German dynasties whether they will have it so or not. Interested German *dynasties*, we say; for it is only the dynasties, and not the German peoples subject to them, that can pretend to have any interest in preventing the re-establishment of Poland. Germany, as well as the rest of Europe, will reap the benefits of such an act, in increased independence. Germany will never be Germany—will never be free from her fear of Russia which now overawes and paralyses her industry and population, till Poland is reconstituted. The most enlightened and liberal Germans know this, and, if they could, would petition the Houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern to-morrow to give it, for the sake of Germany herself, their wretched, ill-gotten fragments of Poland. Nay, and even as separate states, Prussia and Austria would be healthier and more powerful if the crime of keeping their respective portions of the stolen property, with all its attendant care, were off their consciences. If they do not know this, they ought to be taught it. Therefore, with General Miroslovich, we say, 'Raise Russian Poland without the concurrence of the German powers, and by this means save those powers as surgeons save their patients—without them and in spite of them.' The pain of the operation over, Prussia and Austria will thank us for the new health they enjoy; even though, in the case of Austria, the necessary mutilation may have to extend to other parts of her vast diseased body. In her case, Hungary and Italy have to be otherwise conditioned. The dynasty may deplore such a change, Germany will not shed a tear over it.

Alas! such a war-policy as this is one to which existing British statesmanship will never voluntarily commit itself. The only hope is that external events may compel our statesmen into a course which they will never themselves adopt. We 'drifted' into the war; we nearly 'drifted' into peace; and we may 'drift' into a right war-policy at last. A spontaneous movement in Poland would effect wonders. The statesmen of Britain and France could not ignore it; they would, therefore, try to manage it; and Europe would have to beware of another mock-Poland diplomatically created.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON AFFAIRS.

THE burglar has entered the house, smashed its doors and windows, damaged its furniture, and has lived there at large. But, alarmed by the approach of the police, he has made his escape into the next parish, and there promises not to do the like again. Whereupon, certain people tell us, it would be very unchristian, unjust, and cruel, to prosecute the gentleman, to lay him under any degree of unpleasant restraint, or to exact compensation of any kind at his hands. Such, O Britain! is the pass to which thy statesmanship has come! Its sense of justice is wonderful, and its chivalry and wisdom are like unto it. But Providence seems about to do better for us than our statesmen.

St. Stephen's has not risen to the height of this great argument. It has been left to the press, for the most part, to reduce the sophistry of the pro-Russian party to its elements—to hold up in their real worthlessness in the morning, the fabrics passed off as goods of the first quality the night before.

Bitterly is the press hated for these doings. Subtle and ceaseless are the efforts made to detract from its power. But never before has the press of England been to so great and manifest an extent the palladium of her liberty and greatness. It has done much to save us from sinking into selfishness under the grimace of prudence, and from playing the coward in the sight of all nations under the pretence of humanity. It is not the three estates at Westminster, but the fourth estate elsewhere, that has trained our people to their present nobleness, and placed them so far in advance of their rulers.

Save us, say we, from the patriots who can believe upon any scale so it be to the dishonour and disadvantage of their country, or to the honour and advantage of its enemies; and who would prostrate the aristocratic power inseparable from an army or a navy, at the cost of exposing us to wrong and insult from the power of aristocrats, autocrats, and democrats, all the world over.

While we write, the news of the 17th from Sebastopol reaches us. The die seems to be cast. Providence is forcing its own alternative upon us. Russia must be curbed effectually by Europe, or Europe become the slave of Russia. What cost can be too great which shall turn this scale to the better side?

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

THE votaries of the gay world say that, in the memory of the oldest imaginable spinster, there never has been so dull and spiritless a season as that of 1855. There have been marvellously few dinners, still fewer balls, and scarcely any marriages in fashionable life.³ So many people are in mourning for lost relatives in the Crimea—so wretched has been the weather, with no spring or summer—so heavy has been taxation, likely to be increased next year—that every one is reducing expenditure. All this tells, not merely in frivolous and fashionable life, but tells also most seriously on trade, and on no trade more than the publishing. Most of the great houses, in consequence of the absorbing interest of the war, have held back their manuscripts until a more favourable moment, or have only published works with a bearing on the Crimea or on Russia. It is thus that we find works of this character advertised by Longmans, Murray, Parker and Son, and Smith, Elder, and Co. What is called railway shilling literature, however, is busy and bustling enough, and finds a vent. We are glad to see also that new editions, newly edited, of standard English classics, are in demand.

Memoirs of the Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil. By W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH. Hurst and Blackett, for Henry Colburn. 1855.—Sheil has been scarcely more than four years dead, and yet, though he occupied a very considerable place in the House of Commons, so fleeting and evanescent is popular fame, that he is scarcely remembered and hardly spoken of in England. 'The curse of Swift,' to use the language of his more eloquent countryman, Grattan, 'was upon him to have been born an Irishman and a man of genius,' and he is consequently all but forgotten, excepting by his immediate personal friends. But in his own country, where he had lived the greater portion of his life, and at whose bar he practised for more than twenty years, he seems, too, to have fallen into early oblivion. His name is rarely mentioned among his forensic contemporaries, and is never pronounced by the peasantry, the yeomen, or the middle classes of the towns. This will appear the less wonderful when it is stated that the memory of the great Irish orator, Grattan, is not held in the veneration

tion it should be by the Irish nation at large; that the services and sacrifices of Curran are not appreciated to the extent they ought to be by a grateful people; and that even the name of O'Connell, once so popular with the populace, is not now uttered with the acclaim it was sure to command at any period between 1812 and 1843 or 1844. It is not very easy to account for this popular forgetfulness, or indifference, or mutability, if we should not give to the feeling a worse name. The fact is that Ireland is divided, with a few creditable exceptions, into two parties of ultra-Protestants and ultra-Roman Catholics, or, we should rather say, downright slavish, soul-subdued Papists; and these parties *taboo* and exorcise each other, and all without their immediate pale, with intense hatred. Add to this that the Roman Catholic factions have, since the sacerdotal sway of the Most Rev. Paul Cullen, degenerated into mere helots and villeins of the popedom—into the humblest slaves and serfs of the Church of Rome. In the days of the Roman Catholic Association, when O'Connell and Sheil harangued for civil equality, there was some such thing as an independent and manly feeling as sound public opinion among the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland. But now this manly feeling and healthy tone of mind, we fear, has altogether died away. In 1825, 1826, and 1827, the men who toiled and struggled for civil equality were many of them Roman Catholics in name only, and from a point of honour; whereas of late years this race has become extinct, and the believers in the doctrines of the Gallican Church, or the *Eglise d'Utrecht*, have given place to the Ultramontane Papists, Romanists in soul and real slaves at heart. The Romish priest, in truth, has, since 1848, assumed the place of the agitator, demagogue, and politician of old, and now directs and moves the machinery so long put in motion by Roman Catholic lawyers and laymen. The object of the priest, bigoted, narrow-minded, intolerant, and exclusive, is to teach the people to forget their lay guides of the past generation, and for the future to look only to the leading and teaching of the one holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. In this course the Romish hierarchy has been but too successful, and by-and-by we shall find the Irish Romanists, as was said of the Poles and Belgians in the last century, '*plus Catholique que le Pape de Rome.*' It behoves the English Government to take account of this state of things, and to consider well its effect on the empire at large.

To return, however, to Sheil. The late right honourable envoy to Florence was certainly one of the most accomplished and creditable specimens of the educated Roman Catholic returned to Parliament after the Emancipation Act; but as he would neither adopt the extreme political or religious views prevalent among his co-religionists, his memory is not cherished with any fondness, either by the turbulent and ambitious or by the treasonable and rebellious Young Ireland party. Indeed, we apprehend the volumes of this biography will be read with more zest by the English, and by the Protestants and Liberals of Ireland, among many of whom Sheil numbered warm friends, than by the votaries and devotees of that Church for which Sheil so strenuously exerted himself from 1812 to the period of emancipation. •

The biographical history of Richard Sheil may be told in a few words. His father was a merchant settled in Cadiz, where he acquired considerable property. Returning to his native country, he married a Miss McCarthy, of Tipperary, and settled about three miles from Waterford. Here Richard Sheil was born, about 1790, passed his boyhood, and received his early education from a French abbé who was domesticated in his father's house, and who continued his tutor till his eleventh year. The peace of Amiens permitting the abbé to return to France, young Sheil was sent to a Roman Catholic school at Kensington, conducted by the Abbé de Broglie, better known as the Prince Charles de Broglie. At this establishment there were many of the children of the emigrants, some of the best blood of France, and several French creoles. But the head of the house did not understand financial details, and got into debt. An Italian Jesuit, who was the tutor of Sheil, taking an interest in the youth, advised him to write to his parents to remove him to Stonyhurst, and in the month of October, 1804, he proceeded thither. On quitting Stonyhurst, in 1807, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a pupil of Dr. Wall. Though recognised in college as a person of taste and classical attainment, he did not greatly distinguish himself. He was an assiduous member of the Historical Society, and frequently spoke at their meetings, though with more vehemence than effect. While serving his terms for the bar at King's Inn, Dublin, the father of Sheil ruined himself by a series of ill-considered speculations, and young Richard would have been unable to migrate to the Temple had not a friend of his family kindly agreed to allow the young student £80 a year for four years. He was called to the Irish bar in 1814; but, like hundreds of others, remained a long while briefless. He could not, however, bear to draw on the scanty resources of his father for support, so he determined to try literature, and write a play. His first production was *Adelaide, or the Emigrants*, in which he derived immense assistance from the acting of Miss O'Neil. This was followed by *Evadne* and other productions, by which he obtained money and considerable fame. He was now enabled by his pen and his profession to keep the wolf from the door; and the Catholic Association, created in 1823, furnished him a new arena. It was in this assembly he matured and perfected his powers, and his weekly displays, continued over a period of six or seven years, were not without a sensible effect on his circuit practice. The measure of emancipation passed in 1828. Soon afterwards (in 1830) Sheil was returned to Parliament for Milbourne Port by the Marquis of Anglesea, having first unsuccessfully contested Louth; and from this period his history is tolerably well known to those ordinarily conversant with public affairs. He was successively a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, Vice-president of the Board of Trade, Judge-Advocate-General, Master of the Mint, and Ambassador to Florence.

With the session of 1851, Mr. Sheil's parliamentary career reached its close. For twenty years he had occupied a prominent place in Parliament as a debater, but although he had rendered his party excellent service as a brilliant speaker (being in truth one of the most

popular speakers in the House), and had filled various offices with credit and capacity, yet he was still excluded from the cabinet. When, after four years of enjoyment of office by the Whigs, Sheil found that he was never likely to obtain the reward for which he looked, he was deeply mortified, and his own declining health, and the more delicate state of his wife, combined with misgivings as to the possibility of his surviving his parliamentary reputation, induced him to ask for diplomatic employment abroad. He was appointed Ambassador to Tuscany in October, 1850, and died there of gout in the stomach in May, 1851.

Such is the short history of a man who played an important part in Ireland in the eventful time from 1823 to 1830, and who from 1830 to 1850 was one of the most brilliant speakers in the House of Commons. Though Sheil was more than forty years of age when he entered St. Stephen's, and had already formed his habits and tastes, yet his highest sense of pleasure was in the exercise within that house of that rare faculty by which breathless attention is enchained. That he used to say, says his biographer, 'that is power; cheers,' he continued, 'are nothing. Any one who is reckless enough to play for them, if he has common tact and ability can win them. I don't care for cheers; the thing that is hard to catch, and when caught to hold, is the silent attention of the House. When you have done that, you have succeeded; not till then.'

As a speaker Sheil was *sui generis*. He had great command of vigorous and impassioned language, very considerable imagination, and was a most accomplished and dexterous rhetorician. But though fervid and impassioned in his language and manner, he was a keen and subtle logician, and industriously informed himself on all the details of a question. For the last fifteen years of his life he was a thorough party man, in the English sense of the word. His political creed was compressed into the advice he gave a friend who consulted him on a paper he had written on the condition of Ireland. 'Keep the Whigs in—keep out the Tories; that's politics.' Yet though so intensely Whiggish in his party views, Sheil did not feel himself at home in the great Whig houses:—

'I cannot,' he said, 'be suspected of pique, for I have had enough and more than enough of social attentions paid to me. From the time I had become successful as a speaker in debate, I was courted and caressed by the owners of great houses, and sought for as a guest at their tables. Few men, I suppose, are altogether indifferent to these marks of consideration. I confess that I at least was not; and that the refinement of such society had for me no little charm. But I soon found out that at first I had been asked as a curiosity to be shown to unparliamentary friends who had heard of me, or seen my name in the newspapers; and afterwards, because I was supposed to have the power of being amusing.'

In private life Sheil was amiable and unpretending, a man of kindly, honourable, and gentlemanly feelings.

It remains for us to speak of the manner in which Mr. McCullagh has executed the task he has imposed on himself. The work is written in a pleasing and unambitious style, yet not without marks of careful elaboration and finish. There are, however, too numerous extracts

from the speeches, essays, and plays of Sheil, and sufficient details are not given of his daily, and, so to speak, domestic life and social converse. No man relished society more than Sheil, and it would have been easy for Mr. McCullagh to have given us his impressions of one who was a credit to the country that gave him birth. Men who had seen Sheil in public knew of what stuff the lawyer, agitator, and politician was made; but what the world desired to know was, somewhat more of his interior and inner life, and this is not sufficiently revealed to us in these volumes.

Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., from Original Family Documents. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G. Vols. 3 and 4. Hurst and Blackett. 1855.—The uses of adversity, as Shakespeare truly says, are, after all, sweet. Here is the Duke of Buckingham, the great territorial anti-corn law magnate of fifteen years ago—the cabinet minister of the late Sir Robert Peel's creation—now that he has lost his estates and is no longer a minister, doing better service than he ever did in the days of his prosperity and power, in editing family documents and papers, and thus throwing a light on those eventful and important periods, the reign of George III. and the Regency. We have already considerable materials for history on these periods; comprised in the papers and memoirs of Walpole, Chatham, Rockingham, the late Lord Holland, the late Lord Sidmouth, &c., contributions which have been used by Adolphus and Mahon, as well as by Lord Brougham in 'Statesmen of George III.' But the archives of Stowe are rich in letters, documents, and memoirs, explaining the secret movements, motives, and private history of the reign of George III. The family of the Grenvilles was an influential and important family, long connected with official life, and almost always by one or other of its members within the precincts of the cabinet and the court, and therefore it is that these volumes present us with a vast number of anecdotes and personal details relating to the King, Fox, Pitt, Wyndham, Addington, Lord Moira, Sheridan, Lord St. Vincent, Nelson, &c. These anecdotes are contained in the correspondence of William and Thomas Grenville with their brother, the first Marquis of Buckingham, and also in the correspondence of General Sir George Nugent, (a natural brother of the Marquis), and of Mr. W. H. Freemantle, with the then great owner of Stowe. The two first volumes of the Memoirs were published in the summer of 1853, and they have now been followed by the third and fourth, still more interesting to the historian than the two first. The third volume gives us a narrative of the events that occurred between 1800 and 1810, including the correspondence between the English and French governments respecting Napoleon Bonaparte's proposals for peace. Lord Grenville, a statesman of advanced experience, sagacity, and foresight, was then Minister for Foreign Affairs, and as his letters form a large portion of the Memoirs, we need not insist on the importance of such materials. In the third volume may also be found much important and interesting matter relative to the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and minute details concerning the resignation of

Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, and the formation of the Addington administration. In this volume also is a lucid narrative drawn up by Lord Grenville, suggesting and recommending a coalition of the ablest men of all parties.

* The events that led to a coalition between Grenville, Pitt, and Fox, are clearly explained by Lord Grenville himself; and he has also placed on record the reasons of his refusal to join the last cabinet of Mr. Pitt. These documents must be consulted by the future historian, and the substance of them incorporated into the history of the time. Not the least interesting part of this volume is Lord Grenville's appreciation and judgment of Napoleon Bonaparte, and his views of the character of Lord Sidmouth, and of the relations existing between that noble lord (commonly called the Doctor) and Mr. Pitt.

There is much in both volumes very germane to the history and mystery of the present war. Appointments were made in 1808 and 9 pretty much as they were made in 1854. Wellesley Pole says to an unnamed correspondent, who writes to the Marquis of Buckingham, why Burrard and Dalrymple were appointed—'I'll tell you candidly, 'as the army is constituted here, Arthur could not be left in this great 'command, there were too many older officers; but the individual 'appointment of Sir Hew was quite accidental, and was merely meant 'to parry something of that kind much worse.' In a letter from Admiral Berkeley in 1809, we find the following addressed to the Marquis of Buckingham:—

'Our commissaries are equally to blame, as really in every part of that department such ignorance and delay appear that it makes my heart ache. I have, however (in all which relates to their transactions with me), made formal complaints, and I hope it will show how very wrong a principle that department has been acting upon. Twice has the army been stopped for money, and twice for provisions. The horses starved, while ships loaded with hay and oats from England, enough to furnish all the cavalry, were rotting and spoiling in the Tagus. The medical staff is as bad, as our army were dying away for want of medicines, while more than sufficient were in ships in the river. The medical staff, as well as the commissariat, instead of being with the army, are in Lisbon, keeping their houses, horses, and w——, and the Commissary-General at Cintra taking his diversion.'

The following allusion to the commander of the disastrous Walcheren expedition will be read with interest:—

'An officer upon the staff said he should not have known of the existence of a commander-in-chief had he not seen at his garden at Batz two turtles sprawling upon their backs; he was never visible until two o'clock, and in the luxury of a London kitchen was he living within twelve miles of the enemy, while his army were living upon salt meat and biscuit, without tents or covering of any sort, and in water. The sick list of the army, when these people came away, amounted to 5000. I fear, however, we have not yet heard the worst. The cavalry left Walcheren on Wednesday. An officer is arrived who left it on Thursday with despatches. He knows nothing, except that he was ordered in the middle of the night to 'set off; that a very heavy firing had been heard, as he says, both of cannon and of musketry, from Beveland: that the firing continued when he left the Scheldt, and that, just as he sailed, four ships of the line had their signals made to proceed up the river. The rumour in Flushing was, that 'the French were following us up.'

Lord Chatham's (the Commander) exploits in this expedition are referred to in the following lines :—

'Friend. When sent fresh wreaths on Flushing's shores to reap,
' What didst thou do, illustrious Chatham ?
' Chatham. Sleep !
' Friend. To men fatigued with war, repose is sweet,
' But when awake didst thou do nothing ?
' Chatham. Eat !'

It has often been said that there is nothing new under the sun, and that history is but a repetition of previous follies, errors, and crimes. The following summary and *précis* of the Walcheren expedition would seem to prove this view beyond doubt :—

'The examinations, as far as they have gone, are decidedly hostile to ministers. The commander-in-chief never consulted upon the whole of the expedition, desired to give his opinion upon the practicability of an attack upon Antwerp, gives in a memoir, in which he discusses the two modes, one by land from Ostend, &c., and the other, by a combined movement up the Scheldt—the former he represents as impracticable, the latter as most hazardous. The project of the expedition never laid before him in detail: the force of the enemy likely to be opposed to the British force, at no time stated to him: no information in any of the offices within his knowledge of the present state of the fortifications of Antwerp; never saw any plan of them; was consulted by Lord Castlereagh as to what they were in 1793, when he commanded there, but Lord Castlereagh never pretended he had any later account. He was not consulted on the choice of the commander, but thinks the appointment of Lord Chatham a good and proper one. Under no circumstances could Antwerp be taken by a *coup-de-main*. Ten thousand men in that fortress could always stop four times their number. Had the British troops landed at Sandblit to proceed up to Antwerp, they must have left 15,000 men in Walcheren, enough to mask Catsand, a corps to besiege and take Lille, &c., and another to mask Bergen-op-Zoom, and the other fortresses to the left. Query. How many would have got to Antwerp? So much for the commander-in-chief. The physician-general never was consulted about the Walcheren fever until the 10th September. Never knew when the expedition was going, had not, therefore, the opportunity of making that medical provision which he would have made had he known where it was going.'

Expeditions were undertaken without due and proper consideration in 1809 as in 1854. Nor were the arrangements in the Commissariat and Transport departments more effective and systematic than now.

It appears from these volumes that Addington enjoyed the king's favour more than any one. The king made him sit down and dine *tête-à-tête* with him on mutton chops and pudding.

We learn on the authority of Lord Grenville that Pitt thought meanly of Lord Hawkesbury's, afterwards Lord Liverpool, talents for business. This we have on the authority of a statesman whose own habits of business had been matured by experience, and whose understanding was naturally vigorous and clear.

Wine, its Use and Taxation. An Inquiry into the Operation of the Wine Duties on Consumption and Revenue. By Sir J. E. TENNANT, K.C.S., LL.D. London: Madden. 1855.—Though Sir E. Tennant does not bear a high character as a respectable or consistent politician, and is not a person of capacity or attainment above the average, yet we must admit that the present work is a fair, candid,

and dispassionate essay, in which the writer has carefully and diligently investigated the subject. Holding an official position at the Board of Trade, the learned knight has had especial opportunities of examining statistical details on the subject of the wine trade; and he has also had the advantage of being a member of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1852 to consider the expediency of reducing the duty upon wine. That body having abstained to record any opinion for the guidance of the Legislature, the author of the essay before us was induced to undertake an analysis of the evidence for his own satisfaction, and hence this work. The conclusions which it embodies, the author tells us have been corroborated by information from sources not open to the Committee; and by facts collected to the close of 1854.

Our readers are aware that Sir R. Peel when reconstructing the British tariff in 1842, declined to include wine among the items, chiefly from the apprehensions that the increase in the consumption would be insufficient to replace the income surrendered. Subsequently Mr. Disraeli, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared that no government was ever likely to exist in this country that would entertain the project of reducing the import duty on wine to 1s. per gallon, and he reiterated the apprehension of Sir R. Peel that there was no prospect of such an increased consumption as would make up for the sacrifice. In the session of 1853, however, a gentleman of the name of Oliveira, M.P. for Pontefract, and who is connected, we believe, with the wine trade, proposed a resolution for the reduction of duty on foreign and colonial wines to 1s. per imperial gallon. Though he was met by Mr. Gladstone with the argument of the financial difficulty, yet the question of reduction having excited favourable consideration in several towns and cities throughout the kingdom, Sir Emerson Tennant's essay cannot at this juncture be considered inopportune. The subject, notwithstanding the war, has lost none of its social and commercial attractions. A project which has in view to cheapen the luxury of the wealthy, and to render it accessible to the middle classes, must always have numerous advocates, and find ready acceptance. But economists who prefer figures and facts to theories, have expressed reasonable doubts whether the people of England will ever, even in the event of a reduction of duty, become large consumers of the light wines of southern Europe. Supposing this question to be solved, however, and a vastly increased consumption to be established, the question arises whether concurrently with the surrender of the duty upon wine, the taxes can still be maintained on malt and spirits; and also our revenue be maintained without diminution. It is a curious fact in the financial history of the country, that the highest amount of revenue has been, as stated by Sir E. J. Tennant, invariably realized at the highest rate of duty; and that reductions, so far from uniformly replenishing the public income, have generally failed to replace the amount of duty surrendered. In Mr. Pitt's first experiment, in 1786-7, a low duty was favourable to consumption, but not to revenue; in his second experiment, in 1795 and 6, an increased duty produced a largely

increased revenue, while the consumption did not decline; and in Mr. Pitt's last experiment 1801-5, with a still higher duty, consumption remained still high, while the revenue was immensely increased. From the experiments made between 1825 and 1854 in reference to the wine duties, it seems to be the general opinion that a duty of about 5s. is the most favourable both for consumption and revenue.

It is said, however, by the advocates for a reduced duty, that the use of wine does not keep pace with the increase of population, and that the individual consumption has fallen off from three and a half bottles per head, in 1785, to one bottle and a half. But we think the author of the essay proves that this decline is not attributable to increase of the duty, but to improved social habits and tastes. The race of bottle-men is extinct since the time of Mr. Pitt. The individual consumption, even by those who can indulge in it to any extent, has declined to one-half. There is a much greater consumption of tea and coffee now in the United Kingdom than there was fifty years ago; and it is observable that this change in habit has extended to the European residents of India.

Nor has this alteration in habits been confined to England and her colonies. In France, according to M. Casterat, '*pour le vins fins et demi-fins il est certain que la consommation a beaucoup diminué.*' Taste and habits have changed, and men in the opulent classes among our neighbours who formerly had cellars of the value of 100,000 francs, now purchase wine by the cask or the *demi-pièce*. Not less curious is it also that the consumption of ruin, brandy, and Geneva has also decreased, and that, even in the year of the Great Exhibition, the consumption was less than in the two previous years of 1849 and 1850. It is said that light foreign wines are kept out of consumption in England by the duty; but we think Sir E. Tennant proves it is not by the duty, but by the want of a prevailing taste for them. High duties would not exclude French wines if the public taste demanded them, as high duties have not eradicated the taste for brandy.

If the duty on foreign wine were to be lowered to 1s. per gallon to-morrow, it would require a consumption of 36,000,000 of gallons, instead of 6,000,000, to restore the present revenue. Where can this supply be got of the proper quality of wine, for nature has limited the supply of the finest wines in special localities, and the grape will not bear the same wine if transplanted? But it should also be borne in mind that the most earnest advocates of low duties do not profess that the cheapest wines could be supplied to the consumer at less than 6s. per gallon, or 12s. a dozen; and it is hardly to be expected that the people of this country would prefer the worst wine (for such the lowest priced would be), when they could have the best ale for less than one-half the cost.

Eighty-six per cent. of all the wines consumed in England are strong wines,—such as port, sherry, and marsala; thus proving that the public taste is not for weak, sour, and vapid foreign wines, but for full-bodied, generous, and well-flavoured liquors.

While the war lasts, it is certain that any further reduction of the

wine duties is not practicable, and would be inexpedient, even if practicable.

The Military Forces and Institutions of Great Britain and Ireland, their Constitution, Administration, and Government, Military and Civil. By H. BYERLEY THOMSON, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Author of 'The Laws of War affecting Commerce and Shipping.' Stewart and Murray, Old Bailey. 1855.—The author of this work is a barrister of some six years' standing, who, in the course of the last year, published a useful little compendium of the laws of war affecting commerce and shipping, which has been favourably received by the public. Thus encouraged, the peculiar circumstances of the time have induced him to undertake a general account of all matters relating to the military and civil constitution, administration, and government of the Military Services of Great Britain, and also of the laws relating to the Army, the Marines, the Militia, and the various corps of Volunteers. It is curious that the only complete and descriptive work of this kind in our language was produced more than thirty years ago, not, as Mr. Thomson states, by an officer of the artillery of France, but by a naval engineer and pupil of the Polytechnic School, the Baron Charles Dupin, younger brother of the celebrated advocate of that name formerly President of the Chamber of Deputies. The book of M. Dupin was remarkable for its accurate and extensive knowledge; and, in so far as its information and arrangement are now available, Mr. Thomson has availed himself of both.

Notwithstanding that we have been now fourteen or fifteen months at war, and that the condition of the British army has created so active and palpitating an interest in the Military Service, yet very little is known to the general public of the constitution and condition of our army and militia, or of its organization and discipline. We have several books on military law, and the law of courts-martial, and also treatises on military policy and education; but we believe there is no work on the general organization of the army, except the *British Officer*, by Mr. Stoequeler, which Mr. Thomson describes as careful and accurate. The Blue Books and Parliamentary Reports, indeed, contain a large, and, as Mr. Thomson phrases it, an unused mass of information; but, until he had himself collected it into the volume before us, we believe it had never been brought systematically together in a consecutive form. The first part of the volume contains chapters on the Nature of Military Law, on the Rise of the Military System, on the Civil Administration of the Army, the Staff, Ordnance, Pay, Maintenance, Medical Service, &c. The second part includes a consecutive description of the Militia and Volunteer Forces, with an accurate digest of the statutes relating to these bodies of troops. In the introduction will be found an estimate of the character of the British soldier contrasted with the soldier of France and Prussia. The enlistment of the British Army, our author maintains, is the devotion of the greater, certainly the best, portion of a man's life to the service into which he freely enters. Two-thirds of that portion, as far as respects the regiments of the Line, are spent in the colonies;

whilst the Continental armies, on the other hand, are filled by conscription, not indeed excluding voluntary enlistment, but admitting it under certain regulations. In France, every man is called upon to serve his country at the age of twenty; but any one who wishes to enlist may enter the service at the age of eighteen, his service lasting seven years, whether under conscription or enlistment. In Prussia, all the subjects are called into the service of the State at the age of twenty, and serve for three years in what is called the disposable force. The following is Mr. Thomson's description of our recruits:—

'The great body of our recruits consists of the inhabitants of large towns, and of agricultural labourers. These last appear generally to enter the army in consequence of some family difficulty, or some scrape in which they are involved, or from some temporary difficulty of obtaining work; when they have undergone the necessary preparation of the drill, they become the best and most trustworthy soldiers. Those who come from the manufacturing districts and large towns are too frequently the most idle and dissolute; they require all the means in the power of their officers to correct the intemperate and vicious habits in which they have indulged, and to teach them that subordination is the first duty in the profession into which they have entered.'

In an army so composed, the necessity of the strictest discipline, whether at home or abroad, and more especially in the face of an enemy, is absolutely necessary. It was only by discipline that the great commander Wellington was enabled to achieve those wonders which will render his name immortal in the military annals of his country.

This volume is a new and welcome aid to the civilian, and may be hereafter referred to as a later authority than Simmons, Harris, Blandrag, or Stoequeler, on military affairs.

Scrapes and Adventures in the Province of Assam during a residence of Fourteen Years. By MAJOR JOHN BUTLER, 55th Bengal Native Infantry. Principal Assistant Agent to the Governor-General North-East frontier of Assam, and Author of 'A Sketch of Assam.' London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay: Smith, Taylor, and Co.

The present volume is a continuation of the Author's former work, 'A Sketch of Assam,' and is intended to describe the habits, customs, and manners of the remaining wild tribes of the hills, the Auhamee Naghahs, Kookies, Meekérs, and Rengna Naghas, with whom a lengthened residence has rendered Major Butler intimately acquainted. In the year 1841, Major Butler was appointed to the Civil branch of the Service as an Assistant to the Agent to the Governor-General North-East frontier of Assam, and after a residence of about three years in Lower Assam, he was placed in charge of the Hill tribes subject to the political agent of Upper Assam. He took up his residence with his family at the remote station of Saikwah on the banks of the Burrampooter, and performed those onerous and responsible duties of a military officer, in civil employ, which consist 'in doing everything.' He gives us an account of ten military expeditions among the hill tribes of Assam, all of which were attended with danger, not merely from the difficulty of penetrating through the unexplored jungle, but from the wild and ferocious animals there

encountered; the extreme cold occasionally prevailing, the unhealthiness of the climate at particular seasons, and the difficulty of dealing with the natives. As in Egypt, the fertility of the valley of the Burram-pooter is dependent on annual inundations which attain their maximum in the month of May. The exhalations from the stagnant waters render the climate unwholesome for a considerable period, but as soon as the waters retire, the soil becomes wonderfully fertile. Its productions are very varied, consisting of rice, mustard, Indian corn, rye, millet, pepper, onions, tamarinds, tobacco, betel nut, opium, sugarcane, oranges, cotton, and tea, which is now successfully cultivated in Upper Assam. In the vicinity of Rojapo-mah Major Butler saw great numbers of the trees growing luxuriantly in the jungle some five or fourteen feet high, but he did not discover that the Naghas ever drank tea. Though they do not drink tea or consume milk, yet they eat every kind of flesh, including that of the tiger and the elephant. It is also said, that like the Chinese, they eat dogs, serpents, and rats.

'The Angalmee Naghas appear, from all we can learn,' says Major Butler, 'to have no idea of a future state of retribution of good or evil. They imagine there are many gods, or good and evil spirits, residing in their hills. To one they offer up sacrifices of cows and mithuns; to another, dogs; and to a third, spirituous liquor. Each god, or spirit, has, in their estimation, the power to afflict them with sickness, ill luck, and a variety of calamities, or to make them successful in their incursions and prosperous in their undertakings or daily occupations. They choose their own wives, the damsel's consent, as well as that of her parents, being obtained by presents.'

The most interesting part of this volume to the general reader is the Major's account of field sports in Assam. From the vast extent of waste or jungle land, there are few countries that can be compared with Assam for affording diversion to the English sportsman. A shikang or sporting elephant is indispensable; and when seated on the animal's back in a well-secured howdah—a kind of square wooden tower containing shelves for four double-barrelled guns—all wild animals of the forest may be fearlessly encountered and overcome. But it must not be imagined a field-day in Assam is unattended with danger, or less exciting than fox-hunting; for at no time would it be safe or prudent to go alone on a solitary elephant to beat through dense, high, and almost impenetrable reed and grass jungle. To insure success and avoid danger, a cavalcade is generally formed of from three to twenty elephants. On many occasions, says Major Butler,

'Buffaloes rush down with awful fury upon the nearest elephant, when, unless the sportsman happens to be an expert shot, the elephant is generally gored and lacerated in a frightful manner, and the mahout or driver of the elephant not unfrequently severely injured. Sometimes the howdah, or tower, is thrown off the elephant's back by the shock sustained from the buffalo's charge, and the sportsman, with his guns, is hurled prostrate on the ground with the elephant.'

With the following extract we must close our notice of the book:—

'Few elephants can be brought to stand repeated charges of a tiger; if the sportsman fail to shoot the tiger in the first charge, the elephant instinctively seems to lose confidence, and no exertions on the part of the mahout can induce

elephant again to encounter the danger of a second charge, by advancing to beat up the tiger concealed in the grass, a tiger's charge is always desperately fierce, and seldom met without making its pursuers feel the powers of its fangs and claws, and causing sometimes fatal accidents. Not less exciting is the rhinoceros hunt. This animal is found in the highest and most dense reed jungle, generally near a river or Bheel lake, in a very miry place. The squealing grunt of this beast is peculiarly sharp and fierce, and the elephants become so alarmed that few wait its approach in the shape of a charge, but mostly quit the field with the utmost speed, scarcely giving the sportsman time to have a shot.

The American Baptist missionaries at Seesaghur publish a monthly illustrated newspaper in the Assamese language. Major Butler states that it is very creditably got up, and that it diffuses useful knowledge with morality. We cannot say much for the style or for the arrangement of these travels or adventures; but the country is, in a great degree, an unexplored one, and we are thankful for any information however inartistically conveyed. — *Handwritten signature*

Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada. Edited by JNO. WM. KAYE, Author of 'Life of Lord Metcalfe,' 'History of the War in Afghanistan,' &c. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.—As a conscientious, able, and industrious public servant, the late Lord Metcalfe attained an uncommon and very enviable fame, not merely among Anglo-Indians in the East, but amongst Canadians, West Indians, Americans, and native-born Englishmen. He was not only an able, but an energetic and conscientious man, with a special training *for*, and long practice *in*, official life. The opinions of such a man—for they are not merely the opinions of a thinker, but of an actor on the world's stage—who passed a life of nearly half a century's duration in incessant official activity, in the East and in the West, in India, in Canada, and in Jamaica, must have an especial value at the present time, when we are talking so much of administrative reform. To any of our readers who have read Mr. Kaye's interesting biography of Lord Metcalfe, it is known that for a considerable period the noble lord, then plain Mr. Metcalfe, accompanied the army of Lord Lake through India, as civil commissioner, and that he paid considerable attention to military affairs. Under these circumstances, and considering how much we are at the moment interested in fortifications and siege works, we make no apology for the following extracts touching fortifications.

'The only objection to fortifications, I believe, is their expense. I do not know what expense the fortifications mentioned may have occasioned, but the services which they have rendered in this single campaign, must have more than compensated for any expense which they may have caused. Of the great utility of fortifications, there seems to be abundant proof. That they cannot be, or ought not to be, insupportably expensive, is shown by the number of fortifications possessed by petty native states. The state of Alwar boasts, I think, of having fifty-two forts. I do not mean to vouch for the accuracy of this number, but the number of forts possessed by that petty state, is notoriously, and without doubt, very great. The petty state of Bhurtpore, in a small country, and with very limited resources, maintains four forts of the first magnitude and celebrity, besides others of inferior note, continually increasing the number of its fortifications.'

The following remarks on the uses of mortar batteries are not without interest:—

‘There is a branch of equipments of sieges which might be made more use of than it is at present, to the great annoyance of the enemy, and frequently to his total expulsion. A great number of mortars, and an abundant supply of shells, should be attached to every besieging army. There are many situations in which, from the natural difficulties of the position, an assault cannot take place without considerable hazard of failure. In such cases, an incessant shower of shells, day and night, might make the place too warm for the garrison, and obviate the necessity of a storm. There are other occasions in which it may be desirable to avoid the delay of all the operations of a siege; and on such occasions bombarding day and night might accomplish the objects in a short time.’

Here are Lord Metcalfe's views in reference to Persia, in 1828:—

‘What then have I to propose regarding our relations with Persia? It is this. To maintain them on the most friendly terms that will not involve us in stipulations likely to lead to an unnecessary war with Russia. There is no necessity for pretending indifference as to the fate of Persia. The interests of Persia and of British India are to a certain degree in union. We need not conceal that we desire her preservation. We need not hesitate to use our best endeavours to promote it by all means consistent with the maintenance of friendly relations with Russia. Nay, even occasions and events may possibly occur, in which it would be politic to afford Persia active assistance against that power. But let us keep ourselves free to do what is wisest and best under all circumstances. Let us not embarrass ourselves by engagements which may be ruinous in their consequences, for which Persia cannot make any adequate return, and which, on her part, would not be kept one instant beyond their agreement with her own convenience.’

As a colonial governor, no man paid more attention to the health of the troops than Lord Metcalfe. He made arrangements for their location on high ground, and adopted sanitary measures to check the ravages of the yellow fever and other distempers and diseases incident to the West Indies and Canada.

Mr. Kaye has divided the papers into three parts, illustrative of the three great epochs of Lord Metcalfe's career:—firstly, his earlier official life, before he became a member of the Supreme Government; secondly, as a member of the Government; and thirdly, the space of time embraced by his Jamaica and Canada administrations. Under each of these heads will be found a number and variety of papers, indicating the writer's opinions upon nearly all the principal questions submitted to his consideration during his nearly half a century of public service.

The Roman Empire of the West. Four Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, February, 1855, by RICHARD CONGREVE, late Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. J. W. Parker and Son. 1855.—These lectures are on a period of history, and not a substantive historical work. They are written in a pure idiomatic style, at once lucid and nervous. In so far as scholastic learning is concerned, it is evident that Mr. Congreve is a perfect master of his subject, but we cannot commend his tone of thought, still less the tenour of his political reasoning. He is evidently a man of earnest courage, strong convictions, and no mean ability; but his lectures—let him disguise it as he will—are an apology for autocracy and im-

rialism. He is an advocate for the government of one man resting on the support of the army—for the government of the few over the many; in other words, he is an advocate of an imperial despotism, and against the play and conflict of parties in a free state.

Autobiography of J. S. Buckingham. Longman, Brown, and Longmans. Vols. I. and II. 1855.—Mr. Buckingham has now been before the public for nearly thirty years, as lecturer, newspaper proprietor, editor, M.P., traveller, &c., talking and writing all the while, and of course he repeats himself over and over again in this volume, and details a great deal that is trivial and unimportant; but, on the whole, the work is tolerably amusing and instructive, and as a record of the habits and manners of seamen, journeymen-printers, colonial and London merchants, clerks, brokers, West India proprietors, &c., about fifty or sixty years ago, it may be referred to by the future historian with advantage. The moral Mr. Buckingham teaches is an important and fruitful one—namely, that there is no obscurity of birth, no privation of property, no opposition, either of powerful individuals, or still more powerful bodies and governments, that may not be overcome by industry, integrity, ~~tal~~ and perseverance. In illustration of this truth, the author presents the principal events of his own life, with all its varied vicissitudes of extreme want and abundant wealth, of original obscurity and subsequent popularity, of enterprise and speculating successes and failures, of personal intercourse with some of the very lowest classes, and of entertainments in the palaces of kings and princes. The most unbearable parts of this biography are the attempts at rhyme. Mr. Buckingham introduces songs, and what he calls poetry, written by him at various times. To say that these verses, if such they can be called, are mediocre, would not sufficiently convey our meaning. They are perfectly unendurable, we might say execrable, if we wished to wound a septuagenarian, which we certainly do not.

Arvon; or, the Trials. By C. MITCHELL CHARLES. Two vols. Routledge.—This is a good story and well told. The texture of the tale is ingenious, its moral drift is admirable, and the nature, vivacity, and force thrown into the narrative, give it a high degree of interest. 'Arvon' is not to be classed with the ordinary run of fictions.

Westward Ho! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into Modern English by CHARLES KINGSLEY. Three vols. Macmillan.—In those Elizabethan times to which this story relates, Spain was the great power of Europe, and its ascendancy had come to be almost entirely an ascendancy for evil. Such, in a degree never to be forgotten, was its sway over the fair regions of the New World which it had subdued; and in Europe it was the great upholder of the Inquisition, and of all things like it. The hatred of Spain, which had its home in the heart of all true Englishmen in those days, was a most righteous hatred. Only as that power should be humbled could Europe be expected to be freely again. To war against Spain then, as to war against

Russia now, was to war against a power that was sure to be the patron of all bad power. To crush the free everywhere, to strengthen despotic rule over body and soul everywhere, was its chosen and boasted mission. But the England of that day was not of a temper to remain quietly at home and to allow the Spaniard to do what it was in his heart to do. Englishmen had never been such fighting-men since the best days of the Plantagenets as under the last of the Tudors. And well was it for England, for Europe, for humanity, that they were such, and that they did not then work by halves. Soldiers by profession were few, but the men everywhere possessed arms, and were trained to the use of them. The struggle to which the grave and honest men of those times committed themselves was perilous, and cost the land much of its best blood; but the cost was wisely incurred. The price of resistance was as nothing compared with what would have ensued if that resistance had not been made.

The maritime enterprise of the sixteenth century was much more familiar to inquisitive youth fifty years since than at present. Boys of that day revelled amidst stories of buccaneers, Spanish galleons, and such matters. The names of such men as Harry Morgan were as familiar to them as the names of Alexander and Cæsar, and in their eyes the former class of heroes were of higher mettle than the latter. Mr. Kingsley has brought back the romance of those old days—their voyagings and discoveries, their adventures in strange lands, and the many scenes of gorgeous wealth and beauty which rose to the imagination beyond the real.

The tale itself does not admit of abridgment; it must suffice to say that it gives us the maritime phase of English life under Elizabeth with great truthfulness and power, terminating with the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Salamis of English history which turned over a new leaf for Britain, for Europe, and for Christian civilization over the world.

In the construction of the story there are some points which we feel to be highly improbable and unnatural. The 'Brotherhood of the Rose' itself, from which so much ensues, is, in our view, a particular of this description. We lack, too, those intervals of repose, and that easy movement of the hand, which in some of the most memorable pictures by Sir Walter, bespeaks the presence of genius of the first order, by causing you to be utterly oblivious of that presence through the absorbing interest given to the scene presented. Nevertheless, *Westward Ho!* is a learned book, a truthful book, a book which only a man of real genius could have written, and a book which, as giving expression to many just and brave convictions, is adapted to benefit the young minds about us, told as they are from so many quarters, that earnest conviction on any subject is a very troublesome and costly companion for any man to take about with him now-a-days. It is the grand defect of Sir Walter that he did everything simply as an artist; nothing from the impulse of any great moral motive. Fame and money-getting were pleasant to him; but to do God's work in God's world, as he might have done, that never entered his thoughts. His soul

had no great conviction, and his works in consequence have no great object. It is otherwise with Mr. Kingsley, and we trust it will continue so to be. Of course, when we take up a piece of fiction, we do not expect to find a homily. But men of great powers should be men of great purpose, and should make it felt that they deem any mission below that as beneath them. Amuse us, by all means; but do not stop there—be a teacher.

Why the story is said to be 'rendered into modern English' by any one, we do not see. No attempt is made to distinguish what is confessedly by some master of modern English and the rest. The workmanship of the fiction does not answer in this respect to its title-page.

On one other point also we must venture a remark. That veritable hero, Salvator Yeo, comes into the story as a specimen of what an Anabaptist might have been at that time. But apart from him, Mr. Kingsley makes all his men and women sober Church of England Christians; while the Puritans of that age—those sternest of all haters of Rome, forming as they did the majority of the working clergy, and influencing as they did the largest and most energetic portion of the laity; potent, too, as they were, according to Lord Bacon's testimony, in keeping down the papistical numbers, are, so far as Mr. Kingsley's picture of those times are concerned, non-existent. In a book coming from some clergymen, we could understand this; but we do not quite see how this should be in a book coming from Mr. Kingsley. True, the Puritans in those days were for the greater part Churchmen; but in the Church or out of it, the Puritans were marked as Puritans; and what is more, the future Pilgrim Fathers of New England were then living in Old England, and had hearts that were soon to respond to the cry of 'Westward Ho!' in memorable fashion.

The Crimea and Odessa. By Dr. CHARLES KOCH. 8vo. John Murray. 1855.—This is the translation of a work published in Berlin in October last. It is not a compilation, but an account of the Crimea as it came under the observation of the author. There is a good map appended to the volume, and the information it gives of land and people, town and country, is most timely, and appears to be throughout fully trustworthy. The wise use of such information as is presented in this volume should have sufficed to save us from many of the evils which have come upon our brave countrymen and allies in those regions.

A History of Modern Italy, from the First French Revolution to the year 1850. By RICHARD HEBER WRIGHTSON. 8vo. Bentley. 1855.—The substance of Mr. Wrightson's history is, that for more than half a century Italy has been grossly wronged and down-trodden; and that her regeneration must be sought in the open, ordinary, and slower methods of natural improvement, and not in Mazzinian plotting and conspiracy. Experience seems to show that Mr. Wrightson's view is not without its wisdom. It is a well-written and instructive volume.

The Druses of the Lebanon. By GEORGE W. CHASSAUD. 8vo.

Bentley. 1855.—Mr. Chassaüd is a native of Beyrout, familiar with the language and manners of the races who at present hold possession of the Syrian territory. His opportunities for knowing the Druses have been such as no mere traveller could realize. He speaks of them as one who has grown up near them, if not with them. It is this fact which gives to his narrative its chief value. The book will be interesting throughout to those to whom the subject is new; and the translation of the religious code of the Druses, at the end of the volume, is of value as an historical document illustrative of the real opinions of this extraordinary people.

Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant. By MRS. JAMESON. 12mo. Longman.—This is a little book in praise of the good works of the 'Sisters of Charity' in Catholic countries, of similar organizations in some Protestant countries, and an argument in favour of more efforts of this nature among ourselves. To those who wish to see what is doing in this way, and what may yet be done, we cannot do better than recommend this small volume. Interesting are its facts, and wise and genial for the most part are its utterances.

Nicholas Ferrar. Two Lives by his brother JOHN, and by Dr. JEBB. Now first edited, with illustrations, by G. E. B. MAYOR, M.A., Fellow and Assistant-Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. Fcap. Macmillan. 1855.—The first of these 'two lives' is edited from a Cambridge manuscript; the substance of the second has been printed more than once, but in such a manner as to leave much to be done by the research and judgment of Mr. Mayor. The chief value of the publication is as a fragment of history. The piety it exhibits is not, in our judgment, of a healthy description. While accompanied with a protest against Rome, it is too ascetic, monastic, Romanistic. Nicholas Ferrar was a man of strong individuality, which he seems to have had the power of impressing on those about him in a marked degree. He was a ripe scholar for his time, a man of parts, a man of travel, and a man of considerable means. He took deacon's orders from the hands of Archbishop Laud, and in that capacity converted a large household of relatives into a community which so nearly resembled a convent in its discipline that we are not surprised to find the stern Puritans of those days regarding it in that light. Nicholas Ferrar was, what Dr. Pusey has since become, a reaction against the real or supposed excesses of Protestantism. His religion was of the Andrews and Laud school, in its severest type. As a phase of the past, the lives in this volume are curious and interesting; as a model for the present, we cannot commend them. It is well to see how piety of this kind influenced the private and domestic life of some persons in those old times; but, after all, it is a one-sided piety—the piety of imagination, sentiment, and routine, more than of high principle and enlarged humanity. It suffered much from the sectarianism of the age; but that sectarianism was not more narrow or more intolerant than its own. Prynne was not more a bigot than Laud. Cromwell was the soul of Liberalism, if compared with the party of whom Nicholas Ferrar was a kind of representative.

Mr. Carlyle, in his *Cromwell*, has said something about this 'Arminian Nunnery,' as it was called, at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire; and he is shown by Mr. Mayor to have been more concerned, as is his wont, about the graphic than about the accurate. Mr. Mayor intimates that Mr. C. has cited a book in this case which he has not read, and done so in a very untrustworthy manner.

The Hero's Canticle, and other Poems. By ROBERT FLETCHER. Jackson and Walford.—Once on a time the plain speaking of Diogenes brought him into trouble. Popular suspicion, many-tongued, was busy with his good name. Finding matters at this pass, that eccentric old gentleman took with him his hatchet and his dog, and with the former cut off the tail of the latter in the open market-place. The stroke was a wise one—that tail was a sop to Cerberus—for the crowd forgot the more serious charges rumoured abroad in the curiosity awakened by such a mysterious freak.

Every poet should have his Diogenes' dog for a similar purpose (we are sure Mr. Fletcher keeps one); that is to say, he should have some obvious minor faults of language and manner at which the critics may fly—venial sins he can afford to confess—so that, when they have fulfilled on these their duty of finding fault, they may more readily give him due credit for such real excellences as he may possess. We fall into this critic-trap with our eyes open, and confess that we assail with due severity certain poetic peccadilloes Mr. Fletcher has committed. There is his tendency to capital letters—an erysipelatous eruption of them, all over his lines—quite painful to witness. We should like to know what Mr. Childs of Bungay, his printer, said to him, after using up capitals enough in this little volume to set half-a-dozen sober octavos in type. Then, again, the metre of the principal poem is, he tells us, accentual, not syllabic. We have no objection, we waive dispute. Coleridge's *Christabel* is a most musical example of such metre. But we urge that Mr. Fletcher has no right, on such a plea, to do a wrong to our ears and to himself, by lines discordant upon every conceivable metrical principle. There is much freedom and beauty about the changing measures adopted in the *Hero's Canticle*; the writer has an extraordinary command of language and of rhyme, and many passages show that his ear is finely susceptible of the most delicate rhythmical *delicæ*. It is the more inexcusable that he should sin so wantonly in this way as he sometimes does. A supernumerary syllable or so, here and there, is no sin—except with the fastidious. It may be a positive beauty. But the accent should never fall on words altogether unimportant. Such a line as 'Fresh Hydra-heads hissing appear,' is not bad, because the discord is akin to the thought. But such a line as 'The Flag droops through the realms won,' following 'Wherever shines yon Indian Sun,' is utterly indefensible.

Having thus found fault with some details, we advert with the more pleasure to many sterling good qualities in these poems. They bear the stamp of an original mind, evince an elevated and vigorous tone of thought, and contain many striking felicities of expression.

The modest hope expressed in the preface ought to find realization. The description of the sun shining over the rivers and mountain ranges of Spain, is admirable. *Urania's Whisper*, the *Sunset Trilogy*, and *Heaven Lost*, are fine conceptions, powerfully wrought out. Among minor beauties of thought or language, we cull two or three, and could wish room for more. *The Hero's Canticle*, an ode in praise of Wellington, is less successful as a whole than in some such passages of most happy execution. There is poetic truth about language like this:—

‘ the fresh’ning might
Of Rivers sowing winding light
In flowing veins for vales or meads.’

‘ The River roll’d no more in gold,
A silvery mist fell round—
The Moon was flowering, Nine Nights old,
In the Stars’ Garden-ground.’

‘ the scene shifted, the shadows fell
And the stars drifted in the calm swell
Of the Night, the girdling night. All’s well!’

In an address to the Sun:—

‘Tis thy majestic Hour. The very Storms
That not an hour ago threatened thy away,
Stoop all their Ethiop-foreheads for thy seal,
And the Livery haste to spread thy Throne.’

It is manifest that the poetic gift of Mr. Fletcher will well repay a discipline more severe than it has yet received. The gold is in him, and he should not shun the furnace.

Poems. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Second Series.—The principal poem in this volume is another ‘Episode’ after the manner of *Sohrab and Rustum*, intitled *Balder Dead*. The character ascribed to Balder—the most genial of the northern deities, his fate at the hands of envious Lok, and the unavailing tears wherewith all nature sought to weep him back to life—will be familiar to all who have but a slight acquaintance with the Scandinavian mythology. This finest passage in the range of old Norse fable has been happily selected and admirably handled by Mr. Arnold. True to his theory—and here at least wisely so—his treatment is altogether objective. A severe unity of purpose pervades the whole. Not an allusion breathes of the modern world; not a similitude but is taken from objects familiar to sea-rover and to scald. The poet is identified with the action, and exists for the time simply in order to its due presentation.

This style of poetry is trying; it resembles the outline drawings of Flaxman, Retzsch, or Overbeck. An ill-proportioned form, an attitude impossible to anatomy, cannot be apparently atoned for, cannot even be concealed, by richness of colour or a startling adjustment of light and shade. It is in this more austere and statuesque manner that Mr. Arnold is fitted to excel. He delineates with a steady hand. ‘Balder,’ and the ‘Harp-player on Etna,’ contain striking examples of his power to portray a scene with the utmost vividness by a few

simple, well-chosen words. Nowhere, in his case, is a dead conception hidden, like Philopœmen's urn, beneath exuberant flowers. His blank verse is never tumid with obscure magniloquence; it is subdued almost to monotony. More variety of rhythm, in that measure which requires it above all others, would have relieved the *Balder*. The close of the period, not at the close of the line but in the middle of the next, is of much too frequent recurrence. Neither do we wish to receive from a hand fitted for better things more such pieces as the 'Fragment of an Antigone.' Such studies after the antique are least like their models when they seem the most so. That fragment is an imitation of Chinese exactitude—it reads like the prose translation of a chorus cut up into short lines—it contains the usual amount of uncomfortable and commonplace reflection, seasoned with pedantic allusions from the mythological muster-roll. Granted that the thing is done to perfection, it was not worth the doing. The poetry of this author will live by the Greek spirit—let him not go about to kill it by the Greek letter.

Among the other poems which make up this little volume are several which have much delighted us. 'Self-Deception' is a beautiful bit of Platonism. 'Resignation,' 'The Buried Life,' and 'A Summer Night,' are meditations on life's problem, well-repaying thoughtful perusal for their beauty and for their truth. The philosophy of Mr. Arnold seems to us scarcely to do justice to Action in its love of Contemplation, but we have at present neither space nor inclination to enter on the discussion of a question so large.

Ethel; or, the Double Error. By MARIAN JAMES.—This tale deserves notice as a first production of much promise. The transition of the mind from love to ambition is drawn with freshness and power, and the development of character throughout the book manifests a depth and discrimination not often found in an early effort. The severity of the denouement is not to our taste; and, in the form given it, was not requisite, we think, either ethically or æsthetically. The death-bed of old Lascelles is described with vigour, and produces impression by means strictly legitimate. The story as a whole is free from the evils of artifice, imitation, and affectation—vices which should answer to Hogg's *Three Perils of Woman*, as the three perils of young novelists.

The Median Chief: a Tale in Verse. By MARY HERON. Jarrold.—The motto prefixed to this poem bespeaks its purpose. It is intended to depict the virtues possible to humanity apart from the higher influence of revelation; and a struggle possible to heathenism after religious truth. In all such attempts the danger is, that the poet will take to his theme what belongs much more to his own culture than to the rudeness he would delineate. The authoress in this case has not been secure against this danger. We might complain of the poem as very faulty, and cite many passages in proof of it; but on the other hand, we might speak of it in very favourable terms, and adduce extracts in support of our verdict. Certainly there is much in the tale evincing a true poetic spirit; but whether this spirit will so ripen and

mature us to produce verse which will stand the test of criticism and of time, is a point on which we do not venture an opinion. The scene of the story is the country of the Red Indians, and much of its interest arises from its general descriptions of the characters and homes of that people.

A Poet's Children. By PATRICK SCOTT.—These 'Children' deserve a friendly reception. Their parent thinks to good purpose before he writes, possesses a refined taste, a delicate ear, and a remarkable mastery of poetic expression. The 'Isis' is a poem of much depth and beauty, and the 'Lady Leigh' presents a fine conception, treated with power and feeling. *Songs of the Present.*—Many of these Songs are excellent. The author writes too fast;—the writer who could produce some of these lyrics ought to have cancelled very many others of them. *The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems.* By EMMA TATHAM.—This 'Dream of Pythagoras' exhibits a boldness of conception and a vigour and richness of language very unusual in the first production of a young lady. 'The Mother's Vigil,' and the 'Beloved Star,' display similar affluence of imagery and expression. Some of the scriptural subjects are inferior, for this authoress is happiest when altogether in the region of imagination. *Christmas Dawn, 1854, and New Year's Eve, 1855.* By H. R. F.—These short poems exhibit the ease and nature of a cultured taste. Thus much cannot be said for *Morbida, and other Poems*, by an author who has read much poetry in various languages, has intoxicated himself with the admixture, and with the rapidity, and 'shot the clearings of his desk' upon the public. Musical poetic diction he has to perfection, but without any original poetic thought beneath. Melodious ravings of ultra-Byronic wretchedness are unrelieved by one fresh or natural idea of his own. Yet the author is no plagiarist, for he crowds the foot of his page with quotations from the poets who have been his inspiration. Let him direct his talent, and those headlong energies of his, into some other channel; he may make himself felt as a man of action if he will give up wishing himself beneath the sod, and do himself justice as a worker. *The Golden Age, and other Poems.* By ALEXANDER GOUGE.—A faint echo from the poetry of others. Another of those instances, now so common, in which a taste for poetic reading has been mistaken for poetic endowment. *Lays and Lyrics.* By G. RAE BROWN.—Hopelessly commonplace, in both the thoughts and the language.

French literature has during the last quarter been if possible more sterile than our own. Some sensation has been created in Paris by a work called *Tolla*, a romance founded on fact. The author, a M. Edouard About, is evidently a person of considerable talent, with a wonderful knack at imitation. There are passages in *Tolla* which one might swear were written by Balzac or Georges Sand. Whether the new aspirant will gain the celebrity of either Balzac or Sand remains to be proved.

Lamartine has, since our last impression, given to the world a his-

tory of Turkey. The best history of Turkey, as every one knows, is that of Von Hammer, who has consulted all the annalists, Arabian, Persian, Turkish, Byzantine, German, &c. But Von Hammer's history is voluminous (in 18 vols.), written in the German tongue, and is therefore a sealed book for the great majority of Frenchmen. Independently of this, his style is ponderous. Lamartine has therefore done good service to his countrymen in drawing largely on Von Hammer and others for materials, in making them his own, and in giving to them lucidity and all the charm of romance.

A Mr. Felix Mornaud has published a small work on Paris. The title of the chapters are catching for such of our Bullish brothers as meditate a visit to the Grand Exhibition during the dog days. Here are some of them: How People Live and Die at Paris—The Coffee Houses—L'Hotel Americain—The Theatres—The Carnival—The Fêtes of the Champs Elysées—The Bal Mabille—Le Jardin d'Hiver—Les Cafés Chantants—Les Salons—Le Luxe à Paris—&c.

A curious work has just been published, called *Histoire de la Société Française pendant le Directoire*. Par EDOUARD et JULES DE BENCOURT.—The work gives an account of every church, of every noble mansion, destroyed during the Revolution, and of the base uses to which others were turned. The Hôtel de Luynes became a kind of foundling hospital; books were sold in the Hôtel Brisac; public balls were given in the Hôtel d'Orsay; the Hôtel Biron became a gymnasium and a bazaar; a hair-cutter, enriched by speculations in the funds, took the Hôtel Salm; the Hôtel Bourbon was let out in furnished apartments by the citizen Reich; and the Hôtel Rochefoucault became a warehouse where goods were sold at 25 per cent. below the market price.

Great interest has been excited in Paris by the proceedings of the Government against the French Academy. A private meeting of the members of the Institute was held in the month of May, to consider of the propriety of protesting against the imperial decree altering the constitution of a body which has existed since the days of Richelieu. The proceedings were opened by Count Molé, who spoke with warmth, and declared that he felt personally insulted by the attack on the privileges of the Academy. M. Guizot followed, and expressed his concurrence in the views of Count Molé. It was agreed at this meeting, that a protest should be presented to the Government. That protest has since been presented to the Head of the State by the Duke of Noailles, the Director of the Academy, by the Bishop of Orleans, Chancellor, and M. Villemain, Secretary. The memorial, read by the deputation to the Emperor, was moderate in its tone, stated that, in the opinion of the Academicians, the new regulations tended to lower the dignity and to abridge the usefulness of the institution. The Emperor, in reply, stated, *that his object was to raise the dignity of the Academy still higher*—that he was quite willing the Academy should elect its own members—that it should choose them from all parties without distinction—but that he could not suffer parties hostile to him to be elected for that reason alone—and that it would

be dangerous to allow prizes to be given to persons hostile to him. We grieve to see the literature and learned men of France in this position.

Souvenirs Contemporains. Tom. 2. Par VILLEMMAIN. Paris: Didier. 1861. 1862. French literature has been somewhat more fruitful during the last quarter. M. Villemain, so well known for the last thirty years or more, and standing so high in the literary world, has published the second volume of his *Souvenirs Contemporains*, the first of which appeared during the last year. This work is dedicated to the history of the Hundred Days. The eminent man who thus describes an interesting and important period of history, was, in 1815, in the full prime of manhood, moving in the most intellectual and instructed circles of Parisian society, and had therefore the best opportunities of observing and obtaining information. With many of the leading men who figured during the Hundred Days he was intimately acquainted; and at that epoch he noted his and their impressions as to the events of the time. After an interval of nearly forty years, during which period he has touched and retouched his MS., at length the volume has seen the light, and though we are not startled by any new revelations, yet every student of history must be struck by the justness and precision of M. Villemain's views, the soundness of his judgment, and the keenness and acumen of his remarks. At no period of his life, not even in his earliest years, was he dazzled or deceived by the false glory of Napoleon; and, although admiring his military talent and wonderful energy and power of influencing the minds of others as much as any man, yet, like Madame de Staël, Lemercier, and others, he must have seen, even before the Hundred Days, that this was too flaming a military and political meteor to be otherwise than transitory. It is not, therefore, wonderful that, being as a young man under no illusions as to the past, M. Villemain regards the present in its true light. Like the majority of educated and intellectual Frenchmen, he feels pained and humiliated by the events of the last four years; but he does not believe that autocracy is eternal, or that the intellect and intelligence of Frenchmen can be obliterated or effaced by the efforts of any one or any ten men. Napoleon the First was master of France without having either conquered or convinced the country; but notwithstanding the magic of his military success, and his wonderful appreciation of the good qualities and weaknesses of his countrymen, he left Fontainebleau, in 1814, to use the words of our historian, '*despote vaincu*,' to return '*tyran déguisé*.' If this great actor left the stage because his part was played out, and '*la tragédie épuisée*,' how shall inferior melodramatic performers attempt to supply his place and to walk in his footsteps? It is the vainest of all vain fancies for any one man to think that he can permanently place 'bit and bridle' in the mouth of such a nation as France, or that, because he finds a community weary, heart-sick, and desiring rest, he has lighted on a people enamoured of slavery. As Napoleon himself said, '*Les hommes sont trop impuissans pour assurer l'avenir, les institutions seules fixent les destinées d'une nation.*'

Albeit, as we said, there are no startling theories, and nothing wonderfully new, in the work of M. Villemain, yet is it one of those productions that will endure and be referred to hereafter for its just appreciation of statesmen and politicians of the Empire and Restoration. There are sketches and anecdotes of M. de Talleyrand and his celebrated niece, Madame de Dino, of Constant, Sismundi, Pozzo di Borgo, and our own Palmerston. It will be well for imperial panegyrists to bear in mind that both Wellington and Castlereagh, as well as the Emperor Alexander of Russia, were, so far back as 1815, of opinion that France could only be governed by a representative government, and that a parliamentary system was a necessity of her existence, as well as a safety for Europe. To a parliamentary government, therefore, sooner or later, France must come again, and the sooner the better for the interests of the world.

Histoire des Grandes Opérations Financières, Banques, Bourses, Emprunts, Compagnies Industrielles. Par M. CAPEFIGUE. Paris: Amyot, Rue de la Paix. Nutt. 1855.—M. Capefigue has been for a quarter of a century, or, indeed, we may say for thirty years, one of the greatest literary *entrepreneurs*, or perhaps we ought to say, one of the greatest literary tradesmen of the day. Of Genoese origin, though born in Marseilles about three or four and fifty years ago, he possesses all the restlessness and mobility of the Southern Frenchman, with the keen commercial spirit, the industry, the activity, and the desire of gain of the natives of that beautiful city, with some reason called the European Carthage. Like the Genoese trader of the middle ages, compounded of the huxter, the shopkeeper, the mariner, the merchant, the prince, the pirate, the soldier, the colonist, the artist, and the man of letters, he must find an outlet for his superabundant activity—for that necessity to be ‘up and doing,’ whose mainspring is the love of gain, rather than the desire of fame. Hence it is that he has always some literary enterprise in hand at which he labours with great industry, if not with eminent ability. He has now been some two or three and thirty years before the public, and in that time has, one way or another, produced somewhere about eighty or more volumes, concerning all kinds of subjects—literary, political, religious, administrative, historical, and romantic, commencing with the history of the maritime invasions of the Normans and the life of St. Vincent de Paul, and continuing with the volumes before us; for nobody supposes that the literary career of one so active and industrious as Capefigue is about to end at the age of fifty-seven. In the commencement of his career M. Capefigue was himself the author or the compiler of his numerous productions; but now, and for some years past, like a great many literary undertakers of similar character and calibre, he keeps a number of clerks, copyists, and literary journeymen and assistants, who labour under his direction. It may be supposed that one who works after this fashion produces a great quantity of literary trash,—and the fact is so. The style, where there are so many different contributors employed, is not uniform, and is most frequently incorrect and slipshod. Sometimes M. Capefigue’s assistants write better than

himself; occasionally, though rarely, they write worse than he has written of late.

We say of late, for the *Histoire de la Restauration*, composed two and twenty years ago, is on the whole well executed, and is really an interesting work. But for that work Capefigue had assistance from Pasquier and Decazes; and for his next best production, the *History of Napoleon*, he obtained information from foreign sources not open to all.

The work before us, we are told, is to be divided into four parts, *i.e.*, four volumes, of which the présent volume relating to Farmers-General is the first. The other volumes are to contain the history of finance during the Consulate and the Empire, the history of the great loans and speculations, and lastly, the history of commercial companies, corporations, guilds, &c. The theme is certainly a fertile, if not an inviting one; and we have no doubt, if at all encouraged by the Parisian public, M. Capefigue will spin out his compilations—for they are but compilations, after all—beyond even four corpulent volumes. But it is to be hoped that the publisher and the public may not be too indulgent; for these hashes and minced meats of old joints served up even with a stimulating sauce, are not always easy of digestion—are not always nourishing or palatable to the taste. The history of the Farmers-General may certainly be made more interesting than the history of loans and taxes, for it is the history of sordid, crapulous, and self-indulgent men, stained with many vices; but there is a sameness in the sensualities and extravagances of these men which also palls upon the taste. One of the first of these Farmers-General was Zametor Zamelii, who built in the Florentine style in the Rue de la Cerisaie, one of the finest and most elegant mansions in Paris. It was in one of the luxurious boudoirs of this mansion that the fair Gabriëlle d'Estrees, the mistress of Henry IV., died. De la Poplinière, another Farmer-General, was as remarkable for his luxurious habits and magnificent tastes as Zameti. The most classical artists of the day were employed in decorating his apartments, and musicians, actors, and literary men ministered to his pleasures and his tastes.

But probably the most renowned of the Farmers-General was Helvetius, the author of the work *De l'Esprit*, who, owing to the favour of the Queen, was made a Farmer-General at the age of twenty-three, thus enjoying an income of 100,000 crowns. Capefigue talks of Helvetius as though he were a ninth wonder of the world. 'At supper,' says he, 'he would listen to Voltaire's 'Mahomet,' and in the morning calculate the details of the excise with wonderful quickness;' but Voltaire spoke of him in a different fashion, saying—'What nonsense of Helvetius to wish to play the philosopher at court, and the courtier with philosophers.'

M. Capefigue is profuse, and would seek to be pathetic on the wholesale execution of Farmers-General during the first Revolution; but from the indifferent manner in which this portion of the work is

executed, he only makes these sanguinary horrors somewhat ridiculous with his

‘Maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.’

Enough of M. Capefigue. We cannot follow him through the cuisine and cellar of the financiers, on which he expends much magniloquent description in very indifferent taste and with little knowledge of the subject.

Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Tom. 5 and 6. Gabriel de Gonon. 1855. Nutt.—We have not noticed the earlier portions of Véron's memoirs, because they really were beneath contempt. As the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes have however been a good deal talked of and written about both in Paris and in London, we have dipped into them and find fresh occasion to be thankful that these pages have not been sullied with the filth, obscenity, and trash of this prop of the Imperial throne. The fifth and sixth volumes contain some account of the Doctor's earlier life, and of his connexion with the press of Paris. He first, it appears, wrote the weekly review in the *Quotidienne*. Being dismissed from this employ, he founded the *Revue de Paris*, in which he tells us M. St. Beuve first fleshed his critical sword. He announces that, as editor and proprietor of the *Revue de Paris*, it was necessary he should have at least two horses in his stable to visit every morning men of letters, in order that he might run after the mind and talent of Paris and pick it up! The results of Véron's theatrical experience would by many be more appreciated than his literary experience. He gives an account of his management of the opera, and his dealings with actors, actresses, dancers, &c. All this is, it may be supposed, a good deal more strange than edifying.

The history given by Véron of his connexion with the *Constitutionnel*, and his relation with M. Thiers, is truly curious. M. Thiers told the Doctor to buy two shares in the *Constitutionnel*, and to invigorate the journal. ‘Come and see me,’ said the ex-minister, ‘about noon, and while I shave, you shall have the materials for articles.’ The Doctor did not exactly see the advantage of this, and hinted his doubts. Thiers rejoined, ‘When I am in, you shall be in office.’ This clenched the bargain, and Véron's stoical virtue succumbed. As proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, Véron gave 100,000 francs to Eugène Sue for the *Juif Errant*, which raised the circulation of the paper from 3,600 to more than 20,000, whilst its advertisements were farmed out at 12,000*l.* per annum. The statement of the Doctor in reference to Thiers, which has excited the most interest, is one in which he states that meetings were held at the ex-minister's house in 1849, to discuss and decide on a *coup-d'état*. It is said that at this meeting Changarnier represented the army and the National Guard; De Morny, his brother Napoleon Buonaparte, then President of the Republic; and Thiers the Moderate party.

‘All parties,’ says Véron, ‘agreed to arrest Charras. Changarnier proposed to arrest Cavaignac, to which Thiers objected, but urged the arrest of Lamoricière. To this, in turn, Changarnier objected, urging that Lamoricière was in no way

formidable, whereas Cavaignac was, from his influence with the army and National Guard.'

Statements so apparently certain and circumstantial as these, of course excited attention, and a denial was inserted in the *Presse* on the authority of Thiers. To this denial Véron replied, in a letter to the editor of the *Presse*, repeating his original statement, signed with his name. This drew a counter-letter from M. Thiers distinctly disclaiming that he ever was a party to a *coup-d'état*. Thus met by a point blank denial, Véron produced and published a letter from his brother proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, M. de Morny (who gained £20,000 by the dextrous sale of that journal, managed by Véron), vouching for the scrupulous exactness of the Doctor's version. But this version has been indignantly denied and denounced in a spirited letter of contemptuous scorn from General Changarnier, and dated from Malines, in which the General says, 'I give the flattest contradiction to two persons (Morny and Véron) confederated to praise and puff each other, and confederated also to vilify the victims of treachery and tyranny.' The letter of Lamoricière, in respect to this affair, is said to be so vehement and personal, that the *Presse* did not dare to publish it. It has, however, if we be rightly informed, been forwarded to de Morny in MS., with the words *menteur et lâche*, addressed to him.

Mémoires de M. Dupin. Souvenirs du Barreau. Tome premier. Paris: Plon. 1855.—Most men who have read at all on French politics have heard of Dupin, who was President of the Chamber of Deputies till its extinguishment by the hand of brute force. Men of middle age remember him as a bustling, busy, and worldly-minded lawyer, rather rude of speech, brusque in manner, but shrewd, subtle, logical, and occasionally eloquent. Such is the personage who now, in his seventy-third year, has given us his souvenirs of the bar and of his own public life. The book might have been made most interesting and useful in the hands of a high-minded man of taste; but Dupin is not high-minded, and though he has read a great deal for the purposes of his profession, yet he cannot be said to be a man of taste or scholarship. Dupin the elder, as he is generally called, was born at Clamecy in 1783. His father before him exercised the calling of a provincial advocate, and from this worthy man he received the rudiments of his education. About 1799, being then in his sixteenth or seventeenth year, he came to Paris to study his profession, but found the schools of law broken up, the bar dispersed, and the proper business of advocates intrusted to what were called *hommes de loi*, composed of adventurers of all callings. In consequence of this, the young man wisely entered the office of an *avoué*, and therein gained a knowledge of forms and procedure. As soon, however, as the schools of law reopened in 1801 or 1802, Dupin entered his name on the books, and received the degree of Doctor of Law in 1804. In 1806 he began assiduously to pursue his profession, and being industrious, painstaking, and zealous, soon obtained employment. The first great public cause in which he was engaged was that of Ney, in which he was junior counsel.

to the elder Berryer; but the little he said was not happily conceived, nor in truth relished by his client, who repudiated the idea of claiming exemption from the penalty of his crime by pleading that he was born at Sarre Louis, that town being at the period of his birth Prussian. But although Dupin's effort in this historical cause was not generally relished, he was employed by generals who were obnoxious to the government. In the Chamber he distinguished himself as a member of the moderate opposition, and in 1824 was appointed as one of the *conseil privé* of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe. In this position he received, and it must be said fairly earned, for many years a regular salary, for the duties were not light, the extensive properties of the prince requiring a good deal of legal supervision. A good portion of these souvenirs is devoted to a detail of the private affairs of the Orleans family. We must say M. Dupin altogether disproves the charge of sordid economy so often brought against the late King of the French. The real fact is, that Louis Philippe, notwithstanding his large fortune, was in debt. It need not be said that after the Revolution of 1830, the position of confidence in which Dupin antecedently stood helped him as a politician; but he never was intrusted with the formation of a ministry, or formed a portion of any ministerial combination. In truth, he had few of the qualifications of a good party man, and was neither trusted or liked by any party in the Chamber. For a number of years, as our readers are aware, he was President of the Chamber of Deputies, enjoying a fine salary and a splendid residence—a position more stable and solid than that of a minister. M. Dupin gives a short history of the remarkable causes in which he was engaged, and more especially does he dwell on those in which he defended the press, and political writers, and literary men, such as Jouy, Jay, Etienne, Bertin, Béranger, &c.; but this portion of his work which, in the hands of a man of taste would be highly interesting, is spoiled by the dry, curt, and inartistical manner in which it is told. The observations he makes on his earlier career and practice as an advocate, however, are not without value, and may be profitably read by members of the profession both in England and France. In conclusion, we may remark, that the conduct of Dupin, since the *coup d'état* has been neither very dignified nor very honourable. High-minded men among Republicans, Orleanists, and Royalists of the elder branch, express their disgust at it. Nor has the time-serving and servility of the old lawyer secured to him the respect or regard of the Buonapartists and Imperialists.

Deutsche Mythologie (German Mythologie). By JACOB GRIMM. 2 vols. 8vo. Third edition. Göttingen: Dieterich. 1854. London: Nutt, 270, Strand.—The German mythology is the mythology of the world. There is an important sense in which this apparent extravagance is perfectly true. What is mythology but revelation and history distorted, and degraded by speculation. But all these, the elements of mythology, are essentially the same all the world over. He then who is familiar with German mythology has an acquaintance

with mythology in general. Especially has he been introduced to a knowledge of European mythology, and therein to a knowledge of the mythology of the British isles. For this mythology is for the most part a compound of Christian ideas and practices with the Pagan ideas and practices which prevailed before Christianity came westward and northward from Asia Minor and Palestine. Too impatient of delay, the apostles and representatives of the new faith entered into a compromise with heathenism. Accordingly, points of resemblance and contact between the two were seized and made the most of; points of diversity and collision were softened down or, so far as could be, wholly removed; old usages were retained, improved if possible, at any rate veiled, and in name Christianized; in a word, a partnership was formed on the condition that Paganism as it was should be preserved, and the Christianity of the day should be introduced. Of this union there was begotten a multitude of strange births, which, when taken together, may be called European or German mythology. This, in all the extent of its meaning and all the multiplicity of its details, it is which Jacob Grimm has undertaken to trace out, describe, and explain. And never did a task more entirely find the right workman, nor the right workman more thoroughly accomplish his task. There are some works which it is impossible to criticise and would be impertinent to praise. Such is the work now introduced to the reading public of England. The *imprimatur* of intelligence is, however, set on its title-page in the words, 'Third Edition;' for it is no light, pleasant novel we have here, but a work brim full of learned lore, of lore the most curious, most rare, and to the prepared mind, most interesting; but only to the prepared mind; therefore, the large and continued demand for the book is a proof of its intrinsic and lasting merit. It is indeed *the* classic of its kind. If the ordinary reader would have a less inexact idea of the nature of its contents, let him call to mind Hone's *Every-Day Book*, and suppose the subjects therein played with and touched on, handled with all the skill of a great master of languages, and all the learning of the most learned of the Germans.

Aus Allen Wissenschaften das Interessanteste (The Most Attractive Flowers from all the Fields of Knowledge). A monthly periodical. Nos. i.—v. 8vo. 1855. Leipzig: Romberg. London: Nutt.—We thought we had in our own England exhausted all the possibilities of popular literature; but here is proof to the contrary, a new conception, and that conception well executed. He knew human likings and human wants who said to this enterprising German publisher, 'Let us offer to the reading public the cream of the sciences, and let us offer it to them with ruffled hands and in delicate china-ware; depend on it they will devour the delicacy, and devour the delicacy they cannot, unless first they make it their own by purchase.' Yes, the bulk of us want the cream of the sciences. We have no time and no strength to read and to digest the huge masses of printed matter on all knowable things; yet we wish to know how the world moves, and we wish also to move as the world moves. Would we had some benignant fairy wise enough and willing enough to report to us

in rapid outlines what is certain, useful, and important, in the great republic of letters. In the work before us the wish is fulfilled. Here are readable essays; here you find what, considering their birth-place, you may call light, sketchy, yet reliable outlines on the instruments of culture in history, painting on glass, the planets, mining, formation of the human voice for song, new weapons of war and their influence on general tactics, the pecuniary condition of Germany, epidemics, and permanent fortifications. The information communicated is solid as well as interesting, and has the great advantage of bringing the matter in each case down to the latest state of knowledge in the scientific world. We may refer, as an instance, to the astronomical paper in which the latest discoveries are set forth, especially in connexion with the planets: 'Thus—so ends the last paragraph but one—'thus twenty-nine planets have been discovered in nine years; we now know thirty-three small planets between Mars and Jupiter.'—(p. 56.)

Meine Reise in Orient (My Travels in the East). By ALEXANDER ZIEGLER. 2 vols. 12mo. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. London: Nutt, 270, Strand. 1855.—Next to the merit of writing a good book is the having a good excuse for so doing; for the ability to write a good book is not in itself excuse enough. Of this Herr Ziegler seems to be aware; for in his preface he sets himself to answer the question, 'Why another book on the East?' Why indeed another, at least on those parts chiefly visited by the querist? If we allow Germany, France, England, and America, to report their recent literature on the lands of the Bible, what a heap of volumes would in imagination lie before us! Of these numerous works each one has some slight peculiarity; but for the most part they are similar and all but the same—the same places visited, the same scenes described, the same scriptural illustrations, the same monkish traditions. Verily, we are weary of the whole subject, and could with good heart make quick work with this swarm of echoes. Alexander Ziegler, however, has his reason. Is there not a war in the East? And there being a war in the East, the East is the centre of interest to the civilized world. Hence, surely it is important to describe the East as it is, no less than as it was; for thus all who read his pages will know what the East will be, and when the future has actually come, can study it in the light of the past. Unfortunately for these plausibilities, the East of the traveller is not the East of the war. He visits Palestine and Sinai; the fighting is in the Crimea. It is true that he proceeds to Constantinople; but to that city and its connexions he gives only the terminating portion of his second volume. Thus, out of more than 700 pages, the excuse for writing the work applies to only about 100. The book, however, contains a good deal of information; and this information being conveyed in a pleasant style, may be acceptable to such as have not suffered from a superfoetation of 'Travels in the East.'

Lehrbuch der Allgemeine Geschichte (A Manual of Universal History). By H. R. DIETSCH. 3 vols. 8vo. Leipzig: Tubner. London: Nutt. 1847—51.

Grundriss der Allgemeine Geschichte (Outlines of Universal His-

tory). By H. R. DIETSCH. 1 vol. 8vo. Leipzig: Tubner. London: Nutt. 1854.—These are most useful manuals. Whether for school purposes or for self-instruction, they offer a complete course of historical reading. Well-furnished would be the mind of him who possessed the substance of what is here set forth. The works are truly a history of man; for by no means following the bad example prevalent in this country, at least in all but our more recent literature, of narrating as history merely the civil and political events, they describe and explain everything that has marked or been connected with man's career from its commencement, including the geography, both civil and physical, of the countries spoken of, and the arts, sciences, and religion of each particular people. Here, then, we have a complete picture of human kind in its rise, progress, and continuance, down to the capture of Bomarsund. Of course unnecessary details have been avoided, and the writer has shown a wise discretion in both what he has taken and what he has left. We equally approve his departure from the usual practice of his countrymen who divide their matter into two portions, the more essential and the less essential, the former being printed in larger type, the latter in smaller. By this means an artificial and somewhat arbitrary distinction is made and observed, which may lead to false judgments and defective attention on the part of the student, while all the pleasure and profit which flow from a consecutive narrative are lost. Herr Dietsch has therefore acted wisely in telling a continuous tale, a tale broken only by the necessary divisions of the subject. The moral tone of the work is Christian, the style is simple and easy, and the general execution good. The second work, namely, 'The Outlines,' is a cleverly made abridgment or condensation of the first, and may be of great service as enabling the reader to review the ground he has trodden. In some sort the 'Outlines' are a necessary companion of the 'Manual,' for, by a strange omission to the latter, there has not been appended or prefixed either an index or a table of contents.

Reallexicon des Classischen Alterthums. (A Classical Dictionary for Grammar Schools.) Edited, in union with several Schoolmasters, by Dr. F. LÜBKER. 1 vol. crown 8vo. Pp. 1038. Leipzig: Tubner. 1855. London: Nutt.—What a happy change for schoolboys and schoolmasters has come, at least where German is the vernacular. In the manual above cited, they may find condensed summaries of almost everything known respecting classical antiquity, and much more than commonly they will require to know, in the most wisely conducted course of classical reading. It was a good idea to employ a *corps* of schoolmasters in the composition of a classical dictionary, since they know better than any one else what help is wanted in classical studies, and in what style the required help should be conveyed. The results of such knowledge appear in this work in a satisfactory manner. How much useful, ay, and interesting instruction, is compressed into such articles as those headed *Belagerung* (Besieging), *Bildhauer* (Sculpture), *Dionysos* (Bacchus), *Domus* (House), *Εκκλησία* (Assembly of the People), *Exercitus* (Army), *Erziehung* (Education), *Komödia* (Comedy), &c. The utility of the work would, however, have been

much augmented, had the publishers been more liberal in pictorial illustrations. The secret of appealing to the eye in education has yet to be practically learnt. The sooner it is learnt the better. Even a rough outline presented to the eye will convey the meaning of a paragraph, a sentence, a word, often far better than the most carefully studied and best expressed verbal explanation. We regret to find in the volume some signs of undue haste, and we think that literary justice required an acknowledgment of the indebtedness of the writers to a work whose admirable articles they have often abridged, namely, the *Real-Encyclopädie* of Pauly, &c.

II. F. K. Freiherr vom und zum Stein. (A Picture of the Life of H. F. K. Baron of Stein. By H. GESEKE. Leipzig: Otto Spamer. London: Stutt. 1855.)—Let our readers call to mind what is meant by a 'good old English gentleman of the olden time,' and then they will have some idea of what Stein was in blood, in sentiment, and in sterling excellence. Like the best of his class in this country, Stein gave himself to the public service of his country, in whose councils he played a most important part, honoured by all true patriots, but paying the usual penalties of honesty. Of high desert in many important particulars, Stein's chief merit was in the persistent and unflagging resistance with which he withstood the attacks, open and concealed, made by the first Buonaparte against the liberties and independence of Germany. The whole story, as well as the general story of Stein's life, is well told in the rapid sketch of H. Geseke, which has the additional merit of referring the reader to the proper sources for further information.

Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Philosophische Kritik, in Vereine mit mehreren Gelehrten herausgegeben. Von Dr. J. H. FICHTE, Dr. H. ULRICH, und Dr. J. U. WIRTH. (Journal of Philosophy and Philosophical Criticism, conducted principally by Dr. J. H. FICHTE, Dr. H. ULRICH, and Dr. J. U. WIRTH. New Series. Vols. XXIV. and XXV. Halle: Pfeffer.)—The future historians of philosophy will find some instructive lessons in the fortunes of Teutonic speculation during the last few years. The philosophy of Germany had overreached itself, and gone clean out of its wits with a conceit of its own wisdom; but lately some signs of convalescence have appeared—the patient is crowned no longer with split straws—no more entertains the fancy that the world will be shattered if he snaps his fingers—has evinced an encouraging disgust at smoke and moonshine—and has been seen (according to the testimony of credible witnesses) to give the wall, on more than one occasion, to an able-bodied Fact. The sick man has employed the leisure of his recovery in writing some philosophical essays, from time to time (he always would be scribbling), and on looking over them, we grant him readily our medical certificate:—'Very much better: with care may soon be restored to society.'

Let us briefly indicate the state of matters. The school of Hegel, as every one knows, has split into factions. The extreme young-Hegelian party are plain-spoken, and make man their God. The more sober say, 'Gently, young people, our lamented master was at

heart a theist.' Now, as cold-blooded metaphysicians, we care not one whiff of a meerschaum what Hegel was at heart, or whether he had a heart at all. Philosophy has nothing to do with such questions. All we have to say is that the young-Hegelian party are very good logicians, on *their* data; and have been perfectly faithful to the method of their teacher. Rosenkranz and others have attempted to produce a kind of Hegel modernized. They would fain modify and newly attire him, that he may still survive in this mocking age. But while they retain his principle and method, such superficial millinery-work can avail nothing. In the days of his might this Olympian Jove silenced every one; but now other voices can be heard, and the school of Herbart, and the followers of Baader, make themselves felt, while a general tendency to return to Kant becomes mortifyingly apparent.

Amidst this confusion has arisen a party (a school we can scarcely call them, embracing such differences) who, shaking off the yoke of the great speculative despots, are endeavouring to reconcile religion and philosophy in good faith. Their object is a genuine alliance, not a hollow truce, or a more shameful compromise. They desire to rescue philosophy from Materialism on the one side, and from Pantheism on the other. Their modesty and good temper afford them favourable augury. Their main positions, as far as we have yet seen, appear sound; and to their object we heartily wish well. Among them may be ranked—in addition to the good names of the three editors who conduct the periodical now before us—Moritz, Carrière, and Chalybeus. What happened in the time of Lessing and the time of Schleiermacher has happened now once more. Philosophy, in endeavouring to sap the basis of religion, has, in fact, destroyed its own foundation. Those eminent men, in coming, to the best of their ability, to the rescue of Religion against a cold and shallow Rationalism, contributed also to revive philosophy. Let this fact be well considered by extreme folk on either side. Modern German Materialism, exulting in the triumphs of Positive Science, threatens to banish both disputants, Speculation as well as Faith, to cloudland and contempt. An acute and thoughtful article by Dr. Ulrici (on the root-question, 'Does Reason include or exclude Faith from its province?') may be regarded as indicating the general attitude of their philosophical organ. In his view, the office of Philosophy is to institute a free and unprejudiced inquiry into the whole circle of knowledge. Let it investigate the sources of all our knowing—the relationship of every science. Let it determine the true nature of that exactness claimed by the 'exact' sciences. Until the limitations of this exactitude can be shown by the philosopher, he must not complain if the Positivism of natural science crows loudly over him from amid its orreries and retorts. Let it be asked whether Faith is not to be included among the forms of Knowledge; and, if so, whether those truths which come to us as things believed and not discovered must not be embraced by Philosophy? Let us persist no longer, as German philosophy has hitherto done so fatally, in confounding negative conditions with positive principles. If it could be shown that God did not fall within our province of knowing at all—that con-

cerning him we could only believe, not know—a true science of knowing must still include this belief in the aggregate of its attained results.

Without pretending to agree on all points with a group of minds not all agreed among themselves, we hail the movement of which this journal is the representative with great pleasure, and cordially wish success to a philosophic enterprise, the very magnitude of which should repress all pedantry and all presumption.



A R T.

IN our present report, we can no longer complain of dearth of materials, for we are now in the midst of the season of exhibitions; and this year they are perhaps more numerous than ever. We must, therefore, content ourselves with merely noticing the principal ones, reserving some little space for the most important of them all—the Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

The Exhibition of Amateur Art, in aid of the Patriotic Fund, was opened at the close of March, and its success has been most triumphant. More than twelve hundred pictures—many really excellent—have been contributed: and the interest awakened in the highest circles is proved by the aged Duchess of Gloucester, and the young princes and princesses having alike sent drawings. Ere the close of April, the large sum of £1000 had been realised, and the exhibition is still crowded with visitors. The two Societies of Painters in Water Colours opened in April; the old, numbering among its exhibitors Gilbert, Lewis, Topham, Fripp, Hunt, and other names of almost equal celebrity; and the new, those of Corbould, Warren, Absolon, Haghe, Wehnert, and others. Both claim a word of approbation, and both alike bear testimony to the growing taste of the English public for art—a taste which has been, we think, in great measure fostered by the increasing popularity of water-colour painting. But, while gratified with the Exhibitions to which we have, although but cursorily, alluded, it is to the Exhibition in Trafalgar-square that we must chiefly look for proof of our advance, or retrogression in art. The eagerness with which a place is there sought by our rising artists is emphatically proved by the fact, that while about fifteen hundred pictures have gained admission, not less than two thousand have this year been rejected! Into the vexed questions of the caprice which, according to some, dictated many of these rejections, or of the perversity, or favouritism of ‘the hanging committee,’ that annually abused, although annually changed, body, we cannot enter. Sufficient is it in our limited space to point attention to the most striking pictures which have found a place in these crowded rooms.

This year, although many of the usual exhibitors are absent, the Exhibition is a good one, and while there are—as, indeed, is always the case—far too many portraits, there are many pictures which deservedly

take a very high rank. Among the historical pictures, which are very few, Mr. Egg's powerfully contrasted one, the 'Life and Death of Buckingham' (349), has excited much attention, and deservedly so. Here in the first, is the drunken revelry of the gorgeous supper-room at Cliefden; Buckingham in his rich dress, the King familiarly leaning on his shoulder, while cavaliers and court wantons are drinking his health with brimming glasses. In the next is the stark, stiff corpse on the coarse bed, unwatched, half undressed, 'in the worst inn's worst room;' the Garter dropping from the knee, the lace cravat on the floor beside the sponge and basin, and the dull light struggling in through the dirty broken window panes. The conception of both pictures, and their moral, is excellent; a more brilliant tone of colouring, in the first would, however, we think, have brought out the contrast more finely still; and a little of the pre-Rafaelite careful finish of the details might also have improved both. Mr. Hart's 'Death of Eccellino' (225), although beautiful as a composition, and beautiful in its execution, is strangely indeed conceived. The tyrant of Padua, who tore off the bandages from his wounds and refused both food and drink in sullen despair, has here the solemn look of a confessor; and he waves away the attendant, who is offering the fruit, with the air of a Protestant martyr rejecting the crucifix! Strangely incorrect, too, is Mr. Cope's 'Death of Princess Elizabeth at Carisbrook Castle' (161). Even allowing—although there is no reliable evidence for it—that the poor girl really died alone upon that stone bench, the body must necessarily as it stiffened have fallen on the ground. Here, the attitude is merely that of deep slumber, and the mouth is actually closed, although the lividness of death has overspread the features. 'The Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots,' by A. Johnston (361), has been censured because of the heroine's 'scolding face;' but later researches respecting her abundantly prove that she could scold in downright earnest, as well as conceal deceit under her blandest smile. The subject, however, has scarcely point enough for an effective picture, although, so far as regards the painting, it is excellent. But the historical picture which has attracted the greatest notice, is one by a hitherto unknown young artist, F. Leighton — 'Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence' (569). While all the fine art critics agree in praise, we have been rather amused at the opposite merits they discover in it. Some, claiming the picture as a trophy of the pre-Rafaelite school, and some indignantly declaring that 'it has no tendency' toward that heterodox style. We think, however, that if pre-Rafaelitism had not led the way, few artists would have given so little background to the figures as we find here; nor would the long procession have been marshalled in that simple, unattitudinizing manner, which adds so much to its effect. While greatly admiring the grouping, some portion of the colouring struck us as rather harsh; and if the scarlet robe in the foreground could have been toned down to a crimson, and Giotto's deep blue hose have been exchanged for a lighter colour, the harmony, we think, would have been better pre-

served. The purchase of this very meritorious picture by the Queen, must be gratifying to all who wish well to English art.

Of poetical subjects there are a greater number, although we regret to find but few of them poetically treated. There is M. F. Pickering with 'Britomarte unarming;' but, in place of the exquisite creations of Spenser, we have merely a tall, buxom maiden in plate armour, welcomed most lovingly by two ladies in rich figured silk, while pink Cupids are fluttering about. Another, by the same artist, gives us 'Christian marching into the Valley of Humiliation,' with Prudence gracefully bending to clear the thorns away from his path, and Faith and Discretion simpering blandly on each side of him; while Charity, *in couleur de rose*, turns her back upon us, laden with a fine child upon one arm; and a basket with loaf and bottles on the other. Why cannot such painters keep to operative nymphs and Cupids, and leave Spenser and Bunyan alone? Far better is G. Landseer's scene from the *Faery Queen*. Although too much in shadow, and much too cold, 'heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb' display much sweetness; and the 'royal beast,' keeping watch and ward below, dimly seen in the dark foreground, has a fine effect. A very singular picture of a 'Scene from Dante,'—a freight of spirits disembarking on the shores of purgatory (682),—although by no means free from fault, struck us as extremely poetical. The anxious wonder of the dimly outlined spirits, as they gaze on the unknown shore, and the majesty and sweetness of the angel, who, poised on his broad wings, stretches out his hand in a parting benediction, are conceived in the very spirit of 'Il Purgatorio.' We should like to see this artist, Mr. Woodington, attempting some of Bunyan's or Spenser's fine allegories. A strange mistake is Mr. Dyce's 'Christabel' (181); that dull-complexioned young lady, with a wreath of white roses. She might pass well enough for any saint entitled to wear the flowers, but the maiden who

'— was a lovely sight to see,
Praying beneath that old oak tree,'

must have been far lovelier. Griseldis—why will painters, and critics too, perversely call her Griselda?—is the subject of an admirable picture by Mr. Gale (640); the artist to whose fine painting, 'An Incursion of the Danes,' we referred in our last notice. Here she is driven forth in her sole remaining garment from her palace door, while the varied group, crowding round her, all help to tell that revolting story with great pathos. The lady, with tears in her eyes; the old crone, reverently bending to kiss the hand no longer jewelled; the serving-man, eagerly spreading out the cloak beneath her poor bare feet; the man-at-arms, with his look of rage and sorrow; the sad, wondering look of the boy, and the noble hound, striving to break his chain that he may follow his gentle mistress, all prove how truly the painter has realized that emphatic line—

'Eche one hir loved, that looked on hir face.'

The most ambitious picture from Shakspeare this year, is Maclise's 'Orlando about to engage with Charles' (78); but we cannot agree with the praise that has been so lavishly bestowed on it. It seems to us singularly deficient in shadow, and the very smart mansion in the distance, 'in the Elizabethan style,' seems to come forward very like the background bridges and pagodas on a China plate. Rosalind is, to say the least, a bold-looking damsel; and Mr. Ruskin's opinion that Charles is 'a monster,' must, we think, be echoed by every one. We cannot, however, feel with Mr. Ruskin as to Mr. Herbert's 'Lear and Cordelia' (149). Surely the character of the old man is very truthfully given. The mind struggling with the crowded memories of the past, just subsiding into calmness, with that look of half awakened recognition; and then the sad, earnest gaze of the watchful daughter, and the hand so lovingly stretched forth. The absence of all accessories from this picture, too, adds much to its power: besides one attendant, there is nothing save the open tent, giving a glimpse of the gloomy sea beyond, now sinking to rest, like the vexed mind within.

The Scripture pictures claim but little notice. Mr. Hook's 'Mother of Moses' (486) we mistook for some Virginian Chloe or Lucy, returning with her child from the cotton field. Surely the daughters of Israel were never so swarthy, and surely the mother, most favoured of any, with *three* gifted children, could never have been the coarse, low-browed creature painted here. 'Doreas' (379), by Dobson, is a very pleasing figure, and the grouping is good; but why should she be made a missionary among far-off savages, instead of the benevolent householder at Joppa? Besides, clothing, an absolute necessary under the changeful skies of Palestine, could have been little more than a luxury among those children of the desert. Indeed, the bright scarlet scarf, with its white pattern, would be a most acceptable gift to a poor man going some wintry night on a railway journey. Among domestic subjects, Mr. Millais' 'Rescue' (282), takes first place. The feeling here is excellent, and the calm, steady bearing of the fireman seems ~~us~~ admirable—how, indeed, could he have gone through his perilous duty unless he had been calm? The figure of the mother certainly wants filling out, and the children are carelessly drawn; but as to the effect of the fiery light, while allowing that it *appears* to us unnatural, we willingly acknowledge that none but those who have actually seen a similar fire, can adequately judge of its correctness. There are some other paintings to which we intended to refer, but our space prevents us; and merely indicating Mr. Goodall's admirable 'Seizure of the Royalist Peasant in Brittany,' Mr. O'Neil's 'Return of the Wanderer,' and with a word of praise for Mr. Bailly's fine group, 'Adam consoling Eve,' and Mr. Bell's noble statue of 'Armed Science,' we must conclude.

Life of William Etty, B.A. By ALEXANDER G. CHRIST, of the Middle Temple, Barrister. 2 vols. Bogus. 1855. The name of William Etty ranks so high among our modern painters, that we were not surprised at the announcement of a memoir of him, although we should have much preferred that the task had fallen into the hands

of a brother artist, more especially as we cannot award much praise as to the execution of the work before us. Perhaps, however, that naïve and graphic piece of autobiography which Etty wrote in the *Art Journal* of 1848 has rendered us more difficult to please, and inclined us to look rather less favourably upon a biography which commences by acquainting us that York, 'after having twice an era, a Roman 'and a Mediæval culmination, and after the defection of its commercial 'fortunes, retained still a queenly dowry of æsthetic treasure and 'historic meaning.' We, however, are inclined to agree with Mr. Gilchrist in the inference which he draws from these superfine phrases, that the taste—we might almost say, the passion—for rich colouring which distinguished Etty, was fostered, if not awakened, by the fine combinations of colour and the changeful play of light and shade, which the picturesque old buildings of York, more than threescore years ago, presented to the boy-painter's eye.

It was at York, in 1787, that William Etty was born, and the reader will perhaps remember how pleased he is to tell us, in his autobiography, that, like Rembrandt, and Constable, he too had a miller for his father. The father was also an extensive gingerbread-baker, enjoying as wide a fame for his gilt kings and queens in his native city, as did his gifted son years after in the metropolis, for his more artistic productions. Like so many other men of genius too, Etty had a very superior mother; and no portions of the volumes before us are so pleasant as the letters in which the son, then an artist of high standing, and occupying a sphere far above her expectations, tells her with boyish glee of his successes, or reminding her that her arm-chair, and her cat, occupy their usual places by his fireside, anticipates 'the canny' cup of tea which he shall 'brew' on her arrival. Etty's love for art was very early developed—as we think is indeed always the case with the real artist—and while a little urchin in pinafores, with his first crayon a farthing's worth of white chalk, he adorned every available plank of shop or mill with designs, which at least awakened the attention of some of his friends, among whom he pleasantly ranks 'my first patron,' a gentleman who, purchasing gingerbread of the father, would sometimes bestow a penny on delighted little Willie, giving him a commission for 'a horse.' But his chief patron was his intelligent mother, who on the stipulation that he should be 'a good boy,' actually gave him some *colours* mixed with gum water. At school he was shy and reserved, filling his slate and copy-book with drawings, rather than joining in noisy sports; but his school education soon ended, for as one of a large family, he was compelled, ere twelve years of age, to enter a printing office to earn his bread. The discipline here, though stern, was on the whole beneficial—perhaps had poor Haydon met the same difficulties in his early career, it might not have ended so sadly—but for seven years, 'harassing 'and servile duties, late and early, frost and snow, sometimes till twelve 'at night, and up again at five,' were the boy-artist's lot; relieved, however, by 'picking up stray crumbs of knowledge at his printing press,' and the occasional indulgence of his cherished pursuit. At

length the weary bondage came to an end; and the master indorsed his apprentice's indentures with the well-earned testimony of 'faithfully fulfilled,' and this document side by side with his diplomas, Etty was in after years accustomed to contemplate with exultation, for it was proof that, from his earliest years, he had adhered to that noble principle, which when old, and full of honours, he recommended to the admiring students, 'an honest and earnest desire to fulfil my duty in ' whatever station of life I might fill—whether printer's devil, student, ' or last, not least in my estimation, Academician.'

It might have been hoped that young Etty, now invited to London by a prosperous uncle, and permitted to devote himself exclusively to painting, would have soon attained fame; but a far longer and scarcely less trying process had he yet to undergo. He was articulated for a twelve-month to Lawrence—perhaps about the worst master a youth deficient in art-education could have been placed under, for the teacher himself required teaching, while the light and graceful style which rendered him so admired by the fashionable world, was a style wholly unsuited to the future painter of 'Judith,' and 'Benaiah,' and the 'Combat.' With better success, at the expiration of the year, did he copy at the British Gallery from the old masters, and at the Academy in the Life School; but although for three years a most diligent student, he competed in vain for medals alike in the Antique, the Life, and the Painting Schools. Still his prospects grew darker. His kind uncle died; and though his elder brother Walter generously provided him with means of support, picture after picture was painted and sent to the Exhibition and British Gallery, but again and again returned, and at twenty-three Etty seemed as far from attaining eminence, as when five years before he laid aside his printer's apron for ever, and determined to be a painter. His narrative here is very naive and touching. 'Deep was the wound ' my vanity and self-conceit had received; but it was deep in order to ' cure. I began to think I was not *half* the clever fellow I had ' imagined. Indeed I began to suspect I was no clever fellow at all.' Not long, however, did this depressing feeling last. Etty was cast down; but meekly and earnestly he soon set to work to remedy his defective drawing. 'I lit the lamp at both ends of the day. I ' studied the skeleton, sketched from Albinus, drew in the morning, ' painted in the evening; and, after the Royal Academy, went and ' drew from the prints of the antique statues of the Capitoli and ' other galleries, at the London Institution. I returned home, kept in ' my fire all night, that I might get up the next morning before day- ' light to draw; in short, I worked with such energy and perseverance ' to *conquer* my radical defects, that at last a better state of things ' began to dawn, like the sun through a November fog.' Such singular humility and determination could not be in vain, and in 1811, after nearly six years' regular study, Etty received the first instalment of his future success in seeing one of his paintings on the walls of the Academy, and finding a purchaser for another at the British Institution. Still, the reward was but small compared with that of many of his Academy associates. Collins was fast rising into fame; Wilkie had even become

Academician; even wayward Haydon 'was painting imposing Macbeths,' and taking wine with Lord Mulgrave, and enjoying sketching parties with Sir George Beaumont, all the while abusing the public's want of discernment that had not placed him on the very pinnacle of fame; while for *nine* years longer Etty toiled on, occasionally indeed receiving a word of encouragement, though seldom selling his pictures, and heartily thankful to receive, at rare intervals, a commission for a portrait. Full of suggestive thoughts to the rising artist is the history of this long struggle with adverse fate; all the while seeing fellow-students younger than himself outstrip him on the road to fame, but never expressing jealousy or unkindness towards those, whose fortune had contrasted so bitterly with his own. Surely Etty well deserved all the prosperity that crowned his latter days, even that proud triumph allowed to few even of the greatest painters, when, in 1849, the grey-headed artist, who had been taught so sternly how 'to labour and to wait,' stood in the midst of his collected works, in the great room of the Society of Arts, to receive the congratulations of his brethren, and the applause of crowding admirers.

The picture which at length brought Etty into notice, was a fancy subject, bearing the obscure title of 'The Coral Fishers,' but which was more correctly, Venus and her attendants sailing in a gorgeous barque toward Paphos. This painting, purchased for 300*l.*, sold for 370*l.* shortly before the artist's death. A commission from Sir Francis Freeling, for the rather hacknied subject of 'Cleopatra on the River Cydnus,' followed, and stimulated Etty's genius yet farther. He felt that, thus taken by the hand by one of the most intelligent patrons of art, he was no longer working in vain, and he bent all his energies to the task. 'One morning he awoke famous,' says Mr. Leslie—the morning which saw that splendid composition on the walls of the Academy. From henceforth there was nothing more to do than to maintain the high place now willingly conceded to him; and honour, and emolument, and the crowning prize, almost boyishly longed for by the simple-hearted painter—the title of Royal Academician—at length rewarded Etty's thirteen years' hard struggle.

With his triumphant success, the more stirring interest of Etty's biography ends; but the story how ready he was to give counsel and encouragement to young artists, setting them the example of constant study, too, even to his life's end; how anxious he was to discharge every debt those years of hardship had entailed upon him—repaying to the uttermost farthing, before he made the least provision for his own old age, the large sums he had borrowed from his brother;—how affectionately he bore himself toward all his family, and how, when reviewing his life, though it had been solitary, and darkened by more than one disappointment, he thankfully said, 'It has been, excepting some dark thunder-clouds, one long summer's day'—these afford wholesome lessons, not for the art-student only, but for us all. Into an estimate of Etty's merits as a painter, and the rank in which he should be placed, these narrow limits will not allow us to enter. Still, we must say, that if some have perhaps claimed rather too high a place for him,

by others, he has been set far too low. Although mostly agreeing with Mr. Ruskin's eloquent criticisms, we cannot but think he has done scant justice to Etty. Granted, that many of his pictures are nothing more than 'dances of nymphs in red and yellow shawls,' surely his fame does not rest on them alone; nor are these his most carefully studied works. The 'Combat,' 'Judith,' the 'Prodigal Son,' the 'Sirens,' and his last and perhaps finest work, 'Joan of Arc,' these, with many more, belong to a widely different class. And over some of his lighter pictures there is diffused a poetic feeling that elevates them, we think, far above the general run of similar subjects. Let the reader, not cursorily glance at, but study that picture in the Vernon Gallery, of the gilded barque and its gay unconscious company floating over the bright waves, 'Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm,' and he must allow that that fine passage from Gray could scarcely have received a more poetical interpretation. We close these volumes, although not agreeing with all the editor's remarks, still with commendation, heartily trusting that this story of early toil and struggle, and 'hope long deferred,' will read a wholesome lesson to many a desponding young artist; and that many an aspirant for fame, who has been saddened by the mournful record of poor Haydon's life, will take courage and take an example too, from this of William Etty. — *H. B. Stirling*

Velasquez and his Works. By WILLIAM STIRLING. Parker. 1855.
— This is a very pleasant little volume, by the author of *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, devoted to a memoir of her finest painter, and affording much information as to the state of the arts there, during the seventeenth century. Singularly enough, Spain, although abounding in poets, although not deficient in architects, was slow in producing her painters, and, unlike almost every other European country, it was not until the sixteenth century that she could boast a native artist. Even then the number was few, and the merit—with the exception of Morales and Navarrete—but small. The iron rule of the Inquisition, we have little doubt, repressed the artistic taste of each succeeding generation; and when at length, stimulated by the example of Italy, the wealthy prelates of Spain began willingly and munificently to foster and encourage native art, the painter became the inmate of the cloister, sometimes assuming the clerical garb, subjected to the most rigid rules, not only as to the subjects he was to take, but even as to the manner in which he was to treat them. 'A code of sacro-pictorial law' was actually compiled for the latter purpose; and when we find that the Church not only gave laws for the orthodox delineation of the form of the cross, and determined the question whether one or two angels sat on the stone at our Lord's resurrection, but decided by her infallible authority 'the right of the devil to his prescriptive horns and tail,' we shall cease to wonder that Spain never produced a Correggio, or a Raphael.

Amid these great disadvantages, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez, born at Seville, in the last year of the sixteenth century, struggled on to a fame now become European. A memoir, therefore, 'of the

'only great Spanish painter who did not find habitual employment in the service of the Church, and his ordinary themes in the Bible and the Calendar,' cannot but be acceptable to a large class of readers.

Unlike the subject of our preceding review, Velazquez was of 'gentle blood,' and received the best education that Seville could afford; while upon displaying very early a strong predilection for art, his father willingly placed him under Herrera, a master of high repute. From him Velazquez was soon transferred to 'the more peaceful and orderly school' of Pacheco, a painter whose first works were banners for the fleet of 'New Spain, whereon, with crimson damask for canvas, he painted 'Santiago on his charger, the royal arms, and various appropriated devices, which went forth to the battle and the breeze in 1594.' But it was from life studies, rather than from the teaching of his correct but commonplace master, that Velazquez derived that inimitable ease and spirit that distinguished him; while, in order to acquire facility and brilliancy of colouring, he copied animals, and fruits, and still life, until he rivalled the best pencils of Flanders. At the age of twenty, having finished his course of study, and married Pacheco's daughter, he set out for Madrid, to study the paintings by the Italian masters in the Royal Galleries. From thence he returned, after a few months' stay, unaware how soon he was again to return, or of the high honours that awaited him; but Fonseca, a noted amateur, obtained from Olivarez a summons for the young artist to repair to court, where Philip IV., himself an amateur painter, honoured him to paint 'his pale Flemish face, fair hair, heavy lip, and sleepy grey eyes,' and the fortune of Velazquez was at once made.

From Mr. Stirling's admirable sketch of Philip and his court, we find that art was patronized far more extensively than readers ignorant of Spanish history could imagine. The court and capital of Spain, indeed—

'could boast, under Philip IV., finer galleries of art, and a greater number of amateur artists, than any other city, Rome only excepted. As the great houses which had given viceroys to Peru and Mexico were remarkable for their immense services of plate, so those whose lords had held the Italian and Flemish Governments and embassies prided themselves on their pictures and tapestries; and in some fortunate families, the sideboard and the gallery were furnished with equal splendour. The palace of the Admiral of Castile was adorned with many fine specimens of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and Antonio More; and that of the Prince of Esquilache—Francisco Borgia—was also famous for the pictures that adorned its great hall. The Marquis of Leganes and the Count of Monterey—prime favourites of Olivarez—whose shameful rapacity at Milan and Naples obtained for them the name of the two thieves, were likewise eminent collectors. The pictures of Don Juan de Espina were numerous and valuable; the Duke of Alba, the good Count of Lemos—

and many other nobles, also prided themselves on their collections. No wonder was it, therefore, that Velazquez soon rose to high favour, and continued to the end of his days with the court at Madrid. On the occasion of Charles and Buckingham's silly journey to Spain, Pacheco informs us that the prince sat to Velazquez for a portrait, with which he was so pleased that he presented the painter with a hundred crowns. 'No notice, however, of the completion or the fate of this

interesting portrait has been preserved.' It was from this journey, Mr. Stirling remarks, that Charles either acquired or greatly increased 'those tastes which adorned his few prosperous years, and still lend a grace to his memory.'

In 1629 Velazquez quitted Spain, on a journey to Italy, accompanied by the friend to whom he has dedicated perhaps his finest picture, 'The Surrender of Breda'—Spinoza, then on his way to govern the duchy of Milan. In Italy he stayed some time, lingering for nearly a year at Rome, studying the great masters diligently; though, 'like Rubens, he copied their works and noted their style, but adhered to 'his own.' On his return, Velazquez was welcomed by Philip, and was again set to paint portraits, not only of the king and queen, and infants, but of the maids of honour and dwarfs of the court; and thus in wealth and honour, pursuing his beloved profession, he led a pleasant life for almost twenty years, when a second journey to Italy broke in upon the monotony. During his second stay at Rome, he was honoured to paint the homely features of Innocent X., and succeeded so much to the pontiff's satisfaction that he presented the artist with a gold chain and medal of himself. On his return to Spain, Velazquez was appointed 'Quartermaster-general of the King's Household;' but to this appointment, honourable though onerous, the poor artist nine years after owed his death. Still high in the royal favour, and now decorated with the red cross of Santiago, Velazquez in the spring of 1660 was despatched to 'the Isle of Pheasants,' on the frontier, to superintend the arrangements for the meeting of Philip IV. with Louis XIV., on the occasion of his marriage with the Infanta Maria Teresa. And here, during the first week in June, the gorgeous courts of Spain and France contended in pomp and magnificence, and exhibited splendid *tableaux* which Velazquez, had his life been spared, would have recorded with his inimitable pencil. But he returned home, wearied and fevered, and little more than a month passed by, ere he lay on his deathbed. On the 6th of August, 1660, this illustrious artist died, and two days after was buried with great pomp in the church of San Juan. We thank Mr. Stirling for his very interesting little book, and heartily recommend it to our readers.

The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By LADY MORGAN. New edition. Bryce. 1855.—As this is merely the reprint of a work that obtained a certain degree of popularity in its day, the mere announcement might be sufficient. We may, however, just remark that a wider knowledge and more just appreciation of art has placed Salvator Rosa a few degrees lower than the half-formed taste of amateurs some forty years ago had placed him, and that a flourish of high-sounding words about combining a 'fine organization,' and 'the supreme elements of high art, with the noblest instincts (!) of intellectual humanity,' cannot now be accepted in place of sober criticism, even although the subject be that 'painter, poet, musician, philosopher, and patriot,' with which bead-roll of fine names it has pleased Lady Morgan to decorate her idol, the wayward Salvator Rosa.

SCIENCE.

THE recent eruption of Vesuvius has furnished a spectacle of awful sublimity. A river of molten lava burst from the mountain, and rolling down its flank, wound its way along for a distance of ten miles. It divided into two streams, one taking the direction of Cerolo, the other stealing onwards like some fiery serpent of enormous length towards the beautiful village of Sto. Jovio, as if eager to wrap it in its deadly folds. Houses went down before the glowing flood; gardens and vineyards were erased from the landscape; trees were licked up like straws in a prairie fire. At one part of its course a splendid cascade was formed, the torrent tumbling over a precipice of some thirty or forty feet in height. As it cooled in its progress, the surface became covered with cindery masses, which, grinding against each other, or rolling turbulently onward, produced a sound not less striking than the spectacle was astonishing. Great was the panic of the natives. The Virgin was invoked. Saints' bones were brought out. Processions were formed, and priestly resources employed to stay the march of the menacing flood. Fortunately the torrent has been arrested, and though considerable damage has been done to property, yet little or none, we believe, to human life. But how things have altered since the days of Pliny! no sooner was the fact of the eruption made known than a rush of sight-seers took place, and by *them*, at least, the scene was as much enjoyed as if it had been some well-got-up display at Vauxhall or the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Many of 'our own correspondents' too attended on the occasion, to report the proceedings of the mountain for the information of the public at home. What a pity that this valuable order of men did not exist in ancient times, when catastrophes of still more melancholy interest went almost unrecorded!

What does the reader say to a submarine railway from England to France? All under water from the cliffs of Dover to those of Boulogne. Naturally enough, he will stand aghast at the thought. The 'unprotected female' would swoon at the bare mention of such a dangerous route. But so many miracles of science have been latterly performed, that there are people who look upon questions like this purely as questions of capital, just as Stephenson said of the perforation of the Alps. According to a Boulogne Journal, a certain Dr. Payerne proposes to lay down a tunnel across the Straits, by means of which the journey to perfidious Albion may be accomplished in little more than half an hour! For this stupendous enterprise he requires forty subaqueous boats, fifteen hundred workmen, and ten millions of sterling cash. Dr. Payerne seems to be of opinion that if electric intelligence can be shot across the Straits, there is no reason why passengers may not traverse the bed of the sea with the same success.

Every one is aware that the telegraph is now complete to the camp before Sebastopol. Our government can ascertain the fortunes of a

fight, or the progress of the storming, almost as they proceed. Had the Duke of Wellington being living, that grand old warrior might almost have superintended warlike operations whilst calmly seated in London, or even wielded the British legions when engaged in the bloody fray. A branch of the submarine telegraph also connects Eupatoria with Balaclava, and seats it as it were on the great line of lightning-communication.

But this is a trifle after all. Why not carry a cable to the New World? It is to be done. An English Company is said to have entered into arrangements with an American Company for the construction of a submarine line of wires, extending from the coast of Ireland to St. John's in Newfoundland. The work is to be completed by January, 1858. Before that time the communication between St. John's and New York will be finished, and thus the capital of New England will be brought within hail of the capital of the mother-land. How much better this will be than the formation of a circuitous route by Labrador, Greenland, the Faroe Islands and Norway, according to Mr. Shaffner's plan, every one may readily judge.

Amongst some of the minor curiosities of science, we may mention a 'steam horse' which has been exciting some attention. This animal is not likely to be noticed in any work on natural history, but it is a remarkable quadruped for all that. It consists of a steam engine provided with an 'endless railway,' and mounted in such a manner that it can work on common roads, and draw ploughs or waggons, as well as render various services to the farmer in his fields. The creature is the subject of a patent obtained by Mr. Boydell of Camden Town, and has already exhibited its capabilities by the performance of sundry feats, wherein both power, and a measure of docility, quite surprising in a metallic brute, were abundantly displayed.

Talking of steam reminds us of an ingenious use to which Mr. Nasmyth has proposed to apply this vapour. In the important operation of puddling iron, the object is to extract carbon from the metal, in order to convert it into a malleable condition. The plan at present adopted is to agitate the molten mass by proper tools, and trust to the removal of the carbon by its combination with the oxygen of the air. Mr. Nasmyth's improvement consists in the injection of steam, which not only occasions a greater commotion, but provides a stock of gases capable of carrying off the carbon as well as sulphur much more expeditiously. The vapour being decomposed on passing into the metal, provides oxygen, which unites with the carbon and escapes as carbonic acid or carbonic oxide: it yields hydrogen also, and of this one portion combines with the sulphur of the iron, emerging as sulphuretted hydrogen, whilst the other attaches itself to more carbon, and flies off as carburetted hydrogen. The consequence is, that the puddling process may be performed in perhaps less than half the time usually required; the metal will be improved in quality, and it is said that the operation must be much less injurious to health, though from the more perfect liberation of gases and the production of sulphuretted hydrogen, we

can hardly suppose that the atmosphere will be amended. The steam, however, may be intended to do much of the puddler's work.—16. 2.

De la Longéité Humaine et de la Quantité de Vie sur la Globe.

Par P. Flourens. 12mo. pp. 240. Paris: Garnier Frères. 1855.

Not many months ago, M. Flourens, Membre de l'Académie Française, captivated the gay people of the French metropolis by announcing that one hundred years was the legitimate term of human existence, and that it was their own fault if they permitted their ashes to be deposited in the tomb at an earlier date. Buffon was of opinion that when a man was not cut off by 'accidental maladies,' he ought by natural right to exist for ninety or a hundred years. It is true that very few individuals, comparatively speaking, do manage to attain this respectable old age, but then it is argued that very few persons ever expire of pure senility. Bodily disease and mental anxiety are sure to sever the vital thread long before it has been fairly spun. What with our habits, our passions, our miseries, man does not die—he kills himself. Most of us are indirect suicides. M. Flourens is a warm admirer of Buffon; and founding his treatise upon the opinion expressed by the illustrious naturalist, he takes the period of a hundred years as the natural limit of human vitality. In the first place he devotes a chapter to Louis Cornaro, that great dietary hero, who, at the age of thirty-five, reformed a dissipated stomach, and though the doctors only allowed him two more years of existence, yet, by limiting himself to twelve ounces of solid aliment and fourteen of liquid per diem, contrived to hobble through a whole century. From this case however, M. Flourens does not infer, as many have done, that life might be vaguely prolonged. Temperance may enable us to postpone death for a while, but our years are prescribed in our constitution; they are given in our bones and flesh, in our development and decay. It is the purpose of M. Flourens to extract this law from certain corporeal data, suggested by his master, but revised by himself. Buffon fixed upon the period of growth as a standard by which to ascertain the total duration of life. Might not this period serve as a physiological unit, which, being repeated a certain number of times in the lives of animals generally, would enable him to settle the term of human existence arithmetically? For example, the horse attains its majority in four years; it lives twenty-five or thirty, and therefore its total life is about six or seven times the interval consumed in mere development. The stag grows for five or six years; it lives, if the hunters will allow it, thirty-five or forty years—in other words, its entire existence is about seven times its period of minority. Buffon therefore fixed upon the number six or seven as the probable multiple required; but he wanted a correct criterion of the term of growth, which it has been the object of his disciple to supply. The latter discovers such a criterion in the stoppage of the development of the bones, and in their union with the epiphyses. This process occurs at twenty. Till it takes place man is unfinished; when it does, man is structurally complete. Then multiply this period by the number five, which M. Flourens substitutes

for Buffon's flatter estimate of the *proportionate* duration of existence in animals generally, and you have the natural limit of vitality prescribed for the human race, if those annoying 'habits and passions and miseries' which make such havoc with poor mortality could only be suppressed. 'L'homme,' says our author, 'est 20 ans à croître, et il vit 5 fois 20, c'est-à-dire 100 ans; le chameau est 8 ans à croître, et il vit 5 fois 8 ans, c'est-à-dire 40 ans; le cheval est 5 ans à croître, et il vit 5 fois 5 ans, c'est-à-dire 25 ans, et ainsi des autres.' Having thus settled the *ordinary* range of human existence, M. Flourens inquires whether some numerical law may not also be established in regard to *extraordinary* cases. He thinks it may. In the class of mammals he says it is a matter of general experience 'que la vie extraordinaire peut s'y prolonger au double de la vie ordinaire.' It is only necessary, therefore, to multiply the natural century allotted to man by two, in order to ascertain the law which regulates instances of longevity where that law is permitted to operate undisturbed. 'Un premier siècle de vie ordinaire, et presque un second siècle, un demi-siècle au moins, de vie extraordinaire, telle est donc la perspective que la science offre à l'homme.' Now will M. Flourens oblige us all? Will he kindly realize this charming prospect and hold out for a hundred and fifty years at least? Nothing would shed such a lustre upon his book as this practical verification of its views. Cornaro tells us that longevity is desirable, because if a man is a cardinal he stands a chance of becoming a pope, or if an important personage in a republic he may ultimately become its chief. This is quite possible, though we are afraid it is just as probable that any individual who tries the experiment may, on the contrary, sink into a state of dotage, or pass the greater part of his time in slumber like Pons or Jenkyns; but at any rate we think M. Flourens should run risks, because he may not only vindicate his speculations, but also become an emperor of France.

In the second division of his book our author discusses a question which would have captivated an old schoolman even more than it interests a modern philosopher. Is the sum of life on the globe ever the same? Is vitality a fixed quantity, however varied the forms it assumes, however numerous the transfers it undergoes? Buffon was of opinion, that though death destroys individuals it cannot extinguish certain 'living organic molecules,' which he supposes to be common to all organized creatures. These, surviving the body, pass from structure to structure, carrying life and nutriment into other frames where they may happen to lodge. They do not multiply, but, 'subsistant toujours en nombre égal, ils rendent la nature toujours également vivante, la terre également peuplée.' To this fantastic hypothesis M. Flourens cannot give his unqualified assent; but, discarding the machinery of indestructible molecules, he concludes that the total quantity of life on the globe, if understood to mean the total quantity of animated beings, is, upon the whole, pretty much the same. To support this view, he alleges that the number of *species* has gone on diminishing since the establishment of animals upon the

earth; but that the number of *individuals* in certain species has continued to increase. In proof of the first of these assertions, he refers to the extinction of the dodo—that unhappy bird, which has served to point many a scientific moral, and to adorn many a zoological theory,—and to the obliteration of the '*souches primitives*,' or original stocks of most of our domestic animals. The ancestral types from which our present oxen, horses, camels, dogs, dromedaries, and certain other subjugated brutes have sprung, are all virtually lost. This proposition, however, appears to be as inconclusive as if M. Flourens were to draw a similar inference respecting the total quantity of life in England, because the ancient Briton and the naked Pict, the piratical Dane and the hardy Saxon, had all disappeared in the cultivated and highly tailored types of modern times. Better evidence of the annihilation of species is to be found in the fossil relics of the ancient earth, many of these animals, it is plain, being dead and gone for ever. But if nature multiplies individuals while she extinguishes species, is not this done by way of compensation? And if so, may not this compensation be exact? M. Flourens does not undertake to prove it positively, but he wistfully remarks, '*On le pense bien.*'

The third part of the work consists principally of a *résumé* of various theories respecting the origin of fossil shells and the influence of the Deluge. It does not possess the piquancy of purpose which distinguishes the other divisions of the book. Taken as a whole, we must say that we have read few philosophical productions of the kind with greater relish than this. So easy and animated is the pen which M. Flourens flourishes, that we glide through his chapters without the slightest fatigue. One fault of the work is, that it wants a good solid substratum of facts; and another, that it has no definite aim. Its inferences are too airy. It clenches nothing effectually. It leads us to no results. His book is a kind of *cul-de-sac*. Pleasant is the lane along which he conducts us, and pleasant too the guide; but when we reach the end of his arguments, there is nothing for us but to return empty-handed to practical life, and to the painful consciousness that our years are only threescore and ten.

Principles of Agricultural Chemistry, with special Reference to the late Researches made in England. By JUSTUS VON LIEBIG. Svo. pp. 136. London: Walton and Maberly. 1855.—This work is of a controversial kind. The Baron holds a theory which is known as the 'Mineral Theory.' Mr. Lawes, a British farmer, having tried certain experiments with a view to test the merits of the principles involved, has been led to the deduction of hostile results. Liebig now appears, and maintains that his opinions have been misunderstood. According to Mr. Lawes, this theory may be summed up in the statement, that the 'crops on a field diminish or increase in proportion to the diminution or increase of the mineral substances conveyed to it in manure.' No, says the Baron; you have omitted the preceding portion of my remarks. From them it will appear that ammoniacal salts must also be supplied; and if this be done, then the principle just quoted will be perfectly correct. Having corrected this misconception, Liebig then

discusses the two conclusions deduced by Mr. Lawes—viz., that the mineral constituents of *wheat* cannot by themselves increase the fertility of land; and that the produce in grain and straw is rather proportional to the supply of ammonia. He shows that Mr. Lawes's experiments really confirm the theory they are intended to shake. Let a single illustration suffice. The British farmer treated certain portions of a field with mineral manures of various kinds; these, however, did not afford any better crops than another portion which was left unmanured. This looks unfavourable for the Baron; but the latter, on cross-examining Mr. Lawes, as it were, cleverly elicits the fact, that this unmanured portion yielded a good return for seven successive years without any assistance; and therefore he maintains that it must have been naturally so rich in mineral materials that the addition of more could produce no distinctive effect. In other words, we may say that Mr. Lawes is like a man who contends that money is a thing which cannot add sensibly to a person's comforts. He experiments upon a given individual, by presenting him with £100 per annum for seven years, but finds that he does not wear a better coat, or mount a finer hat, or eat a choicer dinner; therefore he concludes that money is of little value as a social manure. Stop, my friend, says Liebig; was the individual upon whom you were practising so pleasantly a rich man or a poor one? Why, to be sure, he has upwards of £1000 a year is the reply! Ah, then, there is the fallacy, says the Baron; try the experiment upon a poor labourer, and see whether your pecuniary guano will not develop sensible results. Liebig follows his opponent through his operations with a keen and masterly glance. He vindicates his theory, and turns Mr. Lawes's data to his own advantage throughout. Independently, however, of the controversy to which it relates, the book contains a series of propositions developing the laws of scientific agriculture in a clear and comprehensive shape. These alone would entitle it to attention, if Liebig's name were not in itself sufficient to attract a multitude of readers.

Two Lectures on the Philosophy of Language. By J. P. Dodd, M.A., LL.D. 8vo., pp. 104. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.—An excellent little treatise. The writer handles his theme with an easy and scholarly air. Language with him has evidently been the subject of long and intelligent consideration. His production is precisely such as its title imports—it discusses the *philosophy* of the thing. He appears to think that there are laws for words as there are laws for the particles of matter, and that consequently grammar, rhetoric, and logic, are not less susceptible of scientific treatment than chemistry or mechanics. The changes sustained by words in the communication of thought are not due to mere accident or caprice; they are the effect of certain causes, and it is the province of philosophical grammar to discover and expound the influences at work. Though Dr. Dodd has thus had to grapple with a difficult and abstruse question, he has relieved the severities of his subject by many striking

remarks and forcible illustrations. He has also added a supplement of notes, which exhibits extensive reading and research.

The Fibrous Plants of India fitted for Cordage, Clothing, and Paper. With an Account of the Cultivation and Preparation of Flax, Hemp, and their Substitutes. By J. FORBES ROYLE, M.D., F.R.S. 8vo., pp. 403. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1855.—As babes expand

into stout, tall, portly men, so here a modest pamphlet has shot up into a stout, tall, portly tome. Dr. Royle having delivered a lecture on the subject of Indian fibres, it was printed and reprinted with such rapidity, that one editor told him it must have been a hundred times through the press, and would never produce as much paper as it had consumed. This delicately balanced compliment will prove how deep has been the anxiety occasioned by the scarcity of materials for paper, clothing, and cordage. As merchants and statesmen have alike turned their eyes to Hindostan, it is proper we should know what Hindostan can do. She tells us, through Dr. Royle, that India is far from deficient in valuable fibres. Its climate is not peculiarly favourable for the cultivation of good flax and hemp. But of fast-growing vegetables affording a fibre of great commercial worth, it can produce enough and to spare. Classifying the various plants under the two great botanical heads of endogens and exogens—the former yielding a fibre which is generally white, and the latter of a brown complexion—Dr. Royle inquires into the properties of each, and shows that independently of its grasses, which might furnish cheap materials for paper if required, India could provide us, from amongst its white fibred plants, such as the aloe, the agave, the acorva, and the plantain especially, with an indefinite supply of substances for the stoutest cordage, for the best paper, and for the finest as well as the plainest textile fabrics. Out of its brown-fibred vegetables, too, India can produce cheap and available materials, or if we can pay a proper price, it can furnish us with nettles from the Himalayas, possessed of greater strength than the hemp of Russia or Poland. Altogether, Dr. Royle's Report is extremely satisfactory. As a work of research, it requires no recommendation; and if the interest attached to the subject attracts many readers, we are sure that the author's style and treatment will repel none.

Geology: its Facts and its Fictions; or the Modern Theories of Geologists Contrasted with the Ancient Records of the Creation and the Deluge. By W. ELFE TAYLER. 12mo., pp. 270. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1855.—Mr. Tayler is one of those troubled inquirers who cannot deny the leading data of geology, but refuse to make the concessions which its professors demand. The first part of his work contains a brief view of the several rocks compiled from modern works. In the second portion he assumes an adventurous attitude, and declares open war against a host of conclusions which are now accredited by almost every geologist on the globe. His own theory appears to be this:—The Mosaic account of the Creation is literally correct. Everything there recorded was done in the compass

of a single week. The primitive rocks 'were in all probability formed on the first day.' The 'huge deposits of marine animals and shell-fish were doubtless formed during the 2200 years, which, as the ablest chronologers affirm, intervened between that era and the deluge.' The beating of the antediluvian seas wore away the ancient beach, and strewed the materials at the bottom of the ocean, thus constituting some of the finely laminated members of the Silurian series. 'The other formations' were 'probably produced at the deluge' by the action of 'water,' by 'volcanic agency,' and perhaps by 'electric' influences as well. The flood exerted a kind of sorting property by which the beds it deposited, together with their fossil contents, were all arranged precisely as we find them to be. In short, Mr. Tayler's theory seems to be a modification of Woodward's, though he does not directly allude to this ingenious personage in his sketch of diluvial hypothesis.

Our comments must necessarily be brief. We would not wish to treat Mr. Tayler's book unhandsomely; but to deal with it as a deadly missile, capable of damaging geology, would be alike unjust to the science and to himself. His arguments have been fired off time after time without interrupting the progress of geology in the least. We looked for something new, and have only picked up the 'blunted shafts' which, at the present day, it is scarcely worth a man's while to launch at all. We mention this because, as he himself incidentally admits, the question at issue is whether his conclusions are to be accepted and those of every geologist in the world* rejected; for he tells us that the latter 'affirm, with *one voice*, that the present globe has been in existence for 50,000, 100,000, perhaps millions of years.'—(p. 117). Such being the posture of affairs, we would not attempt to stop Mr. Tayler's mouth by the *argumentum ad verecundiam*; but we would venture to say, 'you must give us something good, very good, particularly good, if you expect to be heard in opposition to the whole geological array.' First, let us have some terrible well-attested facts; find us a real red sandstone man, or a genuine Silurian horse: then overwhelm us with tremendous objections such as the world has never heard before: and lastly, let your own theory of creation be so plausible and well got up, that it will meet all admitted facts and stagger the aforesaid geologists, if it should not induce them to cast their books and cut down their chronologies to the modest limits of an Adamite world.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Tayler cannot respond to this call. He does indeed in his preface refer to the discovery of a human bone near Natchez, in blue clay, below three associated skeletons of the *megalonys*, and of some human skulls in strata of the mammoth period in the Swabian Alps. But as to the latter point, we are not aware that any satisfactory evidence has been adduced to prove that the skulls are coeval with ancient formations; and as to the former, Sir Charles Lyell has declared his belief that the bone had been washed out of some modern cliff. Apart however from all mere geological authority, it will be enough to ask why this particular fragment—an *os innominatum*

—was found *alone*? Where was the rest of the skeleton? The inference is inevitable. It is clear that the unfortunate mortal to whom it belonged could not have been deposited bodily *in situ*, and if we are to look for the rest of his anatomy elsewhere, not only must the question of his antiquity be left unsettled, but the assertion that the bed in which he was found was perfectly 'undisturbed' is at once exploded.

Failing in facts, Mr. Tayler takes his stand upon the literal Mosaic account. He is aware of the natural retort—Will you accept all physical statements found in the scriptural record as strictly correct? Here, however, it would be enough to say that the scrapes in which he involves himself ought to have stopped the progress of his pen before he had expounded a single objection. He asks, for instance, why the sacred writer should use the word 'day,' or any other 'fitted to deceive mankind,' if it were not meant to be read literally? The very next page contains a collection of expressions wherein the word 'day' is scripturally employed in such an indefinite manner as to destroy his argument most effectually. The development of light at the commencement of the creative week, before the appearance of the sun, plunges him into a serious difficulty, but he attempts to save himself by asserting that this element exists in a 'latent' condition in every part of nature, and might therefore be elicited by subordinate causes. If Mr. T. had boldly called in a miracle, we could have understood him; but when he asks the aid of natural science, he must stand or fall by its decrees. Except in the case of experiments like Baron Reichenbach's (which we need scarcely say are disputed by the majority of philosophers), there is no positive proof that latent light exists in the sense Mr. Tayler seems to require; and to expect illumination from any sources like those to which he probably refers (such as Moser's photographing in the dark), would be as venturesome as to calculate upon lighting up a globe with glowworms. Besides, if there were latent light, whence was it extracted, since matter had no previous existence, according to his literal views of the account; and, if once obtained, upon what principle should it imitate the action of the sun, and die away at the close of each 'evening,' and revive at the dawn of each 'morning,' until the rightful luminary appeared? Again, Mr. Tayler assumes that the first verse of Genesis is indissolubly associated with the second, so as to leave no time for the operations of geology. And here, too, treading in the steps of a thousand objectors, we have that single Hebrew particle 'and' flung over a vast interval of ages, just as if it were possible to make a bridge from Dover to Calais with the trunk of a single tree. The special value of this conjunction, however, may be easily ascertained. If Mr. Tayler will look for himself, he will find that it commences almost every chapter in the narrative books of the Bible, almost every verse in each chapter, and almost every sentence in each verse. In fact, it separates periods the most diversified, and initiates statements which have no strict chronological connexion with anything that has preceded.

Lastly, we might examine Mr. Tayler's own theory, and see how far it will bear the weight of admitted geological facts. But it would

take a volume five times as large as his own to point out the difficulties involved in his views. We trust we are not speaking harshly of his efforts; we believe his motives to be good, but we are bound to say that his reasonings are bad. If we venture to indicate the leading infirmity of this book, it is not in a spirit of critical arrogance, but simply with the view of putting our readers in possession of a key to its fallacies on the one hand, and of pointing out to the author a cure for his doubts on the other. Mr. Tayler's difficulties lie in his want of a comprehensive grasp. He is like a man who loads himself with a number of small parcels, which begin to drop one after another the moment he moves. Having collected a quantity of anti-geological cavils, they come tumbling from his fingers at every step he takes, and in stooping to pick them up the confusion is only increased. Hence his book is a perpetual doing and undoing—a succession of logical mishaps. One argument ruins another, and this concession murders that assertion. Now, the same flaw which has prevented his making an effective use of his own objections must of course prevent his putting together the data of geology with sufficient conclusiveness to render him conscious of their inevitable results. Let him try, however, and we are sure that facts which have satisfied such men as Buckland, Sedgwick, Murchison, Lyell, and others, who with the 'voice' maintain what Mr. Tayler now disputes, will also satisfy him.

Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind. By SAMUEL BAILEY. First Series. 8vo. Longman.—Mr. Bailey is an old student in mental science, and writes concerning it with acuteness and ability. In these letters he dwells only on those points of the subject in respect to which he conceives he has something new to say, or something to enforce which is not sufficiently considered, or which needs to be placed in a clearer light. We think the really new in this volume would go in a very small compass: indeed, we are in doubt as to its existence. But many mistakes of other men are exposed, and many of their excesses are corrected, and a great deal of sound philosophical truth is clearly stated. One of the best passages in the volume is that in which it is clearly shown, that all the reasons on which M. Cousin bases his pantheistic fiction of the impersonality of the reason, may be adduced as proving the impersonality of the senses. It is quite true, as shown by Mr. Bailey, that the tendency to speak of the distinct *operations* of the mind as distinct *faculties*, and to speak of the *faculties* in the way of personification, has often been carried too far, and caused confusion and error; but both the language and the method of investigation out of which the excess has arisen are unavoidable. Eight of these letters are occupied in giving a brief history of the different theories that have obtained on the nature of perception. Mr. Bailey's theory is that of Sir William Hamilton—that perception is simply *immediate*, and not in any way *representative*; but, strange to say, our author does not seem to be aware that the said Sir William has any existence. This is not because Mr. Bailey is capable of attempting to pass off other men's wares as his own; but what the real cause of the seeming ignorance may be, we

cannot conjecture. The fault of the book, however, is that of defect; many of the subjects touched upon being of a nature not to be dismissed satisfactorily in so brief a space.

Philosophical Essays. By DUGALD STEWART, Esq. Vol. V. *The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*; to which is prefixed Part Second of the *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*. By DUGALD STEWART, Esq. Vols. VI. VII. Edited by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Constable.—Seven of the nine promised volumes of this uniform and beautiful edition of the works of Dugald Stewart have now made their appearance. The additions made from the notes of the author are considerable; and we scarcely need say, that those supplied by Sir William Hamilton are always trustworthy, and always given for some good reason. Such an edition of the works of such a writer has a special fitness in it. Everything that Dugald Stewart did was done with an eye, more or less, to the beautiful, as one of the elements of the pleasing and the useful. We can suppose him to have been a man to whom a beautifully printed book would be one of the most rational of luxuries—always, of course, supposing the author to be worthy of being so presented. We remember Robert Hall saying, in one of his later years, that he had just read through Tacitus again, stating that a friend had presented him with a beautifully printed copy, and that he was tempted to read right on from the double pleasure thus afforded him.

Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. 12mo. Macmillan.—This book is designed to call out the faculty of observation, and to direct it in its exercise. Of all idlers, the idlers at watering-places are commonly among the most inveterate and the most pitiable; and great pity has Mr. Kingsley bestowed upon them, in studying so much as he has done in this book to dispose the unobserving to be observant, and to make their observation pleasant, and in the best and common sense healthy. Mr. Kingsley does not assume the grave air of the profession; but he knows his subject, and he tends the benefit of what he knows, in very pleasant fashion, to any neophyte in such studies who may be willing to join him in his rambles.

The War Controversy: the Truth about it. Reprinted from the *British Quarterly Review*. With additional notes and authorities. Simpkin. Price Sixpence; or Five Shillings per dozen.—It is said that the late Emperor Alexander of Russia once expressed himself much vexed on finding that his minister had made so little impression on the English Cabinet in some recent negotiations, and ended with saying, 'I see how it is; the way to succeed with a ministry in England is to get hold of a portion of the public press, and to secure the services of platform orators and itinerant lecturers.' The late Czar Nicholas has expressed himself to the same effect, as the present storm seemed to be rising. It is not for us to say that Russian gold has had anything to do with the recent movements of our Russian sympathizers; or that they have taken counsel from Russian wisdom in the course they have adopted; but it is very clear that the two

parties see eye to eye as to what is best to be done for their common object.

The portion of the press which this party have been able to secure for their purpose is very small; and very wroth are they with the press, and thoroughly would they degrade and punish it for this cause, if they could. Platform oratory, too, has sadly failed them. Packed meetings, with admission by ticket, have sufficed generally in that direction. But the itinerant lecture-plan has been attempted in nearly all parts of the country. The success, even here, has not been very encouraging. To the towns of the north, the compliment has been paid of inviting them to sit at the feet of Mr. George Thompson on this question—a gentleman advantageously known as late M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, and late a great many things besides. In Manchester, one evening was specially assigned to Mr. Thompson for an onslaught upon ourselves; and the diatribe of the orator was in type, it would seem, ready for eager and wide distribution the next morning, even before it was delivered. So far as the tool employed on this occasion is concerned, the affair is not really worth notice; but in so far as we have a right to judge of the *men who use tools* by the *tools they use*, the matter is more significant.

The criticism of the orator was on the last article in our last number. His aim was to persuade his auditory that we had affected to cite from despatches which did not exist, had attempted to pass off a forged document as genuine, and had crowned a multitude of lesser controversial sins, by proceeding to the length of the most 'unblushing mendacity.' Now, in the notes to this reprint of the article, all this has been *proved* to be false—to be what the orator himself must have *known* at the time to be slanderously false. And what now is the course of the orator and his patrons? The former skulks away in silence; the latter stay at home in silence;—both parties, we suppose, comforting themselves with the virtuous thought, that their falsehoods will have gone into many quarters where the exposure will not reach. Parties who can find it pleasant to feed on such provender may perhaps be best left to their enjoyments.

It is deeply to be regretted, for their own sake, that the Society of Friends should have committed themselves as they have done on this question. Time was when that body, notwithstanding all its obsolete whimsies, filled a very honourable place in the esteem of this country. But that time has passed. Recent events have shown, that in England's hour of danger, it is not help, not mere passiveness, but a strong and positive mischief that she will have to lay her account with in that quarter. What they have thought it possible to do, to sow disunion and weakness among us, they have done; and from the course they have taken with regard to Russia, there is no room for mistake as to the course they would take in the case of any assault that should be made upon us. The times have tried both their patriotism and their morality, and both have been found wanting. They have shown, and are still showing, that no tool is too dirty for their use. As to a certain gratuitously circulated periodical, sustained mostly, we believe, by Quaker money, we say, once for all, take down

that title 'Herald of Peace,' and put up 'Herald of Maynooth' instead ; for a more one-sided, jesuitical, and really malignant print, does not exist in our language.

Die Weibliche Turnkunst (Gymnastics for Ladies). By M. KLOFF. Leipzig: Weber. London: Nutt. 1855.—Very defective is the education of females in the more easy classes of English society. Intellectually, morally, religiously, very defective is that education. Considering their station and their future responsibilities, we believe there are thousands of pauper children better educated than are the daughters of most of our nobles, gentry, merchants, and superior tradesmen. Of this defective education the most neglected is that which relates to the body. It is true that what is called Calisthenics stands as a part of the training in many programmes of our higher female schools. But for the most part the only real bodily exercise given in those establishments is that which comes from the dancing-master ; and that exercise is designed not to train and strengthen the body, but to form 'the steps' and give a certain grace to the deportment. This absence of systematic physical discipline is not compensated for by any sufficient bodily exercise in the way of recreation or amusement. Our 'young ladies' are hot-house plants. Legs have they like other human beings, but they walk not ; bodies have they, but they neither swing, nor run, nor troll the hoop, nor indeed condescend to any robust game whatever. An airing in the carriage they may take, when an hour can be spared from the piano, from the flower-painting, or the tambour-frame. But all the vulgarities connected with severe bodily exercises they are led studiously to shun. The consequence, the inevitable consequence, is all but universally seen in weak frames, delicate health, sickly children, and a degenerate race. With such physical infirmities moral health is impossible, intellectual health is impossible, and religion is in danger of becoming a passion or a superstition. What reform then more desirable than a reform in the physical education of young women ? To initiate and promote such a reform this book has been composed. In the hands of our Teutonic cousins everything assumes a scientific shape. So it is with Herr Kloff's 'Turnkunst-Art for Females.' In his pages we have the history as well as the mystery of the whole business, from its origin to its completion is the system of Calisthenics here expounded. And in the exposition our author, like a true man of science, passes from the simplest elements to the most complex combinations, illustrating every required movement with engravings, and enlivening many of the exercises with solos and duets. We heartily commend the volume to all the friends of a natural and thorough education.

Mikroskopische Bilder (Microscopic Pictures, Views of Nature in the Secret Places of Space ; a Description of the Microcosm in its Forms and its Laws.) In letters addressed to the intelligent. By Dr. H. KLENCKE, Professor, &c., &c. With 480 Microscopic Figures. 1 vol. 12mo. Leipzig: Weber. London: Nutt. 1853.

'New and astounding wonders open themselves' to the first look which man casts into the smallest provinces of organic nature. The microscopic investigator has numberless times enjoyed the reward of observing the astonishment and silent

reverence, when he had led cultivated friends of nature before his microscope, and for the first time opened to them a world which before they had either not suspected, or heard reports thereof with distrustful doubt, and therefore with indifference; or which had only excited their fancy, to come up the arbitrary shapes of a magical world. How amazed, however, the eye of him who had never dreamt of the existence of this world in the secret places of nature, when he finds there the same multiplicity of hues and forms, or rather, when he finds there new and fantastic forms, manifold life-movements, caprice, propensity, hostility; as well as plants and animals, which display their beauty, parade their green or their crimson coats, while they seek the quickening light, take their food, or propagate their species. How is the doubter overcome with surprise when suddenly, at one glance through the instrument, he stands before a world which he had regarded as the unreal offspring of self-deception. At first he half thinks that his own eyes delude him, looks distrustfully at the granule of dust, at the drop of water, or the speck on the glass tablet which the microscopist has placed for him under the microscope; he even scrutinizes the instrument, to see whether it is not a magic lantern made to dazzle and deceive his sight. At last, convinced of the reality, he exclaims, 'Incredible! and yet so it is!' How expressive, how full of devotion, too, the deep silence of him who, having fancied that in the microscopic world all was grotesque and chaotic, finds there beings and forms whose universe is the smallest conceivable space, and who are born there, grow there, take exercise there, multiply, fade, and die there, and to whom the Creator has given a size which must be magnified a thousandfold before it can be seen by the human eye, yet withal, a proportion, symmetry, and order, no less marked than the same qualities in the larger animals. The wonder of the observer grows with the increase of his knowledge, for he will be led to recognise a plan and system pervading the whole, while the same whole has bearings and influences of the most important kind on forms, conditions, and manifestations of the visible world in the midst of which he passes his conscious life.

We have translated this passage from the commencement of the third letter of this admirable and most interesting little book. More we need not do to recommend the work to our readers. Yet while the extract displays the striking style and the religious spirit of the volume, it leaves undescribed the scientific exactitude and fulness with which the very accomplished author has fulfilled his agreeable task. The manual is a model of its kind. A series in English having the same qualities, would go far to revolutionize the higher education of our land, and bring about a consummation most earnestly to be desired.

THEOLOGY.

Ancient Jerusalem; a New Investigation into the History, Topography, and Plan of the City, Environs, and Temple; designed principally to illustrate the Records and Prophecies of Scripture. By JOSEPH FRANCIS THURPP, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. Macmillan.—The subject treated in this volume is one of deep interest; and we can honestly commend the care, and labour, and learning which the author has brought to its investigation. With every man of discernment and sound culture, the history and antiquities of Jerusalem must stand on a level, at least, in point of attraction, with that of any city on earth; but with the Christian its attractiveness must transcend that of any other spot, on which the foot of man has trod.

The aim of Mr. Thrupp, as the title of the volume states, is to present the 'topography and plan' of the city as affected by the long and alternating 'history' which pertains to it. The author is, of course, largely indebted to precursors; but he has seen with his own eyes, and not merely through the eyes of others. He has, in consequence, some views of his own, but these are set forth with good taste, and sustained by plausible, if not in all instances by satisfactory evidence. Mr. Thrupp holds that Solomon's temple was not built on Mount Moriah; and that the hill on which it stood was called Mount Zion, and was not, accordingly, the hill now so designated. Here are new materials for discussion where the debateable before was more than enough. The map, the plans, and the other illustrations, have been carefully executed, and greatly facilitate the study of the subject. In these whirlwind times, when the calm, obscure, and patient study of other days is so little practicable, it is pleasant to turn to such a volume, which, like that eastern world to which it relates, seems to contrast the repose so characteristic of human affairs in the one quarter of the globe, with the restlessness which is no less characteristic of the other. Men to write such books, however, would be found in much greater numbers, if men to read them when produced could be so found. The German scholar looks more to the quality of his readers than to their numbers; and less to the readers he may find anywhere, than to the promotion he may secure by what he has done, in the great scheme of state functionaryism with which he is connected. It is this narrow and collapsed aim of German theology that has furnished the strange result before us—the people who are highest in theological learning, being about the lowest in theological intelligence, belief, and practical religion.

A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, with a Revised Translation. By C. J. ELLICOTT, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. Parker and Son. 1855.—This book, like the preceding, is of a description not common among us; it is the fruit of a thorough scholarship, and the great labour bestowed upon it has evidently been a labour of love. Mr. Ellicott knows what Englishmen have done and are doing in this field, and what Germans have done and are doing in it; and in the general his learning does not bewilder, but fairly helps him. He dwells on the manner in which the study of classical Greek may rather unfit than fit a man for the successful study of biblical Greek; and on the depressing effect upon the student of the low state, until within the last few years, of the grammar of the New Testament. From these causes he writes:—'It only too often happens that, when a young man enters for the first time seriously upon the study of the New Testament, it is with such an irrepressible feeling of repugnance to that laxity of language which he is led to believe, is its prevailing characteristic, that he either loses for the language of inspiration that reverence which its mere literary merits alone may justly claim; or else, under the action of a better though mistaken feeling, he shrinks from applying to it that healthy criterion to which all his previous

'education had inured his mind'—(Preface). The aim of the author is to give some aid to minds so conditioned when coming to the study of the language of the New Testament; and no such mind will make use of this volume without feeling at every step the assistance derived from it. Mr. Ellicott is too grave and too thorough a man to be carried away by the easy but too prevalent dogmatism about the alleged errors of the sacred writings as being fatal to their inspiration. Of their 'full inspiration' he expresses himself as deeply and growingly convinced. 'I would not wish,' he says, 'on the one hand, to class myself with such thinkers as Calovius, nor could I subscribe to the *Formula Consensus Helvetici*; but I am far from recognizing that admixture of human imperfection, and even error, which the 'popular theosophy of the day now finds in the Holy Scriptures.' May we see more instances of German erudition so sifted and used as to be made to do homage to revealed truth.

Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich. A Memoir. By MARTIN HOOD WILKIN. With Introductory Chapter, Preface, &c. By SIMON WILKIN, F.L.S. 8vo. Hall.—This volume should have made its appearance some twenty years since. Nearly all the names that occur in it are names of men who belong to a generation that has passed away. On this account we have felt a melancholy interest in looking through it, for we are ourselves old enough to remember not a few of the good men who here seem to come back to us again for a season. Like many books of this description, the volume may be read with interest by persons 'without,' who wish to look beneath the surface of English Nonconformity, and to see a little into its experiences; and also by those who are not so completely absorbed by the present doings of their religious denomination as to be indifferent to its past doings—its *history*. Joseph Kinghorn was in many respects a model for his brethren, especially in his serious conscientiousness and his assiduous self-culture.

Vindication of Luther against his recent English Assailants. By JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A., Archdeacon of Lewes. 8vo. Parker and Son. 1855.—This is not a mere reprint of the well-known essay by the Archdeacon at the end of his work on the *Mission of the Comforter*. The paper has been 'rewritten, enlarged, and revised with the greatest care by the author,' to the extent of 288 pages out of the 300 of which it consists. We deeply regret that such men as Mr. Hallam and Sir William Hamilton should have spoken of the great German Reformer in the rash and injurious manner exposed and refuted in these pages. On *this ground* the late Archdeacon Hare had a full right to his opinion, even in opposition to such censors; and we greatly admire the honesty and courage which prompted him to this vindication of one of the best and greatest among Christian men. Besides the censures of Mr. Hallam and Sir William, those of Dr. Newman and Mr. Warde are largely handled—the latter perhaps more at length than they deserve.

The First Cause: or, a Treatise upon the Being and Attributes of God. By G. C. WISH, M.A. 8vo. Seeley.—This treatise, the

author states, was sent to compete for the Brown prize, but it was written with a view to publication whether successful in that quarter or not. It is probable that more than one treatise on this subject will see the light under the same circumstances, and should they all prove to be as creditable to their authors as the present, the public will not have to regret their appearance. Mr. Wish has read some of the best books relating to his topic, and has not read them slavishly, but thoughtfully. To those who are not familiar with this course of study, his book is adapted to be instructive, and in many ways helpful. It is not, however, a full book on the subject, nor a profound one. It is good at points, but it wants breadth of view, and depth of analysis. The style, while on the whole simple and clear, is somewhat wordy, diffuse, and monotonous, greatly deficient in the striking, the terse, and the axiomatic.

Letters of John Calvin. Compiled from the Original Manuscript, and Edited, with Historical Notes, by DR. JULES BONNET. Translated from the Latin and French, by DAVID CONSTABLE. Svo. Vol. I. Constable. 1855.—The volumes of Dr. Bonnet must have their place in the library of the future historians of the Christian Church by the side of the volumes edited by De Wette which contain the correspondence of Luther. We feel truly humbled as we look at the labours of those men. Their letters alone might have been the work of a lifetime, and embraced more toil than will be found in the lives of dozens of men who are thought not to be idlers. *Calvin's Letters*, translated into English from the Latin and French, will contain more than 600 letters, and make four substantial octavo volumes, of which this is the first. We sincerely trust that the labours of Mr. Constable, as the translator—for it is a labour of no ordinary kind to which he has committed himself—will receive large and adequate encouragement. The best life of Calvin hitherto written in our language will be that found in these volumes.

Memoir of the late Rev. James Scholefield, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, &c. By his WIDOW. With Notices of his Literary Character, by the REV. WILLIAM SELWYN, M.A., Canon of Ely. Svo. Seeley. 1855.—As a professor of Greek, the late Rev. James Scholefield was rather accurate than profound; more distinguished by painstaking, with a fair degree of caution and judgment, than by genius. His fitnesses to be useful, however, especially to younger men, were much above the average. This memoir will be interesting to such of his personal friends as survive him; but there is nothing in it to attract attention beyond that circle. His religious views, as is well known, were those of the school of the late Mr. Simeon; and he gave himself heartily to those works of Christian philanthropy on which evangelical churchmen have bestowed their sympathy and labour during the last half century.

History of Christian Churches and Sects from the Earliest Ages of Christianity. By the Rev. G. B. MARSDEN, M.A. Parts 1—4. Svo. Bentley.—The idea of this work is good. It gives you the system and the facility of reference proper to a dictionary, with much of the

fulness proper to history. So far as we have examined these parts, we feel bound to say that the author has brought to his purpose a competent acquaintance with good sources of information, and the requisite caution and candour in using his materials. It is, however, a great drawback from the value of the work that the reference to these sources are so few and inadequate. Where a narrative aspires to something of the dignity of history, it should rest, after the historical manner, on a careful citation of authorities. But it is pleasant to find a clergyman expressing himself with so much impartiality and fairness concerning those who are not of his own church. We take his account of the Brownists, in the time of Elizabeth, as a sample of his spirit and method in this view; and very refreshing is it to contrast his intelligence and good feeling, with the bigot one-sidedness and drivelling of such writers as the late Dr. Southey, in his 'Book of the Church.' Verily the world 'does move after all,' slow as the pace may be. We think, however, even Dr. Marsden might have softened his statement a little in regard to these same Brownists, quite consistently with truth. In their view, the Church of England, as it was called, could not be a church *in the Scriptural sense*; and many of her laws and observances must have been anti-Christian *in that sense*; but that was not the same thing with saying that churchmen could not be Christians, and that no religious service performed by them would be spiritually useful. If the Brownists were right in their judgment of Scripture, as relating to such things, the prelates were wrong. Their great want was, the want of a wisdom that should have fitted them to tolerate their differences of judgment in each other; and the greater blame in this respect certainly rested with the ruling clergy, and with that imperial lioness by whom they were themselves ruled. The blood of 'good Queen Bess' had a strong touch of the Jezabel in it.

Modern Jesuitism. By DR. EDWARD H. MICHELSEN. Foolscap. Darton.—This book furnishes a brief history of the Jesuits in Switzerland, France, Belgium, Russia, and England during the present century. Like other works of the same author, it is a compilation, but it has its uses, as the books from which it is compiled are not all readily accessible. In these hurrying days there is a value in publications which give you the contents of many books in a small space.

Who is God in China, Shin or Shang-te? By the REV. S. C. MALAN, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. 8vo. Bagster.—This is a learned argument, of more than three hundred pages, intended to show that Shang-te, and not Shin, is the term that should be used in Chinese to denote the Supreme Being. We think the author right in his conclusion; and in the premises from which it is deduced he has given no little proof of sound judgment and scholarship.

Histoire Chronologique de l'Eglise Protestante de France, jusqu'à la Revocation de l'Edit de Nantes. Par CHARLES DRION. 2 vols. fcap. Williams and Norgate.—This is a carefully compiled and very useful work. *There are disadvantages in a history given chronologically, or in the way of annals; but the student, who reads for information, will be sensible to its advantages. We sincerely hope that

M. Drion will be so far encouraged in his labour as to be disposed to bring his 'Chronological History' down to our own time.

Reformers before the Reformation. By Dr. E. ULLMAN. *The Words of Jesus.* By RUDOLPH STIER. Clarke.—These volumes form a valuable contribution to Clarke's Foreign Theological Library. We cannot say more of them at present.

Das Buch Job. (The Book of Job). Translated and explained by HENRY EWALD. Second Edition. 1854.

Jahrbücher der Biblischen Wissenschaft. (Annual of Biblical Science.) By HENRY EWALD, for the year 1853-4.

Geschichte Christus. (A History of Jesus Christ and of his Times.) By HENRY EWALD. 1855. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Nutt.—In our last number but one we passed under review five volumes from the pen of Ewald. One of these, the second edition of his *Hebrew Antiquities*, bears date 1854. Here are three others which have appeared since. Four volumes in one year! Four very learned volumes in one year! This surely is unparalleled productiveness. How can critical diligence keep pace with so prolific a writer? Yet these productions betray no signs of haste. You may differ from Ewald in opinion, you may regret certain tokens of an impatient temper, but you must admire the overflowing treasures of his mind. We cannot at present find space to characterise these new publications at length. Nor after our recent critique of his *History of the People of Israel* is such a task necessary. It may suffice to draw attention to the volumes whose titles stand above. They are marked in no ordinary degree by his profound and exact scholarship. Equally are they marked by his intolerance of everything superficial and extreme. The disciples of the Tübingen school are, as usual, stript stark naked and soundly whipped. These periodical flagellations of the unfortunate Baurites seemed to have made them somewhat cautious, if they have hitherto failed to make them wise. Knowing that the theological Bushy has his stout cane ever upheld at least *in terrorem*, they have lately subdued their tone, learning to fear a rod so heavy and so unsparing. The *Annual of Biblical Science* executes justice on a pretentious and almost worthless work which has had some currency in England—*De Sauley's Visit to the Dead Sea*. It contains also a valuable piece on the *Origin and Character of the Evangelists*, which is the completion of a treatise on the subject published in previous numbers of the *Annual*, and which, together with the author's translation of the three first Gospels (*Die drei Ersten Evangelien*, 1850), forms an introduction to his *Life of Christ*. Of the last work only the first volume has appeared. The whole, when completed, will present a full view of Ewald's principles and ideas on the theology and religion of the New Testament.

Geschichte der Letzen Propheten. (A History of the Latter Prophets.) By PETER SCHEGG. Regensburg: Manz. London: Nutt. 1853.—The phrase 'Latter Prophets,' is taken from the Jewish division of the Old Testament books, in which they stand in three classes: The Law, the Prophets, and the other Scriptures; the second class, the Prophets, being subdivided into 'The Former Pro-

phets,' that is, Joshua, Judges, two Books of Samuel, and two of Kings, and 'The Latter Prophets,' or Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the so-called twelve minor Prophets. Our author, a Professor of Roman Catholic Theology, divides his subject into—1. The more ancient class, of which Jonah is the sole representative; 2. The more modern series.—Epoch first, in which stand Amos, Obadiah, Joel, and Hosea—Epoch second, Micah, Isaiah, Nahum, Zephaniah, Habakkuk: Epoch third, Jeremiah and Ezekiel; the most recent series, namely, Haggai; Zachariah, and Malachi. Holding the too well-grounded opinion that with most Professors of Christianity, the prophet-world of the Old Testament is only a dim faint twilight, with no broadly drawn features, and no distinctly visible characters, the writer aims to throw into graphic sketches of each separate prophet, the more striking results of his various reading and learned studies, so as to present not only a portrait of the man, but also a picture of the age in which he lived and in which he was sent to work; presenting at the same time the reflex operation of the age on the prophet, and the general bearing of the whole on the progress of revelation and the advancement of the kingdom of God. The idea is very good; the execution, though not without merit, is open to objections.

Das Hohelied, (The Song of Solomon). In a German translation, accompanied by a Criticism of the Text, and a Commentary, by ERNST MEIER, Professor of the Oriental languages in the University of Tübingen. Tübingen: A Ludwig. London: Nuss. 1854.—It is somewhat surprising that the free spirit which has ruled in German theology, should have left the masoretic punctuation of the Hebrew originals in almost unquestioned sovereignty. What has been the effect but to allow comparative ignorance and old tradition to impose a commentary on the advanced scholarship of the present day? Experience long since taught the writer that no small advantage for the true understanding and exposition of the sacred writers of the Old Testament was to be gained by a freedom from those worn and rusty shackles. We are therefore glad to meet with a 'professor of the Oriental languages' and a learned and competent commentator on Scripture, who makes such freedom one of the avowed principles of his exegetical labours. Another particular of importance characterizes the present work. Every thoughtful and tasteful reader of our English translation must be aware, that in the book of Psalms, for instance, a certain rhythmical form and melody constantly make themselves felt. These qualities are much more marked and noticeable in the Hebrew. To these qualities the attention of scholars has been drawn. Dr. Lowth wrote on them with his characteristic good sense and good taste. Others found in them the various kinds of verse for which Greek and Roman poetry is distinguished. This extravagance had its punishment in the almost total neglect of the qualities in question. Professor Meier has resumed the consideration of the subject, and in the work before us propounds one or two laws corresponding in simplicity with the nature and simplicity of the Hebrew muse. The moderation and soundness of his criticism commend his views to the consideration of

the learned world. In Professor Meier's opinion, the 'Song of Solomon' is one lyrical poem, consisting of eighteen strophes or stanzas, of which each contains three minor divisions, making in all fifty-four parts; in every one of these fifty-four parts there are twelve verses or lines, and in every line there are two accented syllables. Besides a corrected text and a new translation, the volume presents dissertations on the literary history of the poem, and notes full of valuable information.

Der Prophet Jesaias, (The Prophet Isaiah). Expounded by DR. AUGUST KNOBEL. Second Edition. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt. 1854.—Our notices of new German books in the department of theology, testify to the abundance of the supply of works of the kind, and consequently to the largeness of the demand. Here is another second edition (the fifth volume in Hirzel's *Exegetical Manual to the Old Testament*) of a very learned and original work, acceptable to none but scholars, but to scholars of very great value. While the German press continues to put forth works of the sort abundantly, what do we in this country? We use the materials thus supplied, in private, and make the *amende honorable*! by abusing the sources of our borrowed learning, in public. Nay, not in private only do we use these materials, but modifying such of them as bear on popular opinions so as to make them suit the English market, we send them forth in introductions and manuals on Biblical criticism, astonishing the dwellers on both sides of the Atlantic with an appearance of profound and prolific learning, which those who are behind the scenes know to be little else than appearance. A more worthy course would be to imitate German industry, by producing original works, and to show our dislike of German neology by writing in a spirit at once more conservative and—if we are able—more scientific. As it is, we leave the very men whom we profess to dislike, to inundate the learned world with their productions, and so to form theological thought after their own fashion. Nay, more, we give those men reason to think that we hold their errors to be incapable of correction, and can do nothing better than plagiarise and rebuke. This second edition of Knobel's *Commentary on Isaiah*, improved by a careful study of the chief works published on the subject since the publication of the first edition, presents important changes in—1. The rectification of the Hebrew text; 2. The explanation of words and phrases; 3. In grammatical constructions; 4. In the determination of the sense; 5. In historical references and illustrations; and 6. In geographical data. In its present state the volume gives a most instructive summary of reliable information, which may be advantageously used by scholars and students of very diverse forms of religious belief.

Das Buch Enoch, (The Book of Enoch). Translated and explained by DR. A. DILLMANN. Leipzig: C. W. Vogel. London: Nutt. 1853.—The Book of Enoch' is an apocryphal writing described by itself as 'a revelation of the prophet Enoch regarding the judgment to come and its consequences alike for the just and the unjust, composed for the comfort of the good in the times of the last trial.' Profiting by the few words said of Enoch in the Bible, and by

the mysterious interest which hence accrued, the author of the work, originally written in Ethiopic, has composed a species of religious romance, deriving his materials for the most part from the older canonical Scriptures. From internal evidence, Ewald* and the present translator are led to place the date of the composition of the work in the days of the Jewish prince, John Hyrcanus. The writer appears to have been a resident in Palestine, who took part in the glorious struggles of the Maccabeans. Accordingly the work is a remarkable memorial of Judaism as it existed between the closing of the Hebrew canon and the advent of Christ. Here, therefore, we have ample information touching the ideas and the culture of the interval, and may form somewhat correct conceptions of the notions prevalent respecting the Messiah and the supposed coming end of all things. Out of these materials there may be gathered a pretty complete system of prophetic theology, as also some good idea of the principle and method of Jewish exegesis, as practised in the second century before Christ. The bearing of the 'Prophecy of Enoch' on the Scriptures of the New Testament, and the consequent utility of the work, are from these statements sufficiently clear. We cannot afford space for a full and particular indication of the literary history of the work. A few words must suffice. English divinity† has in this particular the merit of taking the first step, and of calling into activity that German learning which has now in the volume of which the title stands above, nearly completed the subject for all practical purposes. The learned author here presents a German version of the original published by him in 1851. Prefixed to the translation is a full and satisfactory 'introduction,' in which are discussed and approximately settled the questions that relate to the contents, the authorship, the age, &c., of the 'revelation.' At the end of the translation stand in Greek the passages of the Book of Enoch preserved in Syncellus; which are followed by a full and exact commentary on the work itself. Dr. Dillmann has rendered a great service to Biblical science.

Kurze Erklärung der Offenbarung Johannis (A Compendious Commentary on the Revelation of St. John). By Dr. W. M. L. de WETTE. Second edition. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.—This is a reprint of De Wette's Commentary on the Apocalypse, as it appeared in the deceased author's Exegetical Manual in the year 1848. The publishers, unable to procure a satisfactory revival of the piece, have put it forth without any other change than a preface from the highly respectable pen of Lücke. In that preface the writer declares that while doubtless had De Wette been still living, he would have profited by recent publications for the improvement of his Commentary, the Commentary in its actual form is the best summary on the Apocalypse that exists. This opinion from so high an authority cannot be without weight. As, too, we have in this number expressed our preference

* 'Geschichte Volkes Israel,' iii. 2, p. 397—401.

† See 'The Book of Enoch the Prophet,' with the Ethiopic text, and a Translation. By Richard Laurence, D.D., Archbishop of Cashel. Third Edition. Oxford. 1888.

of Meyer's *Handbuch* over that of De Wette, on the ground of its having more of a conservative tendency, we think it right to state that Lücke, in the preface to this *Kurtze Erklärung*, speaks in very high terms of De Wette as not only a man holding sound principles of Biblical interpretation, but also a simple-hearted, sincere, and faithful lover of truth, ever prompt to accept and avow corrections of his published views; and toward the latter and riper period of his life, approaching more and more nearly to the essential verities of the Gospel. That this statement is not without solid grounds, will appear from a few words which stand at the end of De Wette's own preface. Speaking with deep regret of the strong sceptical tendencies he then (1848) observed, he adds :

'Only this I know, that there is salvation in no other name than in Jesus Christ the crucified, and that there is nothing higher for human kind than God manifested in him, and the kingdom of God established by him—an idea and a fact not yet fully apprehended nor honoured in human life, no, not even by those who are accounted the warmest and most zealous Christians. Were Christ in reality our life, how would such a falling away (to infidelity) be possible? Those in whom he lived would testify for him in word, writing, and deed, so powerfully, that unbelief would be struck dumb. That there are individuals who have the spirit of Christ I do not deny; but what we want is the same spirit in the mass—we want a Church living in the greater forms of our social existence—a church showing its presence and its power there—a church commanding respect—a church bestowing care and protection on such as need care and protection. Our Church, since the Reformation, has moved too exclusively in the sphere of knowledge, or at best in the culture of the sentiments. It has not known how to root itself in the social frame. Christianity must become life and deed.'

The eulogy of De Wette is preceded by critical remarks, well worthy of attention, on commentaries on the Apocalypse, published by Hengstenberg and Ebrard. Whatever opinion may be held of any one of these Apocalyptic writers, we are, we think, justified in saying to our English and American soothsayers, that they cannot expect to be heard by men of learning or men of sense, unless, before they put forth any more dreams, they study the rich and various literature on New Testament prophecy, which has been produced within these few years, the chief authors of which we have named in this critique.

Die Composition und Entstehung der Apostelgeschichte (the Composition and Origin of the Book of Acts Re-investigated). By EDWARD LEKEBUSCH. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt. 1854.—Curious is the circle through which historico-theological questions are ever running in Germany. The first point in the circle is the ancient opinion. To that some bold critic gives a direct negative. That negative leads another person to take up a medium position. The very opposite to this then finds an advocate. It is not long before this extreme is encountered by another extreme. By-and-bye some one finds out that these several points approach each other. With advances and recessions from two opposite sides, all the possible positions are soon occupied, till at last, by mutual concession, parties find themselves not quite so wide asunder as they once fancied. The end is that, while the advocates of extremes continue in their hostile posts, the

reflecting by-standers acquiesce in a view very little, if at all, dissimilar to that which has had the sanction of the Church for centuries, and so are brought back to the very point from which the explorers started. The result must be satisfactory to every lover of the Scriptures. However, let it not be supposed that all this learned dust has been raised in vain. It is something to know the worst that scepticism can effect. It is a still greater advantage to know that the foundations of Zion are found strong after having been minutely surveyed. And if old opinions in the discussion undergo some qualifications, the price is small when compared with the assurance that in the main even hostile scrutiny can lead to nothing else but a better understanding of truth, and a confirmation of its grounds and reasons.

These remarks might be exemplified in the general results which have ensued from the discussions called forth by Baur and his associates as respecting other portions of the New Testament, so respecting the authorship, object, and credibility of 'the Acts of the Apostles.' The volume by Herr Lekebusch will by good judges be considered as pretty nearly the conclusion of the controversy occasioned by the Tübingen theologians on that which is really the second part of the treatise, written by Luke for the instruction of his friend Theophilus. The view, then, here established is that the Book of Acts is the work of one author; that the author, a companion of Paul, is the evangelist Luke, whose object in composing the work was to give a history of the progress of the Church from Jerusalem to Rome. We tender our best thanks to the author, and hope we shall meet with him again in the walks of theological criticism.

1. *Kritische Untersuchung über die Evangelien Justin's* (Critical Investigations respecting the Gospels of Justin Martyr, the Clementine Homilies, and Marcion). By ADOLF HILGENFELD. Halle: Schwetschke and John. London: Nutt. 1850.

2. *Das Evangelium Marcions* (Marcion's Gospel). By Dr. GUSTAV VOLCKMAR. Leipzig: Weidmann. London: Nutt. 1852.

3. *Clementis Romani Homiliæ* (The Homilies of Clemens Romanus). Edited by A. R. M. DRESSEL. Göttingen: Dietrich. London: Nutt. 1853.

4. *Die Apostolischen Väter* (The Apostolic Fathers; Inquiries touching the Contents and Origin of the Writings which pass under their Name). By ADOLF HILGENFELD. Halle: Pfeffer. London: Nutt. 1853.

5. *Constitutiones Apostolicæ* (The Apostolical Constitutions.) Edited by WILLIAM ULTZEN. Rostoch: Stiller. London: Nutt. 1853.

6. *Die Evangelien* (The Gospels, their Origin and Historical Bearings). By ADOLF HILGENFELD. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt. 1854.

7. *Die Homilien und Recognitionen* (The Homilies and Recognitions of Clemens Romanus considered in their Origin and their Contents). By GERHARD UHLHORN. Göttingen: Dietrich. London: Nutt. 1854.—The canonical literature of the New Testament had for

its almost immediate successor a literature of a very inferior kind, which may be termed, in part, Apostolic, as being in time near the apostolic age; in part ecclesiastic, as being the product of the Church in a very early stage of its growth. That the latter is, in a general sense, an offspring of the former, is unquestionable. As an offspring it can hardly fail to bear and to show the features of its parent. But what, in exactitude and fulness, are the relations which the one bears to the other? The question cannot be answered until we know what are the essential qualities of the later product. Hence arise two questions—first, the origin and contents of that product in its several components; and second, the instruction which comes therefrom in regard to the literature of the New Testament. A subordinate point is the ascertainment of the light thrown by the later literature on the history of the Church in the latter part of the first and the former part of the second century. These, it will be seen, are topics of great importance. A special interest has been given to the subject by the bold speculations of Baur of Tübingen, who maintains that the chief writings of the New Testament were produced under dogmatic and partisan prepossessions, tendencies, and aims; and under the influence of this view, is led to bring down the time of their composition to somewhere about the middle of the second century. But this is the very epoch to which in general, what we have termed the later literature, is commonly referred. What then is the real date and what the real character of that later literature? This is a question on which much of the mental energy of German theology has of late been concentrated; and this is the question which, in one way or another, comes into view in the works whose titles stand at the head of these remarks. This is not the place to enter into a consideration of the merits of the question. Our purpose is simply to draw attention to such publications as may indicate the present current of theological thought, and point out sources of information to those who have a desire to take up these studies on their own account, or to learn what has been said on this side or on that by others. Persons who may be satisfied with a general outline of these discussions, and the conclusions hence deduced, may with advantage peruse the instructive articles headed *Apostolisches Zeitalter* (The Apostolic Age); *Apostolische Kanones* (The Apostolic Canons); *Apostolische Constitutionen* (The Apostolic Constitutions); *Clemens von Rom* (Clemens Romanus); *Clementinen* (The Clementines); to be found in Herzog's *Theological Cyclopædia*, spoken of elsewhere, the views given in which are historically faithful and moderate in tone and thought. Of the works themselves we will only remark that while they are all characterized by industry and erudition, they severally bear the imprint of the schools or tendencies of thought whence they proceed, and can be appreciated neither relatively nor absolutely in regard to their objective value, unless by men of competent scholarship who will take the trouble to study the whole subject with all the best literature bearing thereon. One volume called forth by these controversies is free from any party-tinge. We refer to that numbered 3, which is a publication with suitable notes of the original

Greek of Clement's Homilies, taken from a manuscript (the Ottobonian) discovered by the editor, by the aid of which Herr Dressel has been enabled to supply passages wanting in previous editions (that of Cotelier, Le Clerc, and of Schwegler), so as to present the originals in their integrity.

Enchiridion Symbolorum et Definitionum. (A Manual of the Forms of Belief and of Definitions, which have proceeded from the General Councils and the Popes respecting matters of Faith and Practice). By HENRY DENZINGER. Second edition, by authority. Würzburg: Stahel. London: Nutt. 1854.

Regula Fidei Catholice. (The Rule of Catholic Faith, a collection of Doctrines to be Believed.) By P. P. N. CHRISMAN. A new edition, revised and edited by P. J. SPINDLER, by authority. Würzburg: Stahel. London: Nutt. 1854.—If it is fitting that Roman Catholics should know the laws and doctrines of their own Church, it is also fitting that Protestants, when they speak of the same laws and doctrines, should know of what they speak. To both classes these small manuals offer authoritative information in original documents or clear outlines and accurate summaries. The former work is chiefly historical, in the latter, a logical development is attempted. *The Manual* accordingly is best fitted for laymen, while *The Rule* is designed rather to instruct divines. In the two taken together almost every point of importance, on which information may be desired, is set forth more or less at length, with suitable references.

Novum Testamentum Triglotum. (A Triglot New Testament, in Greek, Latin, and German). By A. F. C. Tischendorf. Leipsic: Arenarius and Mendelssohn. London: Nutt. 1854.—Few authors can be at once prolific and correct. This rare excellence, however, belongs to the accomplished editor of this Triglot New Testament; who in this, his last publication, has rendered another real and lasting service to sacred literature. The work begins with summary views, first of the history of the Greek text in general, and then of the existing aids to the criticism of the New Testament, comprising an account of the chief manuscripts, another account of the chief editions, also an account of the ancient versions, together with a critical review of the Latin text and of Luther's German translation here employed. These Prolegomena are followed by the three texts, the Greek, the Latin, and the German, which stand side by side in parallel columns, in neat and legible type, well printed, on good paper. The Greek text is transcribed from the large edition published by Tischendorf in 1849. It has been revised for the present work. At the bottom stand various readings from the Elzevir and other texts. The student then finds here a text formed from the most ancient authorities. He has also what is of chief practical value for a critical study of the Greek originals, especially as Professor Tischendorf has added the Ammonian Sections and the Eusebian Canons. In the Latin, the editor has endeavoured to reproduce the true text of Jerome, subjoining the more important variations supplied by the collection of the Vulgate. The German text is that of Luther, published in the year 1545, with

occasional aid from earlier editions. These statements suffice to show that the volume has a high critical value, and will, we doubt not, commend it to the patronage of English scholars.

Kritisch Exegetisches Handbuch über die Apostelgeschichte (A Critical and Exegetical Manual on the Acts of the Apostles). By Dr. H. A. W. MEYER. Second edition. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht. London: Nutt.

Kritisch Exegetisches Handbuch über die drei Briefe des Johannes (A Critical and Exegetical Manual on the Three Epistles of John). By Dr. J. E. HUTHER. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht. London: Nutt.—These are two parts of the excellent commentary on the books of the New Testament, originated and for the most part written by Dr. Meyer, of Hanover, as an accompaniment to his translation from the Greek originals. The series of volumes, now nearly brought to a close, has been distinguished alike for a moderation of tone, a conservative spirit, and a general critical fidelity, having in these three important qualities a decided superiority over a similar series published in a measure contemporaneously by De Wette. The two parts of the work now before us preserve the same praiseworthy characteristics. Having for some years used both series, we can with confidence recommend the former to the theological neophyte without denying the services which the well-read divine may extract from the latter. Dr. Huther, the commentator on the Epistles of St. John, avowedly belongs to the school of Lücke, whose writings on the productions in the New Testament bearing that name are classical, and have set an example which the most learned will be glad to follow, and in which the most critical can hope only to make inconsiderable improvements in certain details. The chief merit of the pieces on those writings found in Meyer's series is that they present Dr. Lücke's views and teachings in a compendious and convenient form. More marked and important is the service rendered by Dr. Meyer in this the second edition of his Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, because, issuing the work at the present moment, he has the opportunity of adapting his Manual to the actual condition of theological learning, and so of confuting the extreme views put forward by Baur and his disciples of what is termed 'the Tübingen school.' In the introduction and the ensuing commentary, in consequence, the student may find a most instructive review of the whole subject, with special reference to the most recent negations, though possibly competent judges may take exception to some of our author's conclusions. Very decidedly, however, and, as we think, very justly, does Dr. Meyer declare that the reasons and arguments put forward by the sceptics fail to prove the positions on behalf of which they are adduced, and have no power to set aside the ancient recognition of the work as a continuation of the third Gospel, written by the hand of Luke.

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